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THE

NATIONAL MONTHLY

AND CANADIAN HOME

VOL. III. TORONTO, OCTOBER, 1905 No. 1.

Entered according to Act of the Parliament of Canada in the year one thousand nine hundred and five, by THE NATIONAL MONTHLY PUBLISHING CO. of Toronto, at the Department of Agriculture.

CONTENTS

THE NATION'S PROGRESS - - —*Illustrated*
THE SENOR - - - - - —*Serial Story*
WORLD AFFAIRS - - - —*Illustrated*
THE VISIT OF PRINCE LOUIS OF BATTENBURG—*Illustrated*
THE FATEFUL CLOTHESLINE - - —*Complete Story*
THE DRAMA - - - - —*Illustrated*
CANADIAN NATIONAL EXHIBITION - —*Illustrated*
WHEN OUR TRAILS CROSSED - —*Complete Story*
'TWAS FATE, DEAR - - - —*Serial Story*
FASHION DEPARTMENT - - —*Illustrated*
OCTOBER MENU AND RECIPES

THE NATIONAL MONTHLY AND CANADIAN HOME
AN ILLUSTRATED MONTHLY MAGAZINE
PUBLISHED BY THE NATIONAL MONTHLY PUBLISHING COMPANY
241 RONCESVALLES - TORONTO, CANADA
SUBSCRIPTION PRICE, ONE YEAR, $1.00. SINGLE COPIES, 10C.
Subscribers ordering change of address must give both old and new address in full | Advertising rates sent on application
Advertisers desiring change of advertisement must send copy not later than the tenth of the previous month.

TO THE READERS OF "THE NATIONAL MONTHLY AND CANADIAN HOME"

THE Publisher of THE NATIONAL MONTHLY AND CANADIAN HOME announces this month the amalgamation of these two magazines.

The idea of combining the two publications was conceived some time ago, and after thoughtful consideration it was concluded to be a wise and desirable change to inaugurate.

First, and foremost, is the fact which weighed most deeply in our calculations, that by this means we are enabled to produce a better magazine for all our readers. In combining the two, we have selected the most important departments of each periodical, and produce them under the one cover. Thus those who have subscribed to either THE NATIONAL MONTHLY or THE CANADIAN HOME will find they lose practically none of the subjects which have formerly been discussed, and for which they may have subscribed, and in addition have the advantage of added reading—which we aim to have of the most entertaining, useful, interesting and instructive character—with no additional expense; for by this means the one magazine will suffice for the requirements of all the members of a family, both men and women.

Those who have been subscribers to either magazine will receive the amalgamated magazine for the same length of time due them on the old subscription, while those who are subscribers to both will have their subscription on the amalgamated magazine extended to cover the combined times on both the former subscriptions.

FOR THE LADIES

FROM the woman's standpoint, the plan of combining the two magazines will be particularly beneficial. The women of to-day, while fully appreciating the importance of the management of the household, are not content with that alone. They are alive, not only to the care of the family, the cooking of meals, the making of clothes, and the hundred and one duties about the home, but they take a deep and understanding interest in affairs of general importance.

The women of Canada are almost equally as enthusiastic as the men in any projects advanced which bespeak the growth and development of the country; they are equally interested in following the careers of clever, talented men and women who have attained to importance in the world's history. In fact, they must know what is going on in the world of to-day.

THE CANADIAN HOME heretofore, while attempting in some measure to keep women, who were their principal readers, in touch with these events, has, however, not gone as deeply into the question as is desirable, in order that a good general idea of noteworthy happenings at home and abroad may be obtained. By amalgamation with THE NATIONAL MONTHLY Magazine this desirable issue will be reached, for without in any degree making the strictly women's departments in THE CANADIAN HOME subservient, the new order of things will offer opportunities not formerly available.

A WORD TO ADVERTISERS

WHEN combining THE CANADIAN HOME and THE NATIONAL MONTHLY Magazine the publisher has taken into consideration the effect to be produced on the advertiser, and is satisfied that the change will prove advantageous in every way, for by combining the circulation of the two magazines the benefit which accrues is apparent. Former NATIONAL MONTHLY advertisers will find that the enlarged page offers nicer opportunities for a display, while the better paper used in the amalgamated magazine permits of a more satisfactory use of cuts in the advertisements. The same space as formerly used, at the same rates, is allotted each advertiser, and it is confidently hoped that the result will be generally satisfactory.

THE NATION'S PROGRESS

THE NEW PROVINCES

THIS month has seen two new provinces added to the Canadian sisterhood. Of Imperial extent (about 275,000 square miles each), of unparalleled wealth in agricultural resources, with mineral wealth whose extent is only guessed, with water-power in abundance, the two new communities have everything in their favor. The final boon of a settled and definite government should greatly facilitate the development of the Canadian West. Hon. A. E. Forget and Hon. G. H. V. Bulyea have been appointed the Lieutenant-Governors for the Provinces. Mr. A. C. Rutherford and Mr. Walter Scott have been called upon to form governments, and the party system seems to have been definitely introduced, despite the protests of Hon. F. W. G. Haultain, former premier of the Territories. We bespeak for the new provinces all the prosperity and progress which have blessed the older members of Confederation.

A YEAR OF PROSPERITY

Our publication has a thorough-going belief in the resources, the development, and the future of Canada. We recently expressed the opinion that the year 1905 would prove the most prosperous in our history. Not long ago we dealt briefly with the marked increase in our manufactories and mercantile establishments. This month we present a *résume* of the year's agricultural prosperity. As we predicted last month, the wheat yield in the North-West is now definitely known to be, roughly speaking, 90,000,000 bushels, or a trifle more. The magnitude of the wheat crop has caused many to forget the other crops. The most reliable statistics state that the West yields this year 67,165,000 bushels of oats, 13,664,000 bushels of barley, and 471,000 bushels of flax. Such a yield would be far in advance of that of any year on record, and would represent an increase in the wheat crop alone of 35,000,000 bushels over last year, or 62 per cent. In oats the increase over last year is 15,000,000 bushels, or 28 per cent. There is only a small increase in barley, and a decrease in flax, the yield of which last year amounted to 635,375 bushels.

It is true that the tremendous crop is apt to bring slightly lower prices than last year, but this is more than made up by the size of the wheat crop and the great yields of other cereals. At a most conservative estimate, we are safe to assume that our Western farming community will derive a revenue from its agricultural exports at least half again as great as that of last year. Canada's progress agriculturally in recent years is indicated by the rapid increase in our exports from the farm. Here are the country's agricultural exports for some years back :

1896	$ 49,000,000
1897	56,000,000
1898	76,000,000
1899	69,000,000
1900	82,000,000
1901	79,000,000
1902	95,000,000
1903	114,000,000
1904	99,000,000

The year 1905 should make a better record even than 1903.

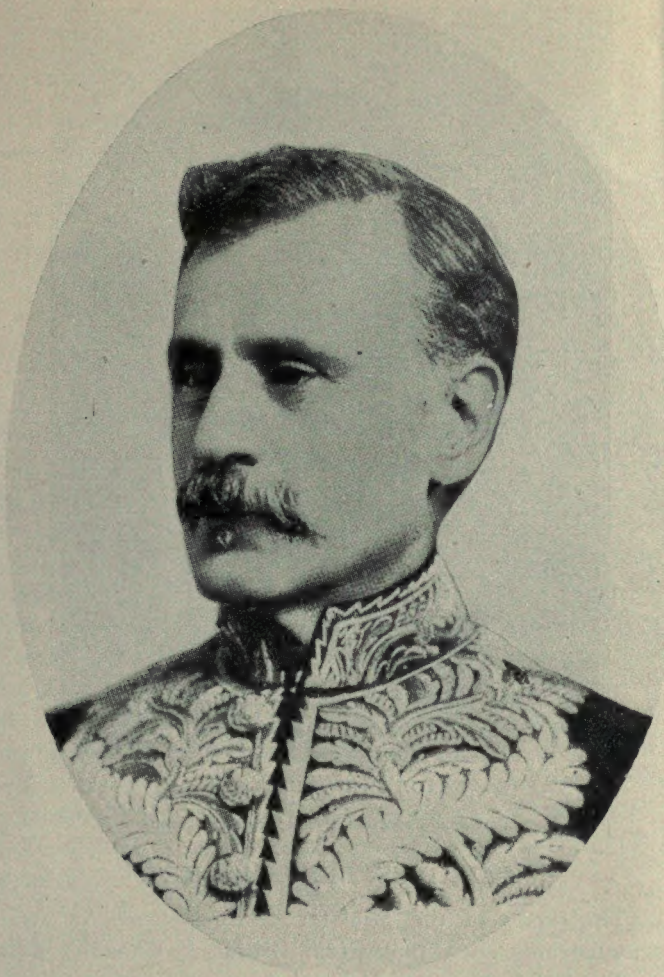
ONTARIO STILL THE LEADER

The agricultural outlook in our own province is every bit as bright as in our sister provinces in the West.

Mr. C. C. James, Deputy-Minister of Agriculture, declares that the Ontario farmer has enjoyed half-a-dozen prosperous years, and that the present season will probably excel each of its predecessors. As to this year's crop: To begin with, the last available bulletin of the Ontario Government estimates the fall wheat crop at 18,467,000 bushels, just about double the 9,000,000 bushel yield of 1904, and comparing with 17,242,000 bushels in 1903. The spring wheat yield is 3,471,000 bushels, about the same as last year, and comparing with 4,650,000 bushels in 1903, and 6,000,000 bushels in 1902. But, whereas most of last season's Ontario wheat was of such poor quality as to be below the milling standard, this season's crop will grade well. The fact, of course, greatly enhances the value of the harvest. We shall have 24,163,000 bushels of barley, about the same quantity as in 1904 and 1903. In this crop Ontario is getting back to its position prior to 1889, when the McKinley tariff absolutely cut off our United States market. In 1889 we grew 23,000,000 bushels of this grain, but in 1890, with the McKinley Act in force, the yield dropped to 10,000,000 bushels. Since that date the Ontario farmer has learned to use his barley for feeding purposes, and now he is growing as much of it as ever. The oat crop is developed in an even greater degree, and this year we have 103,000,000 bushels, against 102,000,000 in 1904, and 70,000,000 ten years ago.

More important to Ontario than any grain harvest is the hay and clover crop, and this year the yield is 5,847,000 tons, the best in the history of the province. Its exact worth is difficult to measure; being used for the upkeep of live stock, it affects the farmer's pocket in a roundabout and indirect fashion. A good authority, however, places a value of $10 a ton on the year's hay. It would make this season's yield equal to $58,000,000 in cash. This season's Ontario hay crop will not fall many millions of dollars in value behind the bumper production of prairie grain.

The summer of 1905, with its abundance of rain, has been an excellent one from the grazing standpoint, and the season's protracted flow of milk has been only once approximated. In 1903 the milk supply was enormous, and the price obtained for the resultant cheese was most satisfactory. This summer has been similar in both respects. The flow of milk has been phenomenally sus-



HON. A. E. FORGET

First Lieutenant-Governor of the new Province of Saskatchewan.
Formerly Lieutenant-Governor of the North West Territories

tained, and the price of cheese has ruled between 10 and 11 cents per pound most of the season. This means that Ontario's output of cheese for 1905 will be worth $20,000,000, as compared with $17,000,000 in the previous bumper season of 1903.

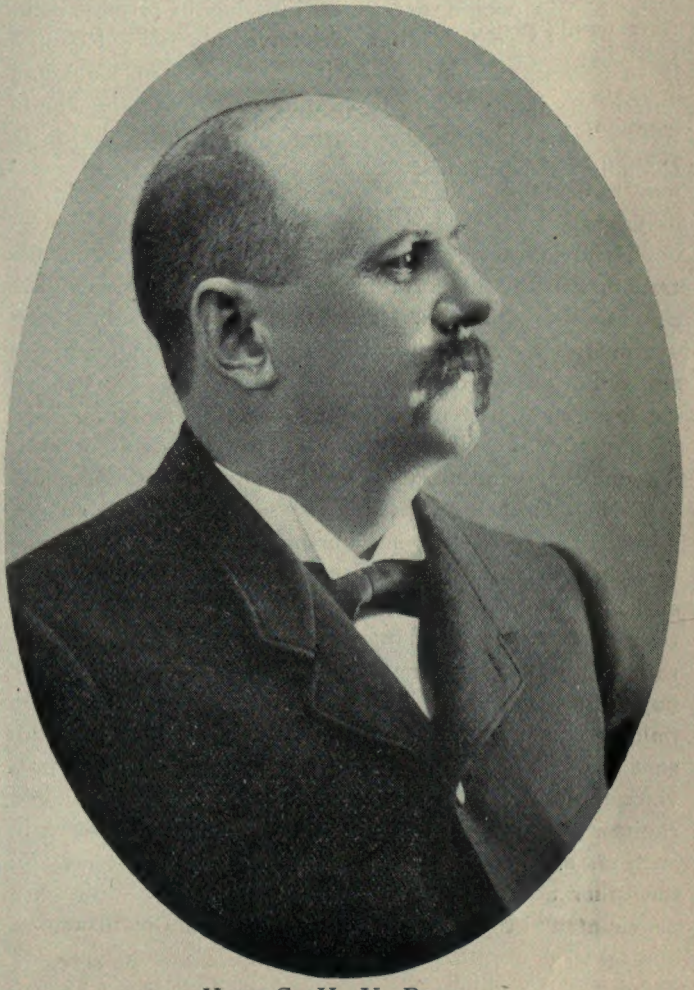
Roughly speaking, good authorities estimate the average yearly value of Ontario's crop at $200,000,000 to $250,000,000, and if these figures are approximately accurate, we may say that the Ontario agricultural community will, as a result of the bounty of Providence, obtain something like $250,000,000 for the season's crops.

PROSPERITY'S INFLUENCE

A year such as the present, when Providence has smiled on our country, when we have the greatest crop yield in our history, when we have had freedom from any great industrial crises, when our manufacturers and merchants report unprecedented increases and successes, is undoubtedly the greatest advertisement Canada can hope for. The immigrants from foreign shores, writing to their friends at home, form a great corps of advertising agents, and we may be sure our official immigration agents will not be slow to make known to all the world the opportunities Canada offers to men seeking homes, who are not afraid to do pioneer work in a new and rich country.

A WARNING

It is to be hoped that our people will not lose their heads because we are on the top wave of prosperity. The pendulum always swings back in time, and if business enterprises are embarked in on an unsound basis, and rash speculation indulged in, the lean years will bring their retribution. Prudence is never more necessary than when all is going well. Canada has suffered from booms before, and while this year is in no sense a boom, our most careful and successful business men are warning the people against the dangers of personal or national extravagance. Appropos of this, Mr. B. E. Walker, General Manager of the Canadian Bank of Commerce, a recognized authority on commercial matters, said: "All through the lean years we have spent money in Canada like lords, although we were sure of a fat year from sea to sea that would put us square again. The fat year has come. The West has the fattest share of it. The Western merchants look to this year as the big paying-up year. For years they have been giving credit to settlers, not merely for the buying of implements and machinery, but also for investment in large holdings of land. This will



HON. G. H. V. BULYEA

First Lieutenant-Governor of the New Province of Alberta.
Formerly Minister of Public Works in the Northwest Government.

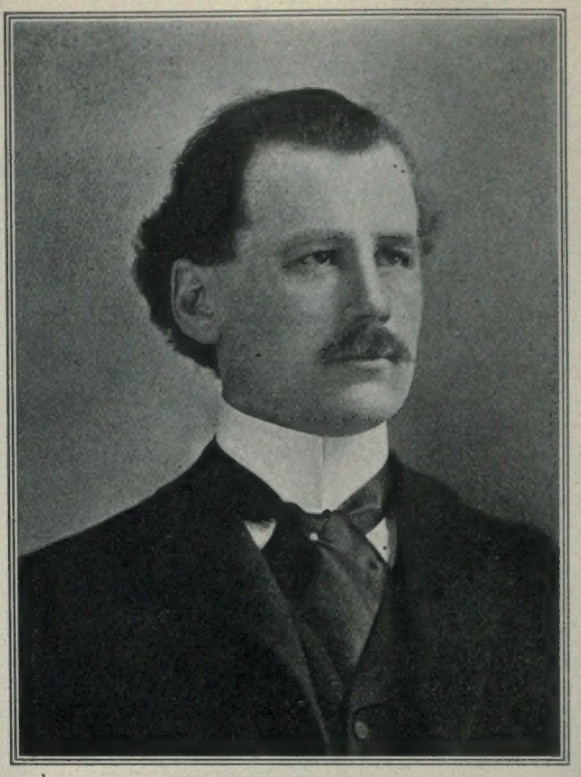
be the settling year. So that it seems inevitable that this banner year of 1905 in Canada, with its immense surplus of natural products, will enable the country to put a substantial backing of natural wealth behind its tremendously increasing capital account."

INSURANCE IN CANADA

The revelations in regard to fraudulent manipulation of insurance companies' funds in the United States, have caused a feeling of vague uneasiness among all classes of people. We thoroughly believe that our own Canadian companies are practically free from any of the evils which are gradually coming to light in regard to some of the large American companies. Our business men, as a class, have a higher standard of business morals, and a more rugged honesty, as well as more conservative business instincts, than the men who have controlled the Equitable of New York and others. When Canadian companies are on such a sound business basis, and offer insurance at as low rates as are possible compatible with perfect safety to the insured, it is difficult to understand Canadians seeking insurance in American companies. We are confident that Canadian insurance companies are as safe, as honestly and as efficiently managed, as any in the world, and it is hard to understand why some of our people persist in insuring in foreign companies. The policy that we have always advocated is to patronize home industries and build up Canadian enterprises in preference to all others. Canadians should have a sound commercial patriotism, and take a pride in Canadian institutions.

THE COBALT COUNTRY

The discoveries of silver and cobalt ores in the district known to the world as Cobalt, in New Ontario, are as yet only estimated. That the ores are rich, almost beyond all previous discoveries, is definitely known, but the extent of the deposits is still unknown. A rush of prospectors to the new mining district is beginning, and spring will see an influx which will startle the Dominion. The mineral wealth of Ontario has hardly been scratched, and New Ontario, with its known deposits of cobalt, silver, nickel, arsenic, sulphur, needs only to be worked to add untold wealth to the province. The chief difficulties in the way at present are in matters of transportation, and refining and smelting. The completion of the railways now building will solve the first. It is to be hoped that the Nickel Trust will not gain control of too much of our mineral wealth, for nearly all their ores are sent to American smelters and refineries, thus the province is really poorer for their operations. Canadian capitalists have, until recently, been too slow to invest in such undertakings. It is to be hoped that refineries and the other necessary works will be established in our own province, and thus that Ontario shall reap the benefit of our mineral wealth. The Government should adopt a definite policy along this line, and see to it that the province is not exploited for the sole benefit of our greedy cousins south of the line.



HON MR. TURGEON

Canadian Representative in Liege Exhibition

CANADA'S BEST MARKET

The report of the Minister of Agriculture for 1904 demonstrates anew that Great Britain is Canada's best market, and that the Motherland presents an almost unlimited field for the exploitation of trade in agricultural products. Here is one striking table :

Farm products exported in the year ended June 30th, 1904.	To all Countries.	To Great Britain.	Great Britain's total imports of these products.
Butter	$ 4,124,155	$ 4,400,774	$101,220,369
Cheese	24,184,566	24,099,004	34,330,951
Eggs	1,053,396	1,036,035	32,205,746
Poultry	140,214	107,509	5,855,019
Bacon	12,603,521	12,590,669	66,279,815
Hams	418,740	406,051	16,510,527
Pork	446,507	23,851	9,123,618
Wheat	13,465,351	13,106,081	145,710,652
Flour	6,129,226	3,568,430	47,316,634
Oats	1,603,104	1,213,413	20,751,116
Oatmeal	756,687	644,219	2,615,420
Pease	1,133,268	525,102	3,361,587
Barley	489,437	330,401	35,133,995
Hay	1,897,730	974,678	2,710,451
Cattle	10,424,671	10,046,651	44,817,727
Sheep and lambs	1,545,117	721,358	2,657,506
Apples	4,590,793	4,379,820	13,535,893
Total	$85,606,483	$78,174,052	$584,137,026

It will be noted, first, that Great Britain buys an enormous proportion of our products—93 per cent. of our butter, 90 per cent. of our cheese, 98 per cent. of our eggs, 76 per cent. of our poultry, 99 per cent. of our bacon, and so on down the column. Secondly, Canada's present contributions to the British market, with the exception of cheese, form an insignificant proportion of

Great Britain's enormous purchases. Out of $584,000,000 worth of food products, only $78,000,000 worth, or 13 per cent. came from Canada.

It is noted that Canadian flour exports to Japan have experienced a remarkable increase. During the first eight months of 1903 Japan imported rather less than $6,000 worth of our flour, and during the corresponding period in 1904 the figure was nearly $82,000.

WHAT MANITOBA CAN DO

Of 25,000,000 acres of arable land in Manitoba, only 4,256,838 acres, or about one-sixth, is now under cultivation, as follows: Wheat, 2,642,588 acres; oats, 1,021,239 acres; barley, 432,298 acres; flax, 25,770 acres; brome grass, 22,676 acres; timothy, 32,943 acres; rye grass, 13,193 acres, and the balance in peas, corn, and small garden grains and vegetables. It is estimated that Manitoba alone will this year produce between fifty-five and sixty million bushels of wheat. With the same proportion of virgin land under wheat, Manitoba can, with her 25,000,000 acres, produce over 300,000,000 bushels of wheat. Of 16,000,000 acres of land not at present available for cultivation, probably half is swamp land, which can be drained and converted into fertile wheat-producing farms. This would increase the wheat area of the province by eight or ten million acres, and the production by about 160,000,000 bushels.

JAPANESE WANT OUR CATTLE

Commercial firms in Japan are anxious to secure supplies of Canadian cattle. Mr J. Westervelt, secretary of the Ontario Live Stock Association, has received a letter to that effect from Mr. J. Nishimura, a Japanese gentleman now at Vancouver, B.C., who represents the firm of Nossa & Company, of Tokyo, Yokohama and London. Mr. Nishimura wishes to purchase, on behalf of friends in Japan, cattle of the following breeds: Ayrshire, Shorthorns, Devons and Summenthal Swiss breed. These will be taken in large quantities, provided the prices are satisfactory.

WHERE CANADA LEADS THE WORLD

Canada has the largest continuous wheat-field in the world.

Canada produces the finest wheat in the world, No. 1 Manitoba hard setting the world's standard.

Canada's average wheat yield per acre for ten years was the greatest on the American continent.

Canada leads the world in dairy exports.

Canada's trade in ten years has increased more rapidly than any other country in the world.

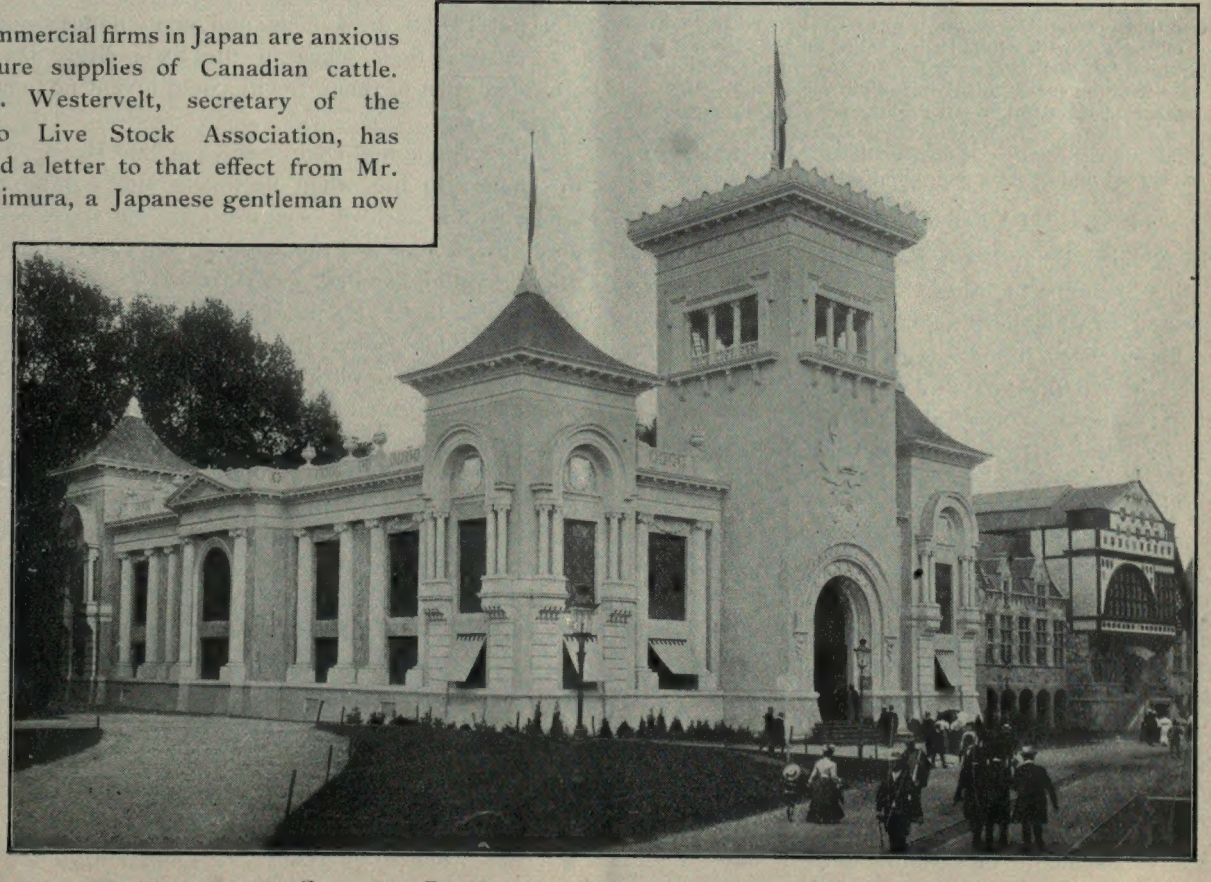
Canada has the greatest wood-pulp forests in the world.

Canada has the most valuable white pine forests on the American continent.

Canada has the most valuable nickel deposits in the world.

Canada has the greatest system of fresh water navigation in the world.

Canada has a greater water power than any other country in the world.



CANADIAN BUILDING AT LIEGE EXHIBITION, BELGIUM

THE SEÑOR

By Theodore Roberts, Author of "Hemming the Adventurer"

The serial story "The Señor," has been running through the Canadian Home for several months. For the benefit of the subscribers to the National Monthly Magazine, with which the Canadian Home is amalgamated, we give here a synopsis of the foregoing chapters.

SYNOPSIS

Mr. and Mrs. Richard Beauchamp were at a Charity ball. Mr. Beauchamp, while wandering through the conservatories, was astonished to find his wife in an affectionate attitude with one who was to him an entire stranger, Señor Da Santo, who had recently arrived from Brazil. After a short misunderstanding, the fact was revealed that Da Santo was in reality Herbert Morris, brother of Mrs. Beauchamp. Ten years previous, Morris disappeared from the town bank, at the identical time when a large sum of money mysteriously vanished. Though everyone concluded he was the thief, he had in reality merely run away to escape marrying a lady to whom, in a rash youthful moment, he had made a proposal of marriage. In New York he met with a wealthy Brazilian, Señor Da Santo, who, taking a fancy to Morris, had the youth accompany him to Brazil as confidential secretary. Eventually the Brazilian died, leaving large estates and a goodly fortune to Morris, requesting that the young man, on coming into his inheritance, should make his home in Brazil, and take the name of Da Santo for all time.

On returning to his home in Canada for a visit, Morris— now Da Santo—having learned of his supposed theft, made himself known to none but his sister Viva, who in turn told her husband, Dick Beauchamp. The only other people who recognized the brown-bearded man were: Mary Robley, Viva's friend; Wells, a former caretaker at the bank, and now the Beauchamp's coachman; and his own mother, to whom he disclosed his identity, but keeping his father, who believed the son guilty of theft, and who was more just than charitable, still in the dark.

Da Santo himself had no idea who the real thief was, until Wells tells him that he saw Mr. Robley—father of Mary Robley—take the money; but, as no one would have believed him, he had always kept the secret. Da Santo is greatly shocked to find that the father of the girl with whom he has fallen in love, should actually be the thief; but, out of respect for the daughter's feelings, he continues to keep the secret by giving Wells occasional "tips."

Although Ned Harrison, a struggling young author, and Da Santo, are both in love with Mary Robley, a strong friendship and mutual admiration springs up between them. Miss Robley, thus far, has expressed no preference for either.

CHAPTER IX

MISS ROBLEY and Da Santo took several snow-shoe tramps together. Mary was deeply interested in this hero of her girlish dreams. She admired his intellect, his physique and his success. She considered him handsome and vastly entertaining; and the fact that she knew more about him than other people did was a bond between them, and inclined her to tenderness.

ONE afternoon, when they were tramping side by side across a drifted field, Da Santo began a glowing eulogy of Harrison and his work. He quoted lines of his friend's poems, and named the stories that appealed to him most surely. Mary walked in silence, smiling a little.

"To my mind you've got a genius in your midst—though you don't seem to realize it," he concluded.

"I am sure some of my friends do," said Mary.

"Vivia and Dick didn't seem to know if he wrote baking powder advertisements or sermons until I showed them his first book," said Da Santo.

"Vivia and Dick care more for his—for his personality than his genius," she replied.

"When it comes to that, why so do I," said Da Santo. "He should be loved for the one and honored for the other."

The girl did not answer immediately. Then she said softly, "You seem to be a great admirer of his."

"Yes, and I am very fond of him," replied the big adventurer simply. "He is so thoroughly a man, for all his boyish manners; and, do you know, even his broken knee appeals to me—He seems such a little, polite chap to have been riding across a battlefield with a nigger general."

Mary looked away. She was smiling, but there were tears in her eyes. Who were the tears for, I wonder!

Da Santo was shrewd enough in business and capable in the eyes of the world, but in the honesty of his friendship for young Harrison he did not see what blows he dealt his own air castles. Had he been arguing his friend's cause to Mary Robley he could not have made a more telling appeal to her heart than that unpremeditated allusion to the broken knee. But he knew nothing of this. The Ancients who were wiser than we are, said that Love is blind.

CHRISTMAS drew near, and many dances and whist parties took place in the little city. Da Santo attended most of them, for he could invent no excuses for staying away.

Mary, Vivia and Dick, and even Ned Harrison noticed the change in him when he was among strangers. He spoke with a decided foreign accent on those occasions, and bowed like a Frenchman. Mary, Vivia and Dick understood and smiled, but Harrison wondered what the deuce ailed him. He liked him much better without what he called "his dashed Brazilian manners."

Westrock had a bridge club, which met on alternate Wednesday nights at the residences of one or other of the members. One night it foregathered at the Beauchamps, and presently Da Santo found himself beside the only man in the world whom he detested—Mr. Charles Robley.

Mary was at the same table and trembled inwardly for fear her father would recognize her partner. She watched them covertly.

She saw in Da Santo's face a hitherto unsuspected hardness. She detected a subtle change in his manner—a change much greater than that which he affected as part of his disguise—a cool aloofness and an unusual attentiveness to the cards in his hands. In her father's face she saw no signs of recognition, but she noticed that his frequent genial advances to the other were politely ignored. She wondered at this, and played a very poor game.

DA SANTO took Miss Robley in to supper, and she permitted him to lead her to a shaded corner of the big dining-room.

"Do you dislike father," she asked as soon as she was seated. "You treated him very rudely to-night—in a nasty, polite way."

Da Santo changed color.

"I am sorry," he said. "I am not feeling quite myself to-night."

"Is it fever?" she asked in gentler tones.

"Yes, a touch of fever," he replied hurriedly. "Can I get you some partridge or turkey?"

She ignored his question.

"Then your disagreeable manner with my father was quite unintentional," she said.

For three fatal moments Da Santo's honesty held his tongue; and the girl's eyes flashed at him in angry surprise. "Oh, quite unintentional," he stammered at last.

She looked away from him.

"I will have some partridge, if you please," she said coldly.

He bent over her.

"I love you—Mary," he whispered.

"How very kind of you," she said, and did not look at him. She heard him make a queer, sobbing noise in his throat. Then he straightened himself and walked away. Presently, Harrison, smiling delightedly, limped over to her with a glass of claret—cup in one hand and a plate of cold game in the other.

"Da Santo sent me with these, and his apologies," he said. "His old fever is nipping him to-night, and he's off to dose himself with quinine. May I sit down?"

"Please do," she said quietly.

"I know I shouldn't feel so gay, for poor Da Santo really looked ill," continued Harrison; "but—well, I'm a lucky beggar!"

Mary looked at him intently, but not unkindly.

"Why are you lucky?" she asked. He smiled his infantile smile.

"Here I am, holding a plate of something-or-other for you," he replied, "and there's Da Santo away up in his room, with a chill and a box of quinine pills."

DA SANTO was in his bedroom, sure enough, but he was not taking quinine, and if he had chills they were not physical ones. It was a moonlight night. He drew a chair to the window, and lit a cigar. He smoked mechanically, and looked at the dear home landscape, silver and black, and quiet, without seeing it. He was in the same position when Vivia and Dick hunted him up an hour later.

"You poor boy," cried Vivia, "how is it now? Ned told me that you were having a touch of the old fever, but I could not get away before."

"It is better now," said Da Santo.

"Take a good nip of this, and go right to bed," said Beauchamp, as he placed a decanter and glass on a dressing-table.

CHAPTER X

Da Santo Makes a Sentimental Deal in Horseflesh

THOUGH Mary Robley was a girl of superior intellect, and one who thought for herself on most subjects, her affection for her father blinded her judgment in that quarter. Had he been someone else's father she would have been the first to notice and object to his domineering manner toward people whom he considered of little or no importance, and his hand-rubbing, bland deference to people of solid, worldly position. In another's parent she would have criticized that uncharitable attitude of his toward all people of little consequence who slid from the narrow path of virtue—but in her father she thought of it as righteous indignation. Was he not a fond parent, a kind husband, the superintendent of a Sunday School!

When she awoke on the morning after Beauchamp's bridge party she lay quiet, and recalled with bitter regret the incidents of the previous evening. What had she said to Bert! Ah, yes, she remembered now! she had accused him of being rude to her father—a comparative stranger—and then she had treated him, her friend, with less consideration than she would show an unworthy servant. She had been flippant when he told her of his love! She turned over and cried against her pillow.

She stayed in bed until her father had left the house, Then she went downstairs and pretended to eat her breakfast. It was not often that Miss Robley lost her appetite.

VIVIA, in a big blue apron, was washing a terrier pup before the library fire, when Mary was shown in.

"Hullo! are you all alone?" asked the visitor.

The matron nodded gaily, and wiped a bubble of dog-soap off her chin with the back of her wrist.

"Sit down," she said, "and you may help me dry Patrick in a minute. Dick is somewhere 'round the stables, and Bert has gone for a walk."

Mary put aside her furs, and sat down on the hearth-rug beside her friend.

"How is Bert this morning?" she asked.

"Oh, he is quite well again. Dick doctored him—with whisky," replied Vivia.

"He did not seem at all well last night," said Mary, "and Mr. Harrison had to take his place at supper."

Vivia landed the soap-suddy, stubborn bit of dog-flesh safely in her lap and enveloped him in a towel. She rubbed him with great energy despite his remonstrances. When he was wiped to her satisfaction she wrapped him in a dry cloth—an old shirt of Dick's—and held him near the fire. Then she looked at her friend.

"Mary, how is it that Dick is not on your string too?" she asked.

"Vivia, what do you mean?" cried the other, flushing angrily.

"Oh, you can't frighten me, though you are so big," replied Vivia. "You are making fools of two good fel-

lows—why don't you make a fool of another ? One more or less would not matter:"

"Do you mean that I am a flirt ?" asked Miss Robley angrily.

"No. If you were an ordinary flirt I'd feel that Ned and Bert could look after themselves," replied the other. Mary glared for a moment and then burst into tears. Vivia dropped the pup on the floor, and threw her arms around her friend's shoulders.

"There, dear, there," she cried softly, "I'll never, never be nasty again; but I just had to be nasty this morning. You see, he's my brother—and I knew he hadn't any fever."

"I—I just wanted him to be my friend," sobbed Mary.

The terrier pup crawled from the enveloping shirt and eyed the weepers enquiringly. Then he picked up a glove that had fallen from the table, and bore it away to his retreat under the book-case. Its charms occupied him for nearly an hour. He could not decide which tasted the better, the soft leather of the outside or the delicious fur with which it was lined.

WHILE Mary and Vivia dried their tears and forgave each other, and the pup worried the glove all undisturbed, Da Santo opened his friend's gate and walked up to the narrow porch. He did not find Harrison in the house, so he went around to the barnyard. There he found the poet talking to a stranger in a great coon-skin coat. As he approached the two he heard the stranger say: "I'll give you a hundred an' ten fer the two of 'em. The mare ain't worth much and the colt ain't half broke."

"What, selling your horses ?" exclaimed Da Santo.

Harrison turned, and held out his hand. "It has to be done," he said, with a wan smile.

Understanding came to Da Santo, for he knew that his friend would sell the black mare and the sorrel colt only under the severest pressure.

"Perhaps he'll sell them back to me when—when my book is finished, and I have more money," whispered Harrison.

"May I have a look at them ?" asked Da Santo.

The stranger glanced at him slyly, and then plucked Harrison's sleeve.

"So it's a bargain," he said. "I'll bring the money to-morrow."

"Not so fast," said Da Santo.

Harrison looked at him enquiringly, and the importunate buyer swore.

"If you really mean to sell the mare and the three-year-old," continued Da Santo coolly, "I hope you will let me make you an offer."

Before the owner could reply the man in the fur coat said: "I'll give you one hundred and twenty, by thunder!"

"And I'll give you two hundred," said Da Santo.

"Oh, hell!" exclaimed the stranger, and walked off.

"See here, old chap, this is awfully decent of you," said Harrison, "but what will you do with them ?"

"Leave them with you, if I may," replied his friend.

"Then, if you don't really want the beasts, why do you buy them ?"

Da Santo laid a hand on Harrison's shoulder. "I'll be honest with you," he said. "In the first place, buying horses is second nature to me, and I'd have bought them away from that Jew if I'd never set eyes on either of you before. But I have a better reason than that, Ned. You and I are friends; and here I find you selling two good animals at a ridiculous sacrifice. If you were worth a quarter of a million dollars—and that's a conservative estimate—would you let me sell my favorite horses to the first bounder who might happen along with a few dollars in his pocket ?"

"No, I would not," said Harrison.

"Then why expect me to be less generous ?" asked Da Santo, smiling.

They shook hands, and there were tears in young Harrison's bright eyes.

"Now let us go in and look at your purchases," he said.

Da Santo followed him into the stable, and, with a glowing heart, watched him embrace the rescued animals in turn and press his cheek to each velvety nose. "And that is the same boy who was shot through the knee in battle," mused Da Santo.

WHEN the two friends were back in the sitting-room Harrison confessed that he had been very hard put to it for money.

"I've been so keen on my novel lately that I've let the magazines slide," he explained—"and there's bread and butter and tobacco in the magazines."

"Then I'll have some of the tobacco now," said Da Santo, producing a pipe from his pocket.

Harrison tossed a rubber pouch on to the table.

"I didn't know that even the most enlightened Brazilian ever smoked a pipe," he said:

"You unsuspicious little beggar, I'm not a Brazilian," replied Da Santo, and he straightway made his friend acquainted with the truth of the matter. The telling of his adventures took an hour, and at the end of that time they both repaired to the kitchen, and fried sausages. They drank sweet cider with their modest meal, and then harnessed the black mare into a sleigh, and spent the whole afternoon slipping over the white roads to the jingle of bells. The poet's gaiety did Santo a world of good. He realized that a man might miss the greater happiness and yet find a deal of kindliness in life, after all.

DA SANTO got back in time for dinner. Vivia and Dick found him cheerful and more talkative than usual; but he did not mention the horse-dealing transaction.

(Continued in November Issue)

WORLD AFFAIRS

COUNTESS OF MINTO

EARL OF MINTO

Earl Minto, formerly Governor-General of Canada, who has been appointed by the British Government to succeed Lord Curzon as Viceroy of India.

PEACE AT LAST

BY far the most important event in the outside world during the past month is the consummation of peace between Russia and Japan. Negotiations were at a deadlock over certain demands made by Japan and refused by Russia. When this magazine last went to press the world was despairing of any practical outcome, and Russia was stubborn, Japan inscrutable. Suddenly, however, Japan waived the matters in dispute —an indemnity, interned war-ships, Island of Sakhalin, and the limitation of Russia's sea-power in the Far East. The general feeling was one of surprise mingled with disappointment; for, on first glance, it seemed as though Japan had lost the really important fruits of her victorious campaigns. Tokio openly manifested its disapproval by rioting, burning the dwellings of certain Japanese statesmen, and by incendiary newspaper articles. Russia was also indignant at first, but Russian opinion has quieted down. The rest of the world, however, had hearty congratulations to offer President Roosevelt on his part in bringing about the conference, and in using his influence with both sides to make peace possible. The whole world breathed a sigh of relief when it was realized that the stupendous conflict was over, and the work of development and reorganization may go ahead unchecked.

THE PEACE TERMS

On a careful analysis it will be seen that Japan, while relinquishing some valuable concessions, has really attained the object for which war was begun. The Russian advance eastward to the Pacific littoral has been stopped, Manchuria returned to China, Port Arthur, Dalny and the whole Liaotung peninsula are Japan's, and Japanese preponderance in Corea and Manchuria recognized by Russia. The open-door policy is also guaranteed by both nations. The permanence of the check given to Russia's ambitions in the Far East is a matter of doubt. The Muscovite is wily, and is not noted for strict adherence to treaties. The Japanese demand for indemnity was never quite feasible, and Japan showed wisdom in withdrawing it. The interned warships brought up a new question—no

precedent existed. But in view of the past performances of the Russian navy, and in view also of the new Anglo-Japanese treaty, the limitation of Russian sea power in the North Pacific becomes less important. With Port Arthur and Dalny and the Manchurian railway Japan can so strengthen her position that no Russian attack can hope for success for some generations at least.

CURZON *VS.* KITCHENER

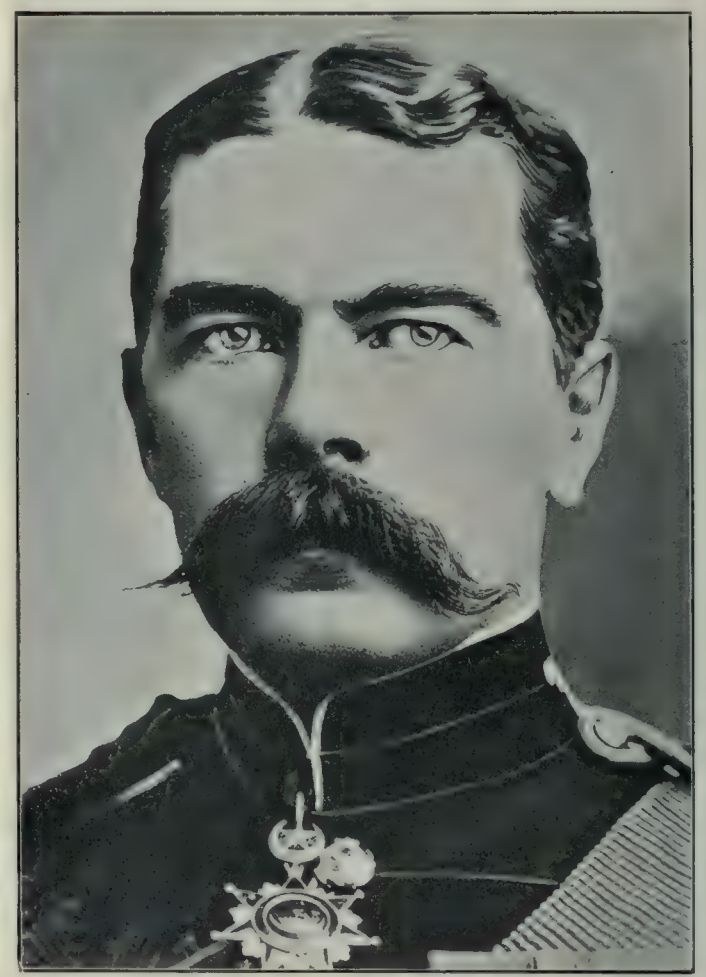
India has occupied the centre of the stage of colonial affairs this month. The unfortunate dispute between Lord Curzon, the Viceroy, and Lord Kitchener, Commander-in-Chief, resulted in the final resignation of the former, and the appointment of Lord Minto as the new Viceroy. The controversy arose over what Lord Kitchener felt was interference with his jurisdiction by a subordinate officer, Sir Edmund Elles, Military Member of the Council. This officer's position and powers constituted an anomaly, as to allow the findings of a subordinate to govern the Viceroy's action in regard to Lord Kitchener's recommendations, was an arrangement not to be brooked by "K. of K." Lord Curzon resented any aggrandizement of the Commander-in-Chief's authority at the expense of his own. The British Government had resolved to strengthen and reorganize the Indian army, and had sent Lord Kitchener to do it. Thus, a situation was precipitated by Lord Curzon which could result only in his own resignation. Brilliant, forceful, headstrong and impatient, he had the defects of his qualities. Lord Minto, who succeeds, did much good work in his quiet way while in Canada, and is really a bigger man than is generally believed. Like Lords Dufferin and Lansdowne, who went from Canada to India, he has been assailed as not big enough for the post. We believe he will, like his illustrious predecessors, demonstrate his ability to all the world. It is a pity, however, that the sordid details of such acrimonious disputes should ever have been given to the world. We present pictures of Lords Kitchener, Curzon and Minto.

CANADA AT LIEGE

The Exhibition at Liege sees Canada represented by an exhibit, in which stress is laid upon our natural resources, and the advantages offered settlers who come resolved to make homes for themselves. Belgium is a small country, but the most densely populated on the earth, and the Belgians are a sober, industrious and frugal people, with a natural instinct for agriculture and the kindred occupations. If our exhibit at Liege attracts their attention to Canada as a suitable country in which to make a home, its cost will be money well invested.

HARD TIMES IN THE STATES

John D. Rockefeller has predicted an era of hard times in the United States in 1907 and 1908. He bases his statement on the over-production in all lines. It is well known that this factor exists, but whether or not it will result as the Oil King predicts is hard to say. Such an occurrence could not but effect Canada, but owing to our more stable institutions, our more cautious and conservative methods, its effect would be quite small. The history of former panics in the Republic bears us out in this assertion, and we hope the prediction will remain unfulfilled, but we feel reasonably sure that by dint of strict economy Mr. Rockefeller will be able to keep body and soul together and survive the general wreck, should the wreck occur.



LORD KITCHENER, COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF OF THE BRITISH FORCES IN INDIA,

To whom Great Britain looks for a continuation of Peace in India

MORE PROTECTION WANTED

The operations of the American harvester trust are seriously menacing the prosperity of the New Zealand implement makers. The trust's remorseless tactics of annihilation or absorption, combined with the easier labor conditions in America, threaten the destruction of the local industry within five years.

Manufacturers recognize that a protective tariff of even 20 per cent. is of no avail.

A deputation asked the Government to prohibit the trust from doing business in New Zealand. The Premier asked the deputation if they wanted war with the United

LORD CURZON, RETIRING VICEROY OF INDIA

States. He said he did not think the United States would stand such a prohibition, nor would the country members of the Legislature agree to a prohibitive tariff. Something might be done, however, if the local manufacturers agreed not to raise their prices. He intimated that the Government would proceed with the Monopolies Prevention Bill.

NEW ANGLO-JAP TREATY

The new treaty just concluded between Britain and Japan has larger scope than the last. It will be seen that the safety of India is practically guaranteed, and all ground for French uneasiness regarding Indo-China is removed. The principal features of the new treaty are as follows:

FIRST—The provision in the old treaty making the alliance applicable only to the Chinese littoral is changed so that the new provision makes the alliance applicable to all Asia up to the line crossing Persia from north to south indicated by the fifty-first degree of east longitude. The significance of this change is the inclusion of India, and also Indo-China, where France has suspected Japan of having designs. The effect of the change tends to preserve the present status quo of French authority in Indo-China and the status quo in India.

SECOND—The provision in the old treaty making the alliance operative if either ally is attacked by two powers is changed so that the alliance becomes effective when either is attacked by one power.

THIRD—The primary underlying principle of the treaty is defensive, and the maintenance of existing conditions.

A GLANCE AT EUROPE

The Peace of Portsmouth will pacify and settle several threatening conditions in international affairs. The temporary exhibition of temper in Tokio and St. Petersburg may be disregarded. The Morocco dispute, which might have become acute again between France and Germany in connection with French demands upon the Sultan, has completely subsided. The friction between Germany and Great Britain promises again to become latent. The London *Spectator* says: "Peace may endure, but there are sombre shadows in the picture which no unprejudiced observer can be content altogether to ignore. The rulers of the world, in spite of peace, are sullen, or anxious, or disappointed."

The *Spectator* is frankly dubious about Russia's observance of the Peace Treaty, saying that: "It is as much open to Nicholas to make some of its consequences an excuse for a new and speedy war as it was for Napoleon to resume hostilities after the peace of Amiens. There will be many occasions for declaring that the action of the Japanese in Manchuria is menacing to the future of Russia.

Nevertheless, the *Spectator* wisely concludes that peace will continue. Its best safeguards are the Anglo-Japanese treaty and the Anglo-French entente. The Kaiser probably has not abandoned his hope of weakening the latter, but all indications are that any direct attempt to do so will result in as complete failure as his efforts in May and June last, and they might, indeed, lean to its translation into a formal compact.

LADY CURZON

Who was formerly Miss Mary Leiter of Chicago

A FATEFUL CLOTHESLINE

By Marguerite Evans

KATE HEARTWELL wakened up in the night feeling that something was wrong. Sleepily she wondered what it could be. Then the gale shaking the house to its very foundations, and the rain pelting against the window told her only too surely. Her week's washing was out, and to a woman on the prairie that has a world of meaning.

Hastily throwing a heavy skirt over her night-dress, donning her rain coat, and thrusting her bare feet into her rubbers, she ran down-stairs, seized her clothes-basket, and was out at the clothes-line in less time than it takes to tell it.

With quick, practiced hands she removed the pins from the flapping sheets and tablecloths, and thrust them into the basket. Several smaller articles, with the perversity of their kind, had escaped from their confining pins, and blown in all directions, their whiteness showing against the inky blackness of the earth and sky. Knowing from previous experience that the wind would carry them miles away before morning, the girl pursued and captured them one by one. Thinking she had them all, she was about to beat a hasty retreat when a tiny speck of white in the vicinity of the bluff, several yards away, attracted her attention. With the wind almost lifting her off her feet, and the rain beating furiously about her bare head, she went after it, but, just like the phantom "happiness" which "still allures, and still eludes," it evaded her eager fingers. Just as she would almost grasp it, the wind, with a malicious whoop, would seize it and whirl it several feet further. At last, on the edge of the bluff, she pounced upon it, but at the same time, to her alarm, her fingers came in contact with other warm human fingers, and a hoarse voice gasped: "Don't scream Miss Heartwell!"

"Who are you?" she asked, as the recumbent figure rose and stood beside her.

"Elton, the Englishman, who bought the Powell place. You may have heard of me," he answered, his breathing still laboured." "I've had a jolly good run, but I think I've left them behind. No! by Jove!" catching the girl by the arm, "Look! see the lights—a dozen of them. They'll round me up as sure as fate!"

"I don't understand," said the girl; "what have you done?"

"There was a row up at Brinkarts' over cards, you know. Brown, one of the fellows, was shot, fatally, I am afraid. They accused me, but I didn't fire at all; on my honor, Miss Heartwell, I didn't. It was that sneak of a Jones. I saw him; but they're all against me; I'm an outsider you know, and if they catch me I'm done for."

Knowing the crowd of whom he spoke, the girl was convinced that he was telling her the truth. "I think I can hide you," she said. "Fortunately you are a small man, but we must be quick. Give me your hand, and let us run."

——

IN her haste she had not waited to light a lamp before going out, and the basket of clothes gleaming whitely in the distance was her only guide to the house. "Help me carry it," she said, as they reached the basket, "and try not to stumble over anything, for I daren't strike a light." Thanks to her orderly habit of not leaving the furniture scattered around, they crossed the kitchen in safety, and opening the door of a closet under the stairs, entered it.

"Now strike a match!" she said, breathlessly, "for the light can't be seen."

They could hear the hallooing of men and the tramping of horses close to the house, and he obeyed her without questioning as she emptied the contents of the clothes-basket on the floor, and motioned him to get into it instead.

"It is your only chance," she said, covering him carefully with the clothes. "They are sure to search the house. I am thankful the basket is such a large one."

An imperative knock at the door warned her that she had not a moment to lose, and cautioning him to keep perfectly still, no matter what happened, she ran lightly up stairs to her room.

Soon she heard her father's voice angrily assuring his untimely callers that he had "seen no one, heard no one that night; that it was impossible any one could be concealed in the house, and they were losing precious time."

"But we've rounded him up, and he must be here," she heard Jones' voice insisting. "He came this way, and we've been over every foot of the bluff, and around your stables and stacks, so he *must* be in the house."

"I tell you he's *not* in the house, and never was in the house, to my knowledge; but, come in! come in! and see for yourselves! Here," viciously, "is the pantry; maybe he's hid in the churn or the bread-box, look and be sure. This trap-door goes to the cellar; have a look there while you are about it. Maybe he's hid under my seed potatoes, or among Kate's fruit jars?"

"Not there, eh? Well, here's the sittin' room. Maybe he's inside the stove, or under some of the chairs, or in the piano-case. Take a good look behind that big picture, he might be hangin' from the nail back of it; he's not very big, you know. Then, here's our spare bedroom; maybe he's here takin' a nap. Look under the bed, but be careful, for a trapped badger shows fight you know."

"Not there either? Well now that's queer; that's mighty queer! There's only two rooms left, mine and

(*Continued on page 15*)

PRINCE LOUIS' VISIT TO TORONTO

PRINCE LOUIS OF BATTENBURG ENTERTAINED AT THE ROYAL CANADIAN YACHT CLUB, AT TORONTO ISLAND

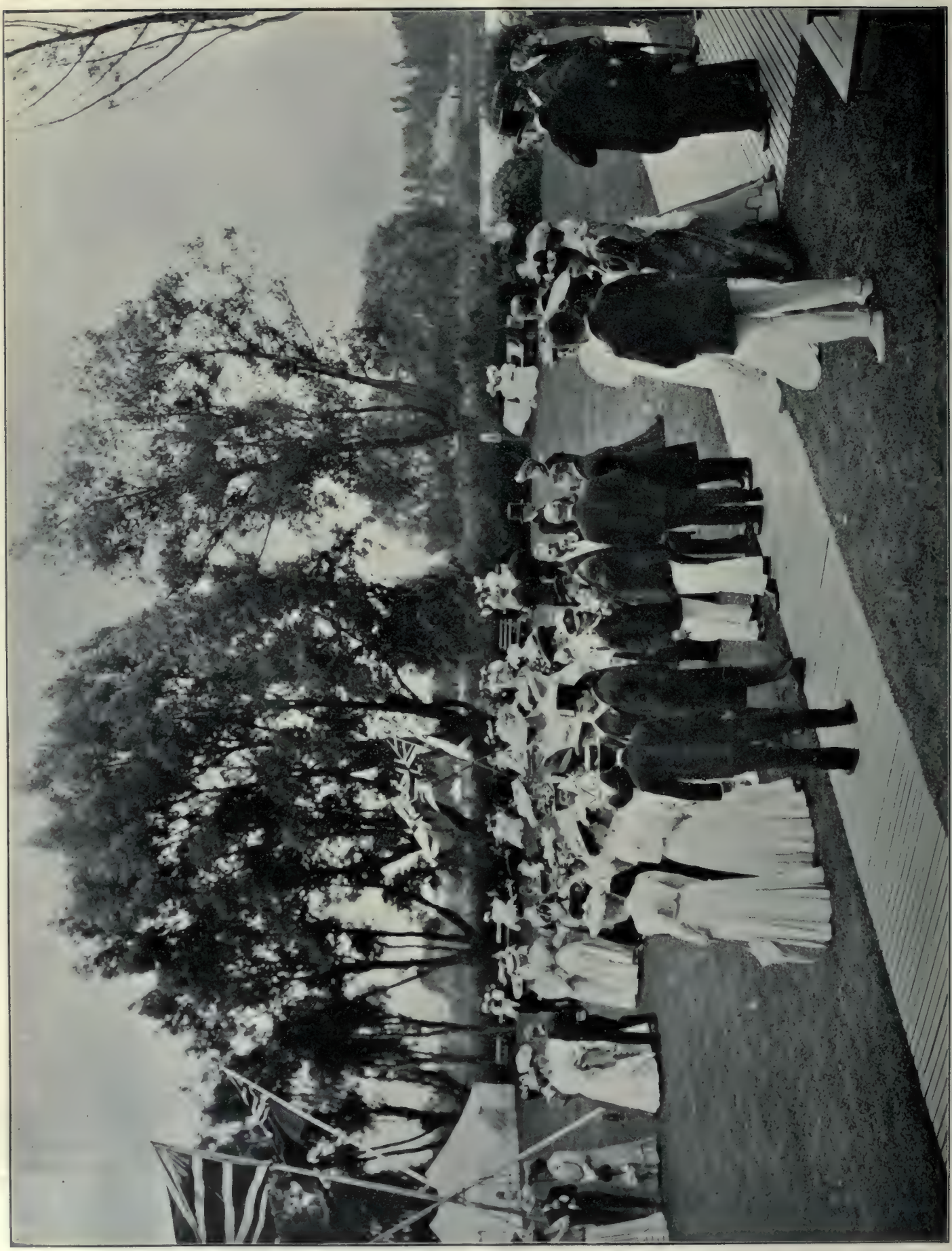
Prince Louis is seated in the centre of the front row

THE visit of Prince Louis of Battenburg to Canada was marked by a series of interesting events in all the cities where he was entertained. In Toronto his visit happened at a particularly auspicious time, as it was so arranged that he should be present for the formal opening of the Canadian National Exhibition.

At the Royal Canadian Yacht Club, on Toronto Island, where two of the pictures shown here were taken, a garden party was held in honor of the visiting Prince, who proved himself a genial gentleman and won the admiration of all who met him.

In the group taken at the Yacht Club, Prince Louis will be noticed in the centre of the front row. Just behind him stands Lady Kirkpatrick, at whose home Prince Louis was entertained while in Toronto. To the left of Prince Louis is Mr. Frederick Nichols, the owner of the Canadian yacht which raced this year for the Canada Cup, and behind and to the left of Mr. Nichols is Mr. Jarvis, well known throughout Canada for his reputation as one of the most expert sailors on the continent.

Prince Louis is a German Prince by birth, but for forty years he has been a naturalized Briton. He is closely connected with the English Royal Family through his wife, who is the daughter of Queen Victoria's favorite daughter, Princess Alice, and through his younger brother, who married the Princess Beatrice.



SCENE ON THE LAWN OF THE ROYAL CANADIAN YACHT CLUB AT THE GARDEN PARTY GIVEN IN HONOR OF PRINCE LOUIS OF BATTENBURG

A FATEFUL CLOTHESLINE—Continued from Page 12

Kate's. I swear he's not in mine, for I've just left it; but you had better go and look. If any of you like to insinuate that he's in Kate's room, just let him try it, and I'll send him to kingdom come so quick he won't know what happened him. You don't *think* that he's in Kate's room, do you Mr. Jones? Well, that's all right, so far as it goes; but I want you to be *sure*. Do you hear, all of you?"

"I wan't you to be *sure* he ain't in Kate's room! Oh, you are sure? Very well, gentlemen, good night; I'm sorry you've lost so much time; but stay -- excuse me—I quite forgot! Here's a little closet under the stairs. You'd never notice the door if you didn't know it was there. Look, all of you; Kate has a big washing piled up there, I see. Lucky for her she got it in before the storm. But punch down to the bottom of the basket you careless fellows; maybe the man is hid there! What! he couldn't be? Well, I don't think so myself either; but I want you to be perfectly satisfied. Good night, and be sure you really have your man rounded up the next time before you call me out of my bed."

KATE heard her father close the door with an angry bang, lock it with an angry click, and come stumbling and grumbling up stairs. Thinking it wiser to pre-

1. Prince Louis of Battenburg and Mr. W. K. McNaught, President of the Canadian National Exhibition

2. Prince Louis of Battenburg and the Hon. J. P. Whitney, Premier of Ontario

tend to be curious, she put her head out of the door and asked what in the world was the matter.

"Matter enough," returned the old man, angrily; "a lot of fools thought we had that Englishman, Elton, hidden here; seems he has shot one of the outfit at Brinkarts'. Pity he hadn't made away with them all. They're a bad lot. I hope they don't catch him, for I guess he's a pretty decent little chap if he would let cards alone. They've been robbing him ever since he came, and I guess maybe he found it out to-night. But get to your bed child." and Mr. Heartwell headed for his.

Kate waited until the sounds from her father's room vouched for his being asleep, and then stole softly down stairs and opened the closet door. "Are you all right, Mr. Elton?" she whispered, striking a match.

"Thanks to you!" he responded, cautiously; "My limbs are a bit cramped, but that's nothing. I'm afraid I have soiled your clean clothes."

"That doesn't matter," she laughed softly; "it was such fun to fool them. They won't come back now; they're too scared of dad."

She laughed again, the lighted match showing her bright, mischievous face, and said: "give me your hand again, and I'll lead you to the spare bedroom where, if you can manage to undress without a light, you will have time for a good sleep yet before morning."

"Dare I?" he asked, nervously.

"Certainly," she replied, decisively, "you will be perfectly safe, but don't come out of the room till I call you in the morning. Good night!" and she was gone.

THE next morning, in response to a merry "coast is clear, come on." Elton found his way to the kitchen, where his fair hostess had a substantial breakfast awaiting him.

"Good morning," she said, brightly; "I hope you rested well."

"Never better; I was jolly well played out. I must have fallen asleep the moment my head touched the pillow. When I wakened this morning I thought last night's tragedy was only a horribly realistic nightmare, but when I heard you singing about your work it all came back to me. I wish I knew whether Brown were alive or not."

"Dad has gone to see; I knew you would be anxious," the girl answered, gravely. "I was tempted to tell dad you were here, but thought it safer not to. His sympathies are with you, but he wouldn't tell a lie to save his life, and he may be questioned pretty closely over there."

"I must get away to-night," Elton said, "for if Brown dies, the chase after me will be hotter than ever; and there's not a man among them who wouldn't swear my life away."

"I fear you are right," she replied, gravely; "but I have thought of a plan for getting you to the nearest station on the main line, which we will try to-night if nothing better offers in the meantime. The station is twenty miles away, but I think it could be managed."

He ceased his onslaught on the ham and eggs to look at her in undisguised admiration. "You are my guardian angel, I think," he said, and pledged her in his coffee.

"Nonsense," she laughed; "I'm merely glad of an adventure to relieve the monotony of life on the prairie, which I sometimes find almost unendurable. But there's dad coming," she said, glancing out of the window, "go back to your room, and I will clear off the table. He mustn't know yet that you are here."

MR. HEARTWELL'S news was far from encouraging. The chances were ten to one that he would die, and if he did, Elton would hang, nothing could save him. A guard had been stationed at the bridge at the river, so there was no hope for him that way. Had it not been for that he might have managed to reach the main line and get away.

"Do you think they would try to prevent me from crossing the bridge if I were to go down there to-night?" the girl asked, as if it were a matter of no great importance.

"No; why should they? You haven't shot any one; but if you wanted to go to Sewell's you should have started this morning, it's a long drive."

"I'll not come back to-night if you think you can manage without me, and I can't be ready to start until late in the afternoon."

"All right, do as you please," her father answered, and the subject was dropped.

NIGHT was descending—a sombre threatening night—rendered all the more menacing by a pallid moon which sometimes betrayed it, as a covered buggy, drawn by two spirited ponies, went tearing down the black, muddy trail in the direction of the river. The descent into the valley was made by a winding road, banked steeply on either side by ghostly birch trees, and long before they reached the river, the occupants of the buggy could hear the roaring and surging of water, and the cracking of ice. Owing to recent heavy rains, the river had risen to a dangerous height, overflowing the bridge—a mighty iron structure—which it threatened to sweep away, and lying in great lakes on either side.

"Stop and show your faces!" called the stentorian tones of the local constable who, with another man, had been concealed behind a clump of scrubby willows.

"I never was ashamed to show my face yet," laughed the driver, throwing back her veil.

"Oh, it's you, Miss Heartwell!" exclaimed the constable, in surprise; "well, if the other lady is equally pretty, she needn't be ashamed to show her's either."

"We will just see the other lady's face, if you please," said the cold, cruel voice of the stranger on the other side of the buggy, at the ponies' heads.

Kate seized the whip and snapped it threateningly in his face. "Would you dare defy the law?" he shouted, letting go the pony's head and reaching for his revolver. This was exactly what the girl wanted—the ponies were

free! She struck them a stinging blow, and they plunged into the roaring, icy waters, followed by the sharp "crack!—crack!—" of the stranger's revolver. Splash—sh—SPLASH—SH—and the cold, muddy water struck their faces. Splash—sh—and it climbed over the hubs of the wheels! Splash—sh!— Splash—sh! over the tops of the wheels!—splash—sh! Over the ponies' backs—over the box of the buggy!

"Come back, Miss Heartwell, you will be drowned!" shouted the constable, but Kate's only answer was: "Get up Duke!— ! Get up Doll!— ! Get on!—Get on!—What are you doing! This is no place to stop! Get on!—Get on!" and her cruel whip slashed the ponies' backs through the water which covered them. Now they are on the bridge where the water is comparatively shallow, and travelling correspondingly easy. Now, they are over the swaying, creaking, bridge and back into deep waters again on the other side, and once more the girl's voice rings out weirdly through the darkness:

"Get up there Duke! What are you doing? Get up there Doll! Get on!—Get on!" And again the cruel whip urges the poor ponies on. Splash—sh! splash—sh!—and the water climbs up!—and up!—and up! "Get on Duke! What are you doing? Get on Doll!— Get on, I say! Keep your feet, you clumsy brutes; what are you slipping for?—Get on!—get on!" A mighty pull, a slipping, stumbling scramble up the bank, and—they are over! The blustering angry constables are behind; the treacherous water is behind—a dry trail, and the hope of liberty are before.

The ponies, dripping, panting, quivering, stand for a few moments; then, with a cruelty which is really kindness—for they are beginning to shiver with the cold—the girl once more, with whip and voice, urges them on, up the steeply winding hill side, and on to the dark, rolling prairie, where, after an hour's hard driving, just as the lights of the station—the goal of their hopes—gleam redly in the distance, the sound of horses hoof-beats in hot pursuit is heard close behind.

"Quick!" Kate whispered; "leave your clumsy outside wraps in the buggy, and jump out before they get any nearer to us. Make for the water-tank instead of going right to the station. Smile on the brakeman, and he will get you a ticket. Remember you are a girl for the next twenty-four hours anyway, and don't go into the smoking car. Don't go without your veil either, and be sure to keep on your gloves. I'm thankful my costume fits you so well; that loose coat is just the thing. Now jump! when I pull up a little."

But although their pursuers were gaining on them every instant, Elton lingered to say: "When my name is cleared I shall come back—— to you, if I may."

"Yes," she answered, pushing him from her, fearful for his safety, and the yawning blackness of the prairie engulfed him.

"BROWN will live, Miss Heartwell," said the Doctor, a month later, "but it was your good nursing and not my skill that pulled him through. I had quite given him up when you volunteered your services. I wish I could get you to do the same by Jones. I can't do anything for the fellow; he gets weaker every day."

"Let him think he's going to die," said the girl, coolly, and get him to sign a confession that he, not Mr. Elton, shot Brown. When you have that secured, tell him that neither he nor Brown is likely to die in the

MADAME EMMA EAMES

immediate future, but that you think it would be advisable for them both to hit the trail before Mr. Elton comes back."

"Elton won't come back," laughed the Doctor, beginning to see how the wind blew.

"He will come back as soon as his name is cleared," replied the girl, confidently—and he did.

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA

JULIA MILLARD
As Leading Lady in "San Toy"

HELEN HALL
In "Woodland"

FLORA ZABELLE
In "The Yankee Consul"

WITH the opening of the theatrical season we begin to hear rumors of the good things, new and old, which the dramatic world has to offer in New York, and we wonder how many of the same good things we will see in our Canadian cities.

Of one fact, which will give general satisfaction, we are assured, and that is that Williard—Willard of loveable "Tom Pinch," of "David Garrick," and of "The Professor's Love Story," will be with us in October, and the fact seems to augur well as a forecast of coming events.

Sir Charles Wyndham and Miss Mary Moore are also to visit this continent, and it is expected that they will appear in Canada. John Hare, the old-time favorite, especially in his play, "A Pair of Spectacles," is also to revisit the States, but whether Toronto and Montreal are on the schedule is not known. Another favorite in a different line who is to visit America is Francis Wilson, of comic opera fame, and Modjeska cannot resist the temptation of one more "farewell visit."

Amongst the talked of novels of the day which have been dramatized, there are: "The War Correspondent," by Richard Harding Davis, produced by William Collier in England; Mr. Lorimer's popular "Letters of a Self-Made Man"; Hall Caine's "The Prodigal Son," which will be produced in New York; and Mrs. Humphrey Ward's "The Marriage of William Ashe," in which Grace George will star.

There have been a great many new plays written for particular stars, as well as a number of plays new to this continent, adapted by managers for those under their *régime*, such as Maud Adams in the Barrie piece, "Peter Pan"; Ethel Barrymore in another Barrie play, "Alice-Sit-by-the-Fire," which won favor in London last season; Henrietta Crossman in "Mary, Mary, Quite Contrary"; Eleanor Robson in two new plays written for her; Viola Allen in "The Toast of the Town"; Blanche Walsh in "The Woman in the Case"; Raymond Hitchcock, formerly of "The Yankee Consul," in "Easy Dawson," and Mrs. Fiske in a new play, "What Will People Say?" a comedy of modern New York. There is also talk of Mrs. Fiske reviving "Tess."

IN music, Toronto is promised some rare treats. For October there are three big events in the Boston Symphony Orchestra, the best thing in its line on the continent, Emma Eames, and Calve.

This will be Emma Eames' first appearance in Toronto, although she has been on the stage since 1889, when she made her *début* in Paris in grand opera, appearing before one of the most critical audiences in the world. Though at the time a girl of twenty-one, her success was immediate and overwhelming, and all were unanimous in proclaiming the triumph of the young American girl.

After two years she left Paris; she sang at the Royal Opera at Covent Garden, London, where she had a most successful season. At the close of the London season, Miss Eames retired to the country house of a friend near Windsor, England, and was married on August 1, 1891, to Mr. Julian Story, the well-known painter.

In the intervening years Madame Eames has, by devotion to her art, coupled with remarkable vocal gifts and great personal charm and beauty, raised herself to the rank she now occupies, among the greatest *prima donnas* of the day.

'TWAS FATE, DEAR

By E. J. Carmichael

The serial story "'Twas Fate Dear," has been running through the National Monthly Magazine. For the benefit of the subscribers to the Canadian Home, with which the National Monthly is now amalgamated, we give here a synopsis of the foregoing chapters.

SYNOPSIS

Blanche, Gretchen, and Nora Hazlewood lived in their old home at Toronto. Their parents had died, leaving them with nothing but the family homestead in a state of decay, and an exceeding small and insufficient income for the necessities of life.

Blanche, the eldest, was extremely delicate, and unable to add anything to the income; in fact it was her sisters' great dread that, unless they could obtain sufficient money to send her south, she would not last long.

Nora, the youngest, was a girl of eighteen or twenty, of an irresponsible nature, with good intentions, but little earnest effort. Gretchen was the only one capable of earning money, and on her the whole responsibility of the care of the family falls, though even she can do but little to augment the income.

Two young men are in love with Gretchen—Hugh Bronson, whom she loves, but who is still unsuccessfully struggling to earn a living by his pen; and Stephen Shortreed, an Englishman of some wealth and position who is travelling through Canada, and who stayed in Toronto long enough to wish to make Gretchen his wife. Hearing that Stephen Shortreed is returning to the city after a trip to the West, and fearful of meeting him and being forced to disappoint him, Gretchen decides to visit a friend in Niagara for a few days. However, Shortreed follows her there, and meeting her early Sunday morning, he proposes to her and is refused.

CHAPTER VI

WITH Hugh Bronson the world was not dealing kindly these days, and he felt decidedly down on his luck. His father certainly appeared to have shown much wisdom in his desire that the young man should not "waste time on journalism, but enter his office and learn the business," for the meagre income that Hugh derived from the magazines with which he was engaged and the non-success of his larger efforts gave him very little encouragement.

It was not without much consideration that Hugh had made up his mind to follow where his natural talent led him, and yet sometimes, especially since the growing of his attachment for Gretchen, he doubted his own judgment. But he felt that he was of too studious and literary a turn of mind ever to be a success in any business where routine must be observed, and he detested figures and book-keeping. His mind was one of extraordinary breadth and capability; no up-to-date contrivances or experiments that Hugh did not read up about and find out the gist of their method of working, so that articles of a certain kind of his were gladly accepted by those who knew him. In to each new cult or science also he would delve to find out its origin and what benefit its followers derived thereby, and as for the constant, never-ending studies of the world in general, and human nature in particular, he found daily, almost hourly, more and more to observe and record. Therefore from a desire to remember and simplify matters to himself as well as others, and as an outlet to his thoughts, he wrote, and something told him that some day his works would be appreciated and probably sought after once the right man got hold of them and gave him his impetus; but, so far, his books—the cherished results of his soul's best communings, the infants of his imagination—were as yet unprized, and at last he decided that more push and enterprise was necessary, and, to get even a reading of his stories, he must go himself to New York and take up his own cause more definitely and personally.

His father, of course, was bitterly opposed to such a step, especially as it meant cutting adrift from even the lesser positions he had undertaken; and it was not until Hugh had completed a book of a year's thought and care, which he felt to be worthy of so daring a step, that he fully made up his mind to take it.

A strong—over-drawn to most minds—sense of honor kept him silent towards Gretchen Hazlewood concerning his hope of winning her love by-and-by. He had no idea that he had already done so, and believed that should she give her hand to the Hon. Stephen Shortreed it would be so splendid a match for her from every standpoint that he had not the smallest right to try and unsettle her. He was one of those few earnest, selfless, noble natures whose attitude towards those whom they love best is always to protect, to reverence, to stand aside and let come to them what is good for them whatever the wound inflicted on themselves, and he forgot in his brave planning to put no stumbling block in the way of the girl's planning, that all her happiness might be dependent on what was not to her advantage, and that the nature of every true woman was to turn from luxury and riches, and follow where her heart led her, through sorrow, through sickness, till death, if need be, and find in each its joy, "because love is the greatest thing in the world."

It was not without much conflict, and many a sleepless night, however, that Hugh Bronson concluded to leave a clear field for his rival, and in silence go to New York till he should hear for himself what her answer to Shortreed had been. Then, he thought, if it were in the negative he could fairly and squarely return to ask her to wait for him—and the joy of his self-sacrifice would be all the greater. If his surmises proved correct, and her heart yielded to him and the advantages he could bestow—he could devote himself to his work—and rejoice that, for her at least, the world held no more struggling and hardship.

GRETCHEN in the meantime had returned home greatly refreshed for the little change, and full of tender pity towards the man who had taken her rejection of his generosity and affection, and vowed within herself that no one should know that he had cherished for her other than the warmest friendship.

When Hugh arrived that very evening he found the two girls playing croquet on the scrubby, neglected lawn,

and his gaze lingered wistfully on Gretchen, who looked more than usually attractive in her pink gingham gown, her hair coiled loosely low upon her neck, and a white flower in her belt. A spirited dispute was going on, and he caught fragments of the conversation as he crossed the garden behind the shrubberies. Nora had evidently just croquetted her ball from the far end of the lumpy ground, and was saying in a highpitched voice:

"How in the world could you see where it went; you're not an owl, are you? And it's nearly pitch-dark."

Well, you cannot be allowed the benefit of the doubt," returned Gretchen, with spirit. "You are too far ahead —take it again and I'll watch it more carefully."

"I won't," said the youngest Miss Hazlewood, stamping her foot impatiently; "my instinct tells me that ball went through."

"Nora, don't be so childish. You must play fairly or we will stop the game."

"Well, give it to me and we will call it square," said Nora, generously, giving her ball a kick that sent it in Hugh's direction, when both girls discovered his advancing form, and laughed apologetically, aware that they had been caught quarreling.

Then Blanche came out also, having seen Hugh from the window, and together they all turned into the shelter of the trees, through which the stars glimmered and a crescent moon peeped down. Hugh sat in their midst and confided to them his plans for the future.

"So you are really going," said Nora. "O, Hugh, I wish I were a man; how I would love to go out into the world; I have visions of easy roads to fame if only I could start; but I would want fun and frolic and no work."

Gretchen, who was aware of a slow, gnawing pain within her breast, displayed outwardly the same keen interest and sympathy in his departure for fresh fields that she had ever shown him. Blanche gave him a few elder-sisterly words of advice and encouragement, and Nora chattered on, whenever anyone else didn't happen to be speaking, in her usual scatter-brained manner—and it was a relief to both Gretchen and Hugh that she did so, but she was apt sometimes to make awkwardness.

"It is such a disappointment, Hugh," she began once, "that you never fell in love with any of us—such handsome creatures, too—now, when I began to take stenography from you I hoped you might be attracted by the slim whiteness of my slender wrist, or the perfume of my guilded tresses—but, no—"

"Nora, dear, don't be wild," remonstrated Blanche; "when your volubility goes to poetry, it is quite time to interrupt."

"A prophet is without—oh, dear, *what?* I always forget," went on Nora, regardless, "Gretchen, dear, what is a prophet without in his own country?"

"Honesty, if you are the prophet," returned Gretchen promptly, whereat they all laughed, remembering the game of croquet, which set Blanche coughing, and then she decided to go back to the house, and Gretchen accompanied her.

HUGH grew very silent as they wended their way across the lawn. His heart ached, and a ray of moonlight fell across his pale, set face.

Suddenly he felt a soft hand upon his arm, and Nora's voice, in a tone he hardly recognized, said:

"Hugh, dear, is it Gretchen; won't you tell me?"

"What made you guess?" he replied huskily, too taken by surprise to answer any other way.

"Your face when she went in. Oh, Hugh, why don't you tell her?"

"I think she knows; but I can't say what I long to say; trust me, Nora, but don't betray me—"

"Do you suppose I'm a tattle-tale!" said Nora indignantly; then Gretchen's slight form was seen approaching, and Nora made a hasty excuse to Hugh and disappeared into the house.

"So you are here really to say good-bye?" said Gretchen.

"For a little while only I hope," answered Bronson, bravely. "You have done your best to urge me on, Gretchen."

"Yes, I think you are perfectly right." Her voice choked oddly. The wind blew a wave of her hair across her face. Hugh lifted it and put it gently back again behind her ear.

"It was always unruly," he murmured.

"Yes, like its owner," she answered.

"Will you write to me sometimes?" said Hugh. "I want to know all about you—what you do—what you say—think—the little things you always tell me."

"Then you do care?" said the girl slowly. "I thought lately—"

"Oh, you have had other friends. I—I have been working," interrupted Hugh, his voice almost rough in its effort. His tone hurt Gretchen, and she said proudly:

"Yes, we both have so much to think of. Oh, Hugh, how pleased you will be when your book is published—then your future will be made and your name on everyone's lips; how proud we will all be of you!"

For an instant Hugh Bronson could scarcely restrain the passionate, adoring words that were burning on his lips. He longed to tell her *why* his success would mean so much to him. He rose abruptly, and striking a match. looked at his watch—the moon had gone behind a cloud.

"Well, Gretchen," he said in a low, suppressed tone, taking a good look at the sweet, fair face he loved, at the same time, "I suppose I must go, and I just want to say that if I fail in the last—or rather first real attempt—it will certainly be no fault of yours. If ever a girl did her best to help a fellow along, not only in his ambitions, but in every desire for what is best and truest, you have, and my—my—dear, about your own affairs, may I speak one word before I go?"

Gretchen nodded silently. Oh, oh! if she should betray herself—there was a lump in her throat, a dewy mist before her eyes.

"Dear," he went on, grasping the back of a gar-

(*Continued on page 22*)

CANADIAN NATIONAL EXHIBITION

VIEW OF MANUFACTURERS AND NATURAL HISTORY BUILDINGS AT THE CANADIAN NATIONAL EXHIBITION

AS a tangible factor in the education of our people, in presenting in concrete form the increasing evidences of our country's marvellous progress in agriculture, manufacturing, the arts, and all the related arts and crafts which go to make up our modern fabric of commercial and industrial life, the Canadian National Exhibition stands easily first, and as an annual advertisement for Canada, for Ontario, and for Toronto.

IRISH GUARDS BAND, WHO WERE BROUGHT FROM THE OLD COUNTRY TO PLAY AT THE CANADIAN NATIONAL EXHIBITION

'TWAS FATE, DEAR—Continued from Page 20

den seat desperately, as if to steady himself, "I think you must know how I feel about you; though I had no right to say what I did that night—as you said then—we have always been such friends and comrades—and I only want what is best for you, Gretchen—what will be for your happiness always. You never really cared for Martin—never could have—he was not the sort of fellow to win for long a girl like you—but Shortreed is different, and—and if you *are* fond of him—he is a—a first-rate fellow, little girl. Of course if it is not so, I am a big, blundering idiot, and you must forgive me, but should you care for him it would be such a good thing for you—"

"I don't see why you should plead his cause," said the girl, sharply, pressing her hand tightly against her breast and wondering why the garden, the trees, the very sky itself seemed to be going round and round in a mad whirl. "Ah, Hugh! why need you say all this to me!"

"Great heavens!" exclaimed Bronson. "Why, indeed, to plead the cause of another man is the very last thing I would wish to do, but I am going away—I am tied hand and foot by this cursed poverty—and I have always been a—a sort of guardian to you, because you have no—no brother of your own—and it seemed my duty, when I saw how things were tending, and realized what a queen you would be, Gretchen, where wealth and position and all your rightful privileges would be accorded, to speak—but don't altogether forget me, dear—remember your old friend as one to whom your happiness is dearer than any living thing—as one who keeps your image in his heart always—and for whose sake he is trying to be, not altogether a failure."

Suddenly Gretchen caught his spirit of endurance. She raised her head proudly.

"Thank you," she said; "you have really become quite eloquent; but if I care for Mr. Shortreed and he for me—we should be able to manage our own affairs"—then her voice changed and grew soft and low: "Oh, forgive me, Hugh—you—do not quite grasp my meaning—thank you—and—and—you had better go now. God bless you—God prosper you. Good-bye, dear Hugh."

CHAPTER VII

A FEW days passed uneventfully, and then one night, about midnight, when all should have been at rest, lights could be seen at Hazlewood, and soft, swift footsteps passed to and fro. Blanche was desperately ill. She had retired at her usual time, apparently pretty well, but awakened Gretchen a few hours later by such a terrible fit of coughing that in alarm she rushed to her sister's room, to find to her horror a white and emaciated woman gasping and trembling upon her pillows, with the sheet and bed-spread and everything about her covered with blood.

"Don't be frightened, darling," were her first words, though her own heart simply seemed to stop beating. "It is nothing; only a little hemorrhage; you will be quite better soon," and, while doing her best to stop the terrible flow, she called Nora with all her strength.

Then between them they worked with their beloved sister; reassuring, comforting and ministering to her, fondly and bravely, as women do.

"Run for the doctor, Nora—quick!" whispered Gretchen. "Dr. Johnson from the next block, or anyone—hurry."

Nora needed no second bidding, but was off in a trice with bare feet thrust into boots hastily, and the despised old rain-coat hiding a multitude of *deshabille.*

The doctor shook his head gravely when he had done all that was possible, and the next morning their own family physician took Gretchen aside and confirmed her worst fears—Miss Hazlewood must go south at once, he said, in which case another recurrence of this terrifying experience might possibly be avoided; otherwise he thought it his duty to tell the truth, no hope of her recovery could possibly be held out.

"What shall we do, Nora?" said the poor girl desperately, as that evening, having got Blanche at last into a comfortable doze, they met for consultation in the library to face the inevitable with faces pale and weary. "Money must be got, and how, unless we sell Hazlewood, and even if we decide on doing so it may be months before anyone will buy it."

"Mother's jewellery must be sold in the meantime," said Nora, promptly. "I have been thinking all day, Gretchen, Blanche has got to go at once, that is one thing sure, and mother's ruby brooch and the pearl and diamond rings, and that heavy bracelet she used to wear."

"Don't, *don't!*" cried Gretchen, putting up her hands as though to ward off a blow; then, suddenly, she who was generally the strong one of the family, bowed her head upon her arm and burst into low heart-breaking sobs.

"O mother! mother!"

Nora, blinking hard, marched across the room, and knocked the head fiercely off a little china mandarin upon the mantel. She felt a sort of savage satisfaction in watching it roll upon the floor.

"I know," she began distractedly, "it is perfectly awful; it seems like sacrilege to take her poor little jewels that she saved so carefully for us girls and turn them into money; but, Gretchen, dear, how else are we to get it?"

"Yes, yes, you are quite right, there is no other way," said Gretchen, raising her head and making a brave effort to control herself. "I, too, have thought of it; but I—couldn't just say it. You are much pluckier than I, Nora darling—and you will—will sell them, won't you? Take them to Mr. Western; he is so reliable, and has often offered to buy those rings any time. There are lots of people who will come clamoring for payment once they get wind that we are going to—to—sell Hazlewood. Oh, Nora! there will be nothing left of—of *mother*—soon."

(Continued in November issue)

CROWDS OF SPECTATORS LISTENING TO THE MUSIC OF THE IRISH GUARDS BAND AT THE CANADIAN NATIONAL EXHIBITION

BLUE JACKETS GIVING AN EXHIBITION OF DISMANTLING THEIR GUNS IN FRONT OF THE GRAND STAND, AT THE EXHIBITION

They were from the British Squadron Visiting Quebec, and Commanded by Prince Louis of Battenburg

NEW YORK FASHIONS

Patterns of *any* design shown in our Fashion Department will be sent to any address in Canada, upon receipt of 10 cents for each pattern. In ordering patterns, send name and address, and tell the number of the pattern required, giving bust measure of waists and coats, and waist measure of skirts for adults, or age for children.
Address:—Pattern Department, THE NATIONAL MONTHLY AND CANADIAN HOME, 241 Roncesvalles Ave., Toronto.

OUR readers will notice a marked change in our fashion columns this month, and we feel certain that it is a change that will be fully appreciated. While formerly our fashion illustrations have shown many charming and beautiful costumes, we have concluded that as it is our aim to make these columns essentially useful, we must offer illustrations which will show finer and more explicit details, and offer more reasonable and adaptable suggestions to those seeking ideas for their wardrobe.

The styles which are portrayed this month are absolutely correct in style, and essentially practical in their suggestions, particularly in the fact that the patterns of *any fashion illustration* shown in the magazine can be obtained from the Pattern Department. The cost of each pattern is ten cents. Where costume of waist or coat and skirt is shown, the pattern for *each* garment is ten cents. Where only one number, as in children's dresses, is given, the pattern for the complete dress is ten cents.

The feminine mind turns with delight to the refurbishing of her wardrobe for the Autumn and Winter months. No matter what economies may be necessary, it is a matter of secret pleasure planning for the

Coat 4853 —32-40 bust
Skirt 5135—22-30 waist

Coat 4904—32-40 bust
Skirt 5129—22-30 waist

Coat 5133—32-40 bust
Skirt 4814—22-30 waist

street gowns, the party frocks, and all the delightful accessories of woman's toilette.

By October the last lingering glance has been turned from the fluffy frivolty of the summer gowns to the more sober attractions in the styles for the coming winter, and as during this month and November the selection of the winter wardrobe is made, it will not be untimely to offer a few suggestions pertaining to the styles and materials to be in favor for house and street gowns.

Broadcloth and satin-cloth which, having taken on a suppleness and fineness of texture which makes them adaptable for the present modes of ample fulness, are used extensively in the tailored suits; in fact the most exclusive styles are made up in these materials, with the touch of velvet on collar and cuffs, and sometimes a vest and further trimmings of white, or a pale shade of broadcloth with silk braid touches.

This is undeniably to be a season of velvets, always in the soft, pliable chiffon weave, while the combination of velvet and lustrous cloth will be extremely popular. Homespuns and cheviots are widely used, while mohairs and lustres are more particularly for the simple house-gown.

Cashmeres and Henriettas, so long tabooed by the best dressmakers, have suddenly risen from their fallen state, and are being used with great success because of their softness. The furore of the silk dress has induced some of the manufacturers to produce exquisite brocades, and we may expect the dainty flowered silks as the outcome of a season of charming figured muslins and organdies.

For the practical durable tailored costumes there are beautiful qualities in serges and fine worsteds, and plaids woven on the bias (to give the bias effect without the attendant sag to the skirt).

For dressy occasions, voiles—though to a less degree than formerly—eoliennes, silks and velvets have the field.

In the tailored costumes the long, tight-fitting coats predominate. The walking-skirt is a trifle shorter than has been the vogue for the summer, and, in consequence, the footwear must be neat and attractive. Shoes to match the gown are one of the adjuncts of an irreproachably shod woman.

Kilting in the skirts, with narrower and more numerous pleats, continues popular; some skirts showing shirring in between the pleats. Another new skirt is marked by a revival of the graduated flounce. This style however is suitable for only the soft materials.

Regarding hats a great deal might be said. Those after the turban outlines are somewhat larger than this summer's polo, and are tilted at every conceivable angle. Roses, as a trimming, preferably the tiny button roses, are largely used.

Feather hats and fur hats are in favor, and charming conceits in these two materials —the fur combined with flowers or ribbon— are seen. Two grey squirrel hats—the one combined with pale blue wings, and the other with pink button roses—were charming.

For general wear, there are soft felt hats of various shapes and colors, trimmed with scarfs of striped silk, and an idealized edition of the English walking hat which is just making its appearance.

Waist 5123—32-40 bust
Skirt 5124 -22-30 waist

Waist 5132—32-40 bust
Skirt 4937—22-30 waist

Waist 5118—32-40 bust
Skirt 5063—22-30 waist

Among the accessories that make or mar a costume are the girdles, sashes and neck-fixings of all sorts. Everything is essentially dainty, and whenever possible hand-work is employed in embroidery, etc. There is where the skilful girl has an opportunity to bring into play her originality to produce dainty and economic fixings. Little chemisettes, tucked or trimmed with lace and insertion and sometimes embroidered, are fashioned to wear with any and every gown, as nearly every dress is fashioned to accommodate this dainty feminine fancy. Cuffs are frequently made to match the chemisette.

Scarfs of soft material, such as silk, lace or chiffon, are the inevitable accompaniment of the evening cloak, and many extremely dainty designs are to be seen. There is the Spanish mantilla, the white lace scarf, a white net scarf trimmed with lace and insertion, exquisite scarfs of soft figured silks finished with a silk fringe, and wide figured chiffon scarfs finished with a wide hem.

The following notes in connection with our illustrations may prove helpful to those who contemplate adopting the styles shown :

Party Dress.

Shirred Waist—5123
Shirred Skirt—5124

SILK veiling is one of the best materials for a dress of this description. In this instance it is a pale green, trimmed with cream lace, is made in Princess style, and is one of the season's latest designs. For medium size, material required for the waist is : 5 yards 21, 3¾ yards 27, or 3 yards 44 inches wide, with ⅝ yards 18 inches wide for collar and cuffs, if desired, and 4 yards of banding ; and for the skirt, 12 yards 21, 9½ yards 27, or 6 yards 44 inches wide, with 12½ yards of binding.

Reception Gown.

Waist—5132
Skirt—4937

HERE is a charming costume, adapted to any soft dressy material, to be trimmed with lace and velvet. The waist is quite novel, with the roll-over cuffs and banding of velvet. For medium size, the material required for the waist is : 4¼ yards 21, 3¾ yards 27, or 2⅛ yards 44 inches wide, with ½ yard all-over lace for chemisette, ½ yard velvet and 2 yards lace for frills ; and for the skirt, 15 yards 21, 13¾ yards 27, or 7½ yards 44 inches wide.

Blouse 5128—32-40 bust
Skirt 5072, 22-30 waist

Blouse 4933—12-16 years
Skirt 5131 —12-16 years

Blouse 5120—32-40 bust
Skirt 5034—22-30 waist

5140 Fancy Blouse Waist, 32 to 40 bust.

Dinner Gown

Waist—5118
Flounce Skirt—5063

THIS model is a charming one for all shirrings, and is absolutely novel. The chemisette of lace is lined with chiffon, and the collar and cuffs are of taffeta, the costume itself of eolienne or some soft material. For the medium size, the material required for the waist is: 4½ yards 21, 4 yards 27, or 2¼ yards 44 inches wide, with 2½ yards of lace, 1 yard of silk for revers, and ¾ yards all-over lace; and for the skirt, 10⅝ yards 21, 9¼ yards 27, or 5⅜ yards 44 inches wide.

Autumn Suit.

Coat—4853
Seven-Gored Skirt—5135

THERE are a large number of the best suits shown in the jaunty style illustrated here, and nothing is better suited to a young figure. In this instance the material is in the new shade of brown cheviot, with vest of écru broadcloth. For a woman of medium size the following material will be required: for the coat, 4 yards 21, 2 yards 44, or 1⅞ yards 52 inches wide, with ¼ yards of cloth for the vest; for the skirt, 10 yards 21, 5¼ yards 44, or 52 inches wide.

Fashionable Long Coat.

Coat—5133
Seven-Gored Plaited Skirt—4814

HERE we find the long-fitted coat which is eminently stylish, combined with the plaited skirt, which just clears the ground. Plum-color broadcloth is shown largely in these suits. For a medium size the material required is: 3⅜ yards 44, or 2¼ yards 52 inches wide for the coat, and 5 yards 44, or 4 yards 52 inches wide for the skirt.

5153 House Jacket, 32 to 44 bust.

Checked Tweed Suit.

Coat—4904
Nine-Gored Skirt—5129

CHECKS and plaids are to be largely worn in suits. In the suit illustrated, the material shows a mixture of greys with black velvet collar. The quantity of material required for the medium size is: 2⅜ yards 44, or 1⅞ yards 52 inches wide for the coat; and 6¼ yards 44, or 52 inches wide, for the skirt, if material has figure or nap; and 5 yards 44, or 4½ yards 52 inches wide, if it has not.

Shirt Waist Suit

Blouse—5128
Skirt—5072

SHIRT waist suits are greatly in favor for early Fall, and the design shown is particularly stylish. The material required for the waist, medium size, is: 3¾ yards 21 or 27, or 2⅛ yards 44 inches wide; and for the skirt, 5¼ yards 44, or 4¼ yards 52 inches wide if material has figure or nap, and 3¾ yards 44, or 3¼ yards 52 inches wide, if it has not.

5154 Loose Box Coat, 32 to 42 bust

5147 Shirt Waist or Blouse, 32 to 42 bust

School Girl's Dress

Blouse—4933
Skirt—5131

THE school girl and her wardrobe require a large share of attention at this season, and for a serviceable suitable school dress, nothing is better than the design shown here. For a girl of fourteen, the material required is: 3⅞ yards 27, or 2 yards 44 inches wide for the blouse, and 6½ yards 27, or 3½ yards 44 inches wide, for the skirt.

House Dress

Blouse—5120
Skirt—5034

FOR this costume is suggested a pleasing material made of "hyacinth blue," and trimmed with écru colored lace with velvet girdle, it makes a charming dress. For medium size, the material required for the waist is: 3¼ yards 21, 3¼ yards 27, or 2 yards 44 inches wide, with 1 yard 18 inches wide for vest and cuffs; and for the skirt, 10¼ yards 27, or 6¼ yards 44 inches wide.

Fancy Blouse Waist, 5140.

THE opening season shows some very attractive designs in blouses, notwithstanding the fact that the whole dress is supposedly the favorite. Here is one which gives the chemisette suggestion, always dainty and attractive, yet which closes at the back, providing the graceful unbroken lines in the front. Illustrated, the material is chiffon louisine, combined with lace, but any material soft enough for the many tucks and

5143 Boy's Russian Blouse Suit, 2 to 6 yrs.

desirable folds is suitable. In this instance the silk is white, but waists to match the color of the costume are to be greatly in vogue for all coat suits. The quantity of material required for the medium size is: 5⅜ yards 21, 4¼ yards 27, or 2¾ yards 44 inches wide, with ⅞ yard of all-over lace.

SHIRT WAIST, 5147.

THE design shown here is an old favorite style, adapted to the new lines. It is equally well adapted to silk, wool, or linen waistings which many women use for the entire year. The cuffs and sleeves are a pleasant variation from the usual blouse. For the medium size the quantity of material required is: 4⅞ yards 21, 4¼ yards 27, or 3¼ yards 44 inches wide.

5145 Girl's Rain Coat, 6 to 12 yrs.

HOUSE JACKET, 5153.

THE tasteful house-jacket is always desirable in a woman's wardrobe, and adds largely to ones comfort. This one is absolutely simple, yet perfectly shapely and suitable for morning wear, as it is not suggestive of loose, untidy neglige. The quantity of material required for the medium size is: 4¼ yards 27, 4 yards 32, or 2½ yards 44 inches wide, with 1½ yards of banding.

LOOSE BOX COAT, 5154.

THE loose coat is always a favorite with many women, and it suits some figures better than any other style, and, in addition, is easy to slip off and on. The quantity of material required for the medium size is: 4⅛ yards 27, 2¾ yards 44, or 2⅛ yards 52 inches wide.

BOY'S RUSSIAN BLOUSE SUIT, 5143.

THERE is a certain style and charm about the Russian suit that makes it a favorite with the mothers. Illustrated is one of the best models, combining the knickerbockers with the characteristic long blouse. In this case a stylish little suit is made of white serge, stitched with silk, and fastened with large pearl buttons. Blue serge, shepherd's check, and other materials are equally appropriate. The quantity of material required for a boy of four years is: 3¼ yards 27, 2½ yards 32, or 2 yards 44 inches wide.

GIRL'S RAIN COAT, 5145.

THE rain coat makes an essential feature of the school girl's wardrobe, and is likely to be in demand for the next few months. An eminently simple and stylish little model is shown here, one which can readily be made at home. Cravenette or some other rain-proof cloth will be found most satisfactory, with a plain banding as trimming. Dark blue, Oxford grey, and fawn are the preferred colors, as they best withstand a storm. The quantity of material required for a child of ten years is: 4⅜ yards 27, 2⅝ yards 44, or 2⅜ yards 52 inches wide.

GIRL'S DRESS WITH POINTED BERTHA, 5155.

DAINTY frocks, with low neck and short sleeves, are very becoming to little girls for their little parties. This dress, however, can be made high, and with long sleeves, if preferred, and is pretty made of cotton or any soft woolen material. The quantity of material required for a child of ten years is 5 yards 27, or 4¾ yards 32, or 4 yards 44 inches wide, with ⅜ yard 18 inches wide for the yoke if for high neck, and 3 yards of banding to trim as illustrated.

GIRL'S GYMNASIUM SUIT, 4594.

HAPPILY for the health of the rising generation physical exercise makes an essential part of the school training. Illustrated is an entirely satisfactory costume for the gymnasium which is simple and comfortable, and easily made. The suit consists of blouse and bloomers, which are joined by buttons in the waist-band. Silk, serge, flannel, or brilliantine are appropriate. For a girl of twelve, the material required is: 4¾ yards 27, 3½ yards 44, or 3 yards 52 inches wide.

5155 Girl's Dress with Pointed Bertha, 4 to 12 years.

DESIGN BY MAY MANTON.
Girl's Gymnasium Suit, 4594.

FROM THE WORLD OF PRINT

QUALITIES OF SUCCESSFUL BUSINESS MEN

(From the Chicago Record-Herald).

"THE principal qualities that make successful business men are three," says Marshall Field:

"1. Absolute integrity.

"2. Good judgment.

"3. Perseverance.

"A combination of these qualities means success. I believe in a high standard of education—the higher the better—provided it does not make a man feel he is above the requirements of his business, no matter what the business may be.

"No matter how highly educated the man is he should be willing to begin at the lowest place, when need be, and when once launched in business he should be completely absorbed in it. A man in selecting a business should do so with the greatest care, and should select a career in which he can be thoroughly interested.

"A man should never speculate, but I make a strong distinction between speculation and judicious investment.

"Marriage often helps a man in business, provided, of course, it is with the right woman. No man should marry until his income is sufficient to meet the responsibilities he has assumed.

"A young man should always live within his means, and make it a point to save something each year, no matter how little. I believe in a man having to make his own way by hard work, honesty and determination.

"The important factor in a life career is that one should not be too much elated over little successes. Many persons can stand reverses and failure, but few are capable of controlling themselves in success, which tries people even more severely than failure. One should take both reverses and triumphs with equanimity and keep steadily pushing toward the chosen goal."

ACCURACY, TERSENESS, ACCURACY

(Prof. W. Ripper in Technics).

There are many qualities necessary to success in modern business life; but there is none of more importance to a man holding a position of responsibility than the power to make a plain, straightforward, businesslike statement, either by speech or in writing. The quality of fluency is not so much what is required as the qualities of accuracy and clearness, definiteness and brevity, tact and judgment. If we are not clear and precise, it is certain that those who listen to us will be no more clear, when we have finished, than we are ourselves —probably much less so. We must have no vague and misty ideas about the subject, but they must be crystalized and definite. These qualities of our thought and speech, however, cannot be left to chance. They are attained as the result of effort, of careful and independent thought on the subject for ourselves, of looking at it from many points of view, and thus satisfying ourselves and those who listen to us that we thoroughly understand what we are talking about. It clears ones own mind in thinking out a subject to talk it over with a colleague, or to write out a statement of it, or to dictate it to a shorthand writer. Having decided what to say, and having properly arranged it, the last point is how to say it. The first essential is to speak distinctly, then to be natural, straightforward, lucid; neither to strive after effect nor to exaggerate, but to give the impression that we are ourselves convinced of the cogency and force of our own contention.

EXPANDING CANADA

(From the New York World).

Two new provinces, Alberta and Saskatchewan, will take their places in the Dominion of Canada next Friday. The Confederation to the north of our own Republic will then be a sisterhood of nine. The new provinces have been formed out of the four divisions figuring heretofore on the map as the North West Territories—Assiniboia, Alberta, Saskatchewan and Athabasca. They lie above our States of Montana and North Dakota.

The formation of these new provinces is one of the manifestations of the strengthening national feeling in Canada. After thirty-eight years of organization the Dominion is "finding itself" and beginning to appreciate the vastness of its opportunities. It is projecting new railroads. It is giving an eye to the harmonization of provincial legislation. In all ways it is seeking to attract the great inrush of people which is necessary for its development.

Few Americans realize the size of the country above our Northern borders. The new Provinces—Alberta, with 253,500 square miles, and Saskatchewan, with 231,100—are each more than five times as large as the State of New York. Only Texas, among our States, is larger than either of them. Of the old provinces Ontario is larger than Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont, New York, Pennsylvania, South Carolina and Ohio combined; larger than Great Britain and Ireland by 100,000 square miles. It has 16,000 square miles more than the French Republic, and 12,000 more than the German Empire. British Columbia and Quebec are larger still.

To American seekers of new homesteads the lure of the rich acres over the border is strong. As they respond, a political element arises. Says a writer in the current *World's Work:*

It takes only three years for an immigrant to earn a vote in Canada, and 75,000 former American voters will soon come into their Canadian suffrage. There are in round numbers 190,000 males more than eighteen years of age in Western Canada who formerly lived in the United States, 150,000 of whom are old enough to vote. There are now between 750,000 and 800,000 settlers, with a possible voting population of 240,000—a high percentage, because many cattlemen without families are emigrating from Montana and Wyoming. By 1905 the American vote in the Canadian West will be overwhelming.

This may not mean annexation, as many believe. It means certainly a situation of intense international interest.

THE VALUE OF FRIVOLITY

(From the London World).

Which is worse—to be too serious or too frivolous? I have no doubt about the matter myself, so far as individuals are concerned, though all extremists are bores. The perpetually lively, feather-brained, pleasure-crazed creature is almost, if not quite, as irritating as the deadly serious individual. Both types are heavily represented just now in hotels; but, apropos of the accusation recently lodged against us that, as a nation, we are becoming too frivolous, one cannot help saying that we are a great deal livelier than we were a few years ago, and for this relief assuredly we have cause to be thankful.

In consequence, we are accused of having become too frivolous. It seems to me that we have just got matters nicely balanced. This is an age when we are prepared to be cranks on the slightest provocation. People crave for missions, they wallow in philanthrophy, they pounce with avidity on new religions, they will plunge into politics, or write attacks on women, society, the degeneracy of the age, or anything else that gives them an opportunity of airing what they call their views. So surely, if *desipere in loco* were not occasionally to be permitted to us, it is fearful to think what we should become. Our frivolity is an antidote to the twentieth-century disposition towards crankiness. It really keeps us sane.

CAUSES AND CURE OF NERVOUSNESS

(From Human Culture).

There are five causes of nervousness:

(*a*) Low vitality of the nervous system;

(*b*) The faculties of self-mastery being weak;

(*c*) Loss of sleep;

(*d*) The use of improper foods and drinks.

(*e*) Association with erratic, excitable, nervous, idiotic, insane, cynical and pessimistic people.

When the life force is constantly leaving the body at the finger tips, at the feet, through the eyes, at the knees, at the hands and at the elbows, a person becomes nervous. In order to overcome these losses, a person should learn to control every movement. A restless foot, an uneasy eye, a swinging leg, involuntary motions, a trembling voice, an uneasy step, jerky actions, anger, irritability, pessimism, sudden starts, etc., are signs of nervousness. Unless a person develops his faculty of self-mastery, unless he increases vitality of the nervous system, unless he gets the sleep which is necessary each and every day, unless he eats the right kind of foods and drinks the right kind of drinks, and unless he associates with the right kind of people, he will become more nervous; lastly, he will become a physical and mental wreck; he will become old-looking and haggard; he will die before his time.

THE BEST RULES FOR HEALTH

(From the New York World).

1. Think healthy thoughts.
2. Breathe deep and always through the nose.
3. Drink plenty of water between meals.
4. Eat moderately—masticate thoroughly.
5. Work hard and bathe often.
6. Relax both mind and body one hour every noon.
7. Associate with healthy people.
8. Study the "Law of Thought" and apply its teachings.
9. Relax every limb and muscle before dropping asleep.
10. Sleep in a cool, clean, well-ventilated room, eight hours at least out of every twenty-four.

A WOMAN NEVER DOES

(From the Kansas City Journal).

A loafer on the street, whose wife was probably at home getting out a neighbor's washing to make money to buy the children shoes, asked a busy man the other day if he ever saw a baldheaded woman.

"No, I never did," replied the busy man. "And I never saw a woman waltzing around town in her shirt-sleeves, with a cigar in her teeth, and running into every saloon she saw. Neither did I ever see a woman sitting all day at a street-corner on a drygoods box, telling people how the Secretary of the Treasury should run the national finances. I have never seen a woman go fishing with a bottle in her pocket, sit on the bank all day and go home drunk at night. Nor have I ever seen a woman yank off her coat and say she could lick any man in town. God bless 'em, the women are not built that way."

MEN OF WEALTH IN LONDON

(From the Toronto Star).

London, Sept. 9.—American millionaires have been as thick as blackberries in London recently. For instance, five multi-millionaires slept at Claridge's hotel recently. Practically the whole of the first floor was given over to these American representatives of the House of Mammon. The millionaires who inscribed their names on the hotel register were:

Mr. William Rockefeller, vice-president of the Standard Oil Company, and railway magnate, whose fortune is estimated at $100,000,000.

Mr. George Westinghouse, the inventor and proprietor of the famous Westinghouse air brake, who is worth $50,000,000.

Mr. George Jay Gould, banker and railway owner, worth $30,000,000.

Mr. Cornelius Vanderbilt, railway magnate and inventor, worth $10,000,000.

Mr. Harry Payne Whitney, banker and financier, $10,000,000.

A very simple sum in addition will demonstrate that

the elevator boy at Claridge's has enjoyed the novel sensation of hoisting a quintette of capitalists representing $250,000,000.

Though they occupied the entire first floor, the members of this millionaire quintette, a word from whom would shake the bourses of the world, led the simplest of lives at Claridge's. They entertained little, had few visitors, and paid few calls. So exclusive, so terribly select, was this little coterie of Croesuses that, except for a daily drive in the park and a little shopping, their days passed without event. These millionaires made no attempt at a lavish display. Apparently they went to the other extreme, and became adepts in the fine art of cutting down expenses. The wives of these mighty millionaires passed through the stately corridors of Claridge's wearing the plainest of gowns, while the simplest of menus were adopted by the millionaires themselves. Twice a day they met at the table d'hote. A simple little dinner of a few courses was their favorite meal—clear soup, a sole, a little game, and sweets. No American dishes were served. Little wine was taken, Mr. Rockefeller's beverage being milk.

Conversation at these meals was limited to discussions regarding the weather. Never by any chance did they touch upon the money market.

CALIFORNIA'S GREAT ELECTRIC POWER.

(*William E. Curtis in Chicago Record-Herald*).

California has made greater progress than any other state in the Union in the transmission of power by wire from her rivers and mountain cascades to her cities and manufacturing centres. The long-distance transmission of electricity is more general here than elsewhere. The waterfalls and rapids of mountain streams have been harnessed and made to run street railways, mills, and factories, and to light streets and houses. There are about a thousand miles of lines in different parts of the state carrying about 300,000 horse-power, and representing a money value of more than $50,000,000. This electrical energy is about twice as great as the combined capacity of the completed plants at Niagara Falls. About 80,000 additional horse-power will be available before the end of the year, and plans in progress or contemplation will increase it still further, to half a million horse-power, carried by 2,000 miles of wire.

In the Eastern States a relatively larger quantity of water is used, but it falls a shorter distance. Niagara, which is the highest in the East, falls only 170 feet, and the great majority of eastern plants utilize water that falls less than twenty feet. In California and other parts of the West, the streams utilized are not large, but usually the fall is very great, in one case exceeding 2,000 feet.

The longest transmission in California belongs to the California Gas and Electric Corporation, and is from De Sabla to San Francisco, 240 miles. By this plant a waterfall 1,560 feet high develops 12,000 horse-power, and the line pressure is 55,000 volts. The system of which this is a part has twelve plants and nearly 600 miles of transmission lines in the region north-west of San Francisco, and furnishes power for lighting, locomotion and industries at Sacramento, Stockton, San Francisco and other places in that vicinity. The first power plant of this system was built at Folsom in 1895, and was considered a wonder.

In Southern California the transmission systems are also extensive. The irrigation in the valleys east of Los Angeles is largely done by electric pumps in connection with wells, with power obtained from the streams in the neighboring mountains.

Down in the San Joaquin Valley ordinary barbed wire fences are used for the transmission of light as well as telephone service. They are connected with the regular wires upon the poles along the highways, and with the houses and stables of fruit growers and farmers.

The people of Los Angeles boast that electricity was first used successfully as a motive power for street cars and for manufacturing purposes in their city. I have no way to confirm that statement, but it is certainly true that they have been in the front rank of progress in this as in other developments.

OUR GROWING TIME

Canada's population is now considerably over 6,000,000, having increased over 800,000 since the 1901 census. This estimate is derived by the most careful computation in the Census Department. Here is the official statement: "The natural increase of population in Canada in the twelve months of the last census year was at the rate of 12.70 per 1,000, the ratio of births having been 27.32, and of deaths 15.12. Computed at the same rate, and adding to the number of immigrants reported, the population on July 1 of each year should be as follows:

"Population, April 1, 1901, 5,371,315; population, July 1, 1901, 5,413,370; natural increase in 12 months, 68,750; immigration in 12 months, 67,380.

"Population, July 1, 1902, 5,549,500; natural increase in 12 months, 70,478; immigration in 12 months, 128,364.

"Population, July 1, 1903, 5,748,342; natural increase in 12 months, 70,004; immigration in 12 months, 130,331.

"Population, July 1, 1904, 5,951,677; natural increase in 12 months, 75,587; immigration in 12 months, 146,266.

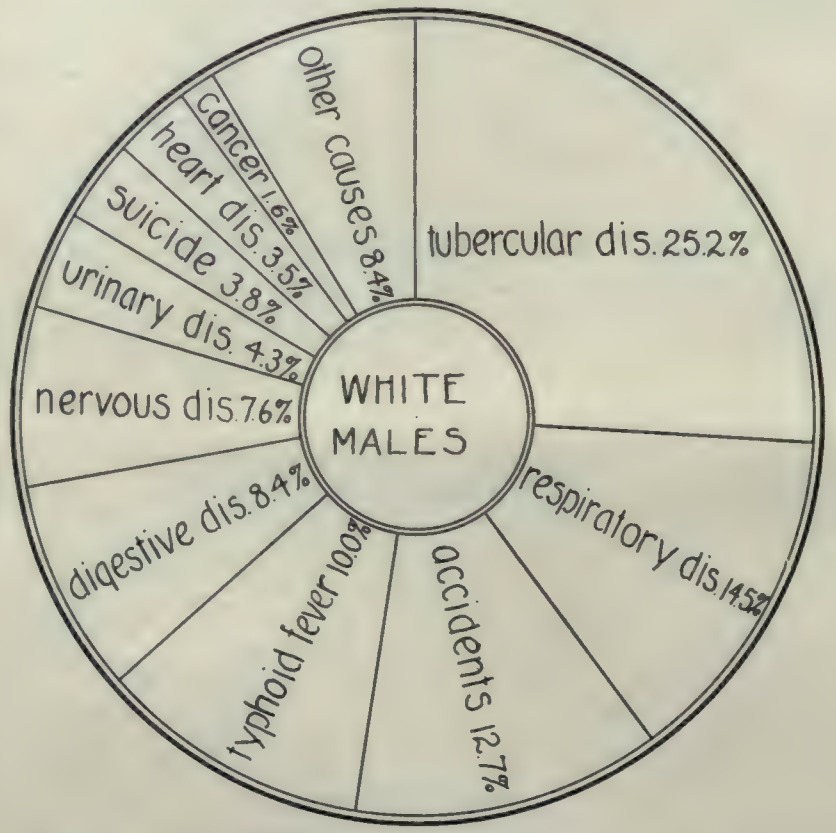
"Population, July 1, 1905, 6,173,530. Increase in population since the census of 1901, 802,215."

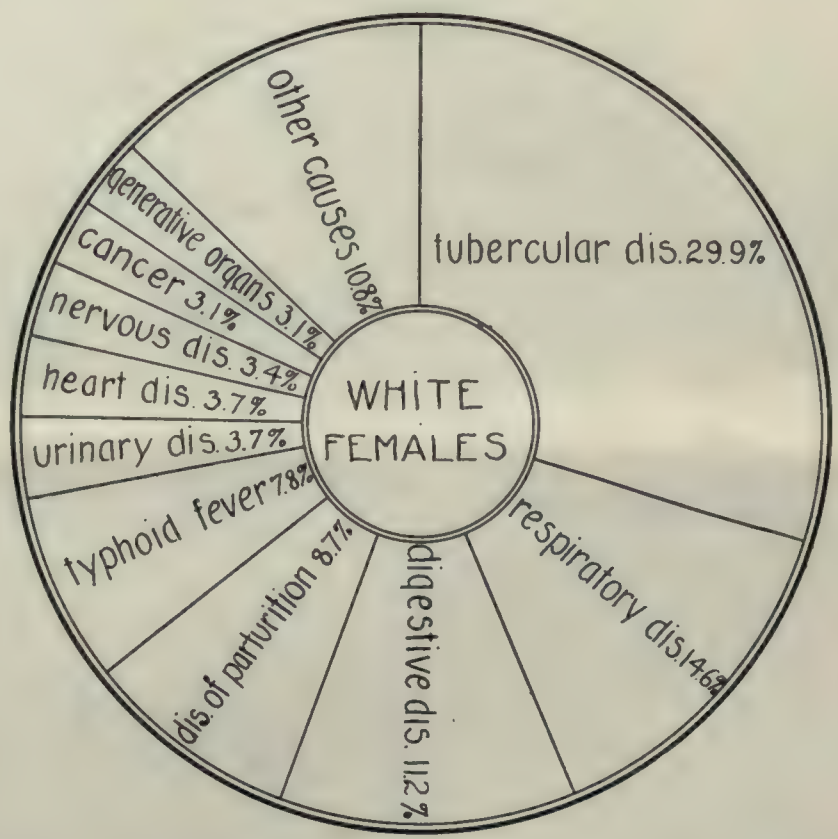
AN EXPLANATION

THE story "When Our Trails Crossed," by Theodore Roberts, mentioned in our table of Contents for this month, we have been obliged to reserve for our next issue. The complete story will appear in the November number of THE NATIONAL MONTHLY AND CANADIAN HOME.

Ten principal causes of deaths_ ages 15 to 44.

Ordinary Experience 1886-1901.





NOTE_The colored segments of the circles represent the percentage of deaths from specified causes in the mortality from all causes at ages 15-44. For Illustration Deaths from Tubercular Diseases caused 25.2% of the mortality of males at this period of life.

The above Chart is taken from the splendid Exhibit of The Prudential Insurance Company of America at the World's Fair.

MENU FOR THANKSGIVING WEEK

SUNDAY

BREAKFAST

Bananas
Oatmeal Porridge, Cream
Omelet
Quick Muffins Honey
Coffee

DINNER

Cream of Celery Soup
Roast chicken, Giblet Sauce
Mashed Potatoes
Roast Sweet Potatoes
Stewed Tomatoes
Lemon Pudding. Café Noir

SUPPER

Sliced Tomatoes and Chopped Celery
Mayonnaise Dressing
Bread and Butter
Whipped Cream Cake
Peaches and Cream
Cocoa

MONDAY

BREAKFAST

Grapes
Wheatlets Cream
Buckwheat Pancakes Maple Syrup
Coffee

LUNCHEON

Chicken Salad
Rice Croquettes
Whole Wheat Bread
Stewed Pears
Tea

DINNER

Bouillon
Fricassee of Veal
Potatoes Sweet Corn
Lettuce Salad
Plum Tart Fruit
Café Noir

TUESDAY

BREAKFAST

Baked Apples Cream
Shredded Wheat
Bacon and Fried Tomatoes
Dry Toast Marmalade
Coffee

LUNCHEON

Veal Stew
Corn Fritters
Graham Gems
Sliced Peaches
Tea

DINNER

Tomato Soup, with Vermicelli
Broiled Sirloin Steak, Fried Onions
Mashed Potatoes
Squash
Peach and Tapioca Pudding
Café Noir

WEDNESDAY

BREAKFAST

Baked Apples stuffed with Dates, Cream
Oatmeal Cream
Codfish Balls
Buttered Toast Coffee

LUNCHEON

Boston Baked Beans
Peach Shortcake
Tea

DINNER

Roast Lamb, Mint Sauce
Currant Jelly
Potatoes Fried Parsnips
Lettuce and Olives
Deep Apple Pie Whipped Cream
Peaches and Pears
Café Noir

THURSDAY (THANKSGIVING DAY)

BREAKFAST

Melons
Poached Eggs in Broth
French Fried Potatoes
Graham Gems
Crab Apple Jelly
Coffee

DINNER

Cream of Tomato Soup
Roast Turkey, Chestnut Stuffing
Cranberry Jelly
Potatoes Cauliflower
Celery Cheese Salted Wafers
Pumpkin Pie
Carrot Pudding, Hard Sauce
Nuts and Raisins
Café Noir

SUPPER

Sliced Tomatoes, Lettuce, Mayonnaise Dressing
Corn Meal Muffins
Sliced Peaches
Fig Cake Cocoa

FRIDAY

BREAKFAST

Grape Fruit
Wheatlets. Cream
Lamb Chops, French Fried Potatoes
Muffins Pineapple Marmalade
Coffee

LUNCHEON

Cheese Ramekins
Whole Wheat Bread
Apple Sauce Sponge Cake
Tea

DINNER

Cream of Corn Soup
Baked Salmon Trout with Stuffing
Mashed Potatoes Cucumbers
Deep Peach Pie. Cream
Café Noir

SATURDAY

BREAKFAST

Peaches and Grapes
Hominy. Cream
Potato and Fish Balls
Toast Honey
Coffee

LUNCHEON

Chicken Broth (Turkey Bones)
Fried Egg Plant
Apple Snow. Cake
Tea

DINNER

Cold Turkey, Cranberry Jelly
Stewed Celery.
Creamed Potatoes
Cocoanut Pudding
Café Noir

SEASONABLE RECIPES

CARROT PUDDING.

Mix one and a half cups of flour, one cup of sugar, one cup of suet, one cup of raisins, one cup of currants, one cup of grated potatoes, one cup of grated carrots, a little salt, and one teaspoon of soda dissolved in half a cup of warm water. Steam or boil for three hours. For the hard sauce—cream fruit sugar and butter, and sprinkle with nutmeg.

GRAPE CORDIAL

Put grapes into enough cold water to cover them, and boil for ten minutes. Take from the fire and strain; then add one half pound of sugar to each quart of grape juice. Bring to a boil, remove from the fire, and bottle while hot. Boil the corks before using them in the bottles.

RICE CROQUETTES.

Wash one cup of rice, and put in a double boiler with one quart of milk; boil one hour or until very thick, and then beat until smooth; add the yolks of four eggs, and cook ten minutes longer. Take from the fire, add one tablespoon of chopped parsley, and salt and

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pepper to taste. Mix well, turn out on a plate, and stand away until very cold. Form into little cylinders; dip first in beaten egg, then in bread crumbs, and fry in boiling fat.

FRENCH FRIED POTATOES.

Scrub and pare the potatoes, and cut in eights, lengthwise. Let stand in ice-cold water until well chilled. Then dry between towels, as they are to be fried. Fry in a deep pan of boiling lard. Avoid having the fat too hot, or the potatoes will be dark-colored before they are cooked through. When cooked, they should be golden brown. Drain at once on soft paper; then sprinkle with salt and serve.

CHESTNUT STUFFING.

Roast one pint of large chestnuts; when done, peel them and mash fine. Melt one large tablespoon of butter, and stir until dark brown; add one tablespoon of flour and mix well; add one pint of stock and the chestnuts to this, and stir continually until it boils; then add salt and pepper to taste.

WHIPPED CREAM CAKE.

Make a two-layer cake of one cup of sugar, one tablespoon of butter, two eggs, one half cup of milk, one and a half cups of flour, two teaspoons of baking powder, a pinch of salt, and a teaspoon of vanilla. Use stiffly whipped and sweetened cream for filling and icing, and cover the sides with cream.

FIG CAKE

Make a layer cake the same as for whipped cream cake. Mince one half pound of figs, add three-quarters of a cup of water and one-half cup of sugar. Boil until it thickens, stirring constantly. Use this between the layers, keeping a portion for the top. For the icing, boil one half cup of sugar and a little water until it strings well. Have the white of one egg beaten stiff, and add boiled sugar to it, beating until thoroughly mixed. Add the remainder of the figs, and ice the cake.

COCOANUT PUDDING.

Mix six ounces of breadcrumbs, one quarter pound of suet, one quarter pound of sugar, half a grated cocoanut, or six teaspoons of shredded cocoanut, two eggs, and a little milk, and bake or boil two hours. Serve with custard sauce.

PUMPKIN PIE.

Press one pint of stewed pumpkin through a sieve and mix with one quart of milk, one-half teaspoon of mace, one-half teaspoon each of cinnamon and nutmeg. Heat all together; remove from the fire, and add four well-beaten eggs. Then add a scant teaspoon of molasses. Bake the paste a little before putting in the mixture.

CORN MEAL GEMS.

Mix together two cups of corn meal, two cups of flour, four teaspoons of baking-powder, and one-half cup of sugar. Beat two eggs with a little salt; to these add two cups of milk. Mix this with the flour and meal, and add one-half cup of melted lard or dripping; beat well together, and bake one-half hour.

CELERY SOUP.

Boil one-half a cup of celery in one cup of water until it is reduced to half the quantity; put through a strainer and add to the white sauce. For the white sauce, cook together one-half tablespoon of rice flour, one-half tablespoon of butter; add one-half cup of milk, and let it come to a boil.

PEACH JAM.

To every pound of peaches add three-quarters of a pound of sugar. Peel and stone the peaches and cut into quarters. Crack and skin the kernels. Put all into a kettle and boil well till the syrup jellies. Skim while boiling. Fill the jars and allow them to stand uncovered for a day or so, then cover with pieces ot paper dipped in brandy.

CUCUMBER CHOW-CHOW.

Chop fine six onions, six cucumbers, one head of cauliflower, half a small head of cabbage, half a peck of green tomatoes, and one red pepper, from which the seeds have been taken. Sprinkle with salt, and allow to stand over night. In the morning strain, and add one teaspoon of ground cinnamon, one teaspoon of mustard seed, two teaspoons of celery seed, two cups of white sugar, a teaspoon of white pepper, and vinegar to cover the whole. Let boil for half an hour, then put away in fruit jars.

TOMATO CATSUP.

Slice a peck of ripe tomatoes and two dozen onions. Let them boil one hour, then press through a sieve. Add one quart of vinegar, one pint of port wine, one tablespoon of ground cloves, one tablespoon of allspice, half an ounce of mace, four grated nutmegs, one and a half tablespoons pepper, a small teaspoon of cayenne, and half a cup of salt. Scald, and put in sealed bottles.

THE HUNTING SEASON

Deer Hunters in Northern Ontario.

MANY men take their vacation in the Fall when Nature has painted the foliage of the woods with her most brilliant colors. Now when the air is crisp and the nights are cool, is the most enjoyable time to visit the woods and the home of big game.

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NATIONAL MONTHLY

AND CANADIAN HOME

VOL. X. TORONTO, NOVEMBER, 1905 No. 2.

Entered according to Act of the Parliament of Canada in the year one thousand nine hundred and five, by THE NATIONAL MONTHLY PUBLISHING CO. of Toronto, at the Department of Agriculture.

CONTENTS

THE NATION'S PROGRESS - - —*Illustrated*
WHEN OUR TRAILS CROSSED - —*Complete Story*
WORLD AFFAIRS - - - —*Illustrated*
THE SENOR - - - - —*Serial Story*
THE DRAMA - - - - —*Illustrated*
CANADIAN MANUFACTURERS IN ENGLAND —*Illustrated*
'TWAS FATE, DEAR - - - —*Serial Story*
THE WORLD OF PRINT
FASHION DEPARTMENT - - —*Illustrated*
NOVEMBER MENU AND RECIPES

THE NATIONAL MONTHLY AND CANADIAN HOME
AN ILLUSTRATED MONTHLY MAGAZINE
PUBLISHED BY THE NATIONAL MONTHLY PUBLISHING COMPANY
241 RONCESVALLES - TORONTO, CANADA
SUBSCRIPTION PRICE, ONE YEAR, $1.00. SINGLE COPIES, 10C.
Subscribers ordering change of address must give both old and new address in full | Advertising rates sent on application
Advertisers desiring change of advertisement must send copy not later than the tenth of the previous month.

EDITORIAL

A FEW words in reference to the contents of THE NATIONAL MONTHLY AND CANADIAN HOME will give an idea of the plan on which we base our work in the magazine.

Everything in the world has a certain practical value, and this value is gauged on the usefulness of the article in question, and must be utilized accordingly, so that nothing shall be wasted.

So it is in magazine work. Every available line must be used to the best possible advantage, and must convey plainly the significance of its purpose, and it is with this idea before us that THE NATIONAL MONTHLY AND CANADIAN HOME is each month prepared.

Under the heading "The Nation's Progress" is a condensed record of Canadian events within the month. By this means our readers are kept informed on subjects which personally affect us as a nation. "World Affairs" is another department of essential importance to all who wish to keep posted on matters of great and general interest. The department under the heading "World of Print" is equally important. Here are gathered together some of the best articles and bits of information culled from papers and magazines the world over, written often by men of note, whose opinions are reliable and valuable.

NO little part of the progress of the present day is due to current literature. Books are a great means towards the cultivation of people; newspapers are essentially necessary for the chronicling of events; but it is in the magazines that the combined advantages of these two sources of information are accessible. Here we find the summing up in condensed paragraphs of the important events of the month, as well as photos that instruct and entertain. We escape the trifling local happenings, and obtain not only facts, but valuable information in connection with the facts.

We have as well the advantages of the entertainment afforded by books. In these days of what is termed the strenuous life, when each moment is full to overflowing, often we cannot afford the time to digest a two or three hundred-paged volume. What many want in the form of literary entertainment is light reading which will pleasantly occupy a few hours, and this is where the magazine fills the want.

THE wave of prosperity of which we hear so much in Canada, is in reality no wave, but a steady, permanent advance in the development of the country, and comes as the result of long years of building up the nation.

Until recent years, the great West, as well as the James Bay district, and even Northern and Western Ontario, have been practically inaccessible. Formerly it meant untold hardships for the settlers in these districts, and consequently offered slight inducements to Canadians or to possible immigrants from foreign lands.

But now, with the railways rapidly extending their lines, across, up and down, and into the very heart of the incalculably wealthy outlying districts, the empty places are eagerly sought by settlers, and are quickly populated by an influx of immigrants who have here, perhaps, more surely than in any other country in the world, ample opportunity to succeed.

THE whole of Canada is practically new, and thus full of opportunities. The wealth has not been sapped from her veins by past generations, and it only remains for us to take advantage of our blessings, and not to hang back until our enterprising neighbors to the south step in and gain a monopoly of our birthright.

EVERY industry may be said to be in its infancy. As an instance, take the manufacturing industries. Here we find a vastly insufficient supply for the size of the country, and particularly a lack of manufactured exports. Quantities of the country's natural products are exported in the raw state, such as wheat, lumber, and so on, whereas if these articles were used for manufacturing in our own country, and then exported, we would be reaping the benefit which now goes to other nations. However, great strides have been made in this direction, and much of the raw material is now being developed into manufactured articles before it leaves the country.

A RAILWAY is one of the greatest educational agencies in the world, as well as being the means of opening up a new country, and it is gratifying to observe what a vast amount of railway construction is being carried on, even during the last few months, throughout the Dominion. It is evident that the demands of the country are greatly on the increase, and it is no exaggeration to say that the railway is the most potent force in our advancement.

THE NATION'S PROGRESS

THE UNIVERSITY COMMISSION

IT has become increasingly evident for some years past that a reorganization of the Provincial University was necessary to maintain its proud position among the great educational institutions of the Continent. The Ontario Government has appointed a Royal Commission to investigate and report on all matters connected with the raising of revenues, the administration of the same, together with the University property, the arrangement of the curriculum, the staff appointments, equipment, etc. The administrative machinery has been complicated and unwieldly; the Executive has been at times weak and at times bewildered; the Alumni have had hardly any voice in University matters, and, generally, University affairs had got into such a state that several unpleasant scandals have resulted. To clear the air, to put the University on a firm footing, and to simplify the administration, is the object of the Government and the Commission. The composition of the Commission, should, we think, meet with general approval. The name of Mr. Goldwin Smith is there by right. He knows from first-hand acquaintance both the English and the American type of university organization. Two commissioners from among the younger graduates, Canon H. J. Cody, D.D., and Rev. D. Bruce Macdonald, M.A., will represent the dominant thought and opinion of Toronto University men, and will be open to impression from other university centres. Two business men of force and outlook, like Mr. B. E. Walker and Mr. J. W. Flavelle, will be invaluable. These, together with Chancellor Sir William Meredith, and Mr. A. H. U. Colquhoun, B.A., a graduate of McGill University, make up a commission at once as strong and as representative as could well be chosen. We may look for sound, intelligent, tangible work, from such a body. If the report should be radical no harm will be done.

LAKE ERIE FISHERIES

CANNONADING on Lake Erie! No, it is not war, only the *Vigilant* after American poachers fishing in Canadian waters. It seems that, through lax and destructive methods, the fishermen from Lake Erie ports, on the American side, have fished out or destroyed their own fisheries. For some years they have been persistently poaching in Canadian waters. Captain Dunn of the *Vigilant* chased and shelled one poacher recently, and shot the craft full of holes. It is a pleasure to record the fact that the American authorities have for once taken a common-sense and neighborly view, and are co-operating with the Canadian officials to put a stop to such illegal fishing. We are glad that Captain Dunn was careful only to wing the American craft, as the loss of a single life in such a matter would be deplorable, but it could not be guaranteed that such would always be the case. The Canadian Lake fisheries are too valuable to allow our greedy cousins to exploit them, especially as their companies now control the bulk of our output of fresh water fish. The cordial co-operation of the American authorities with our Canadian authorities should soon put a stop to this petty theft.

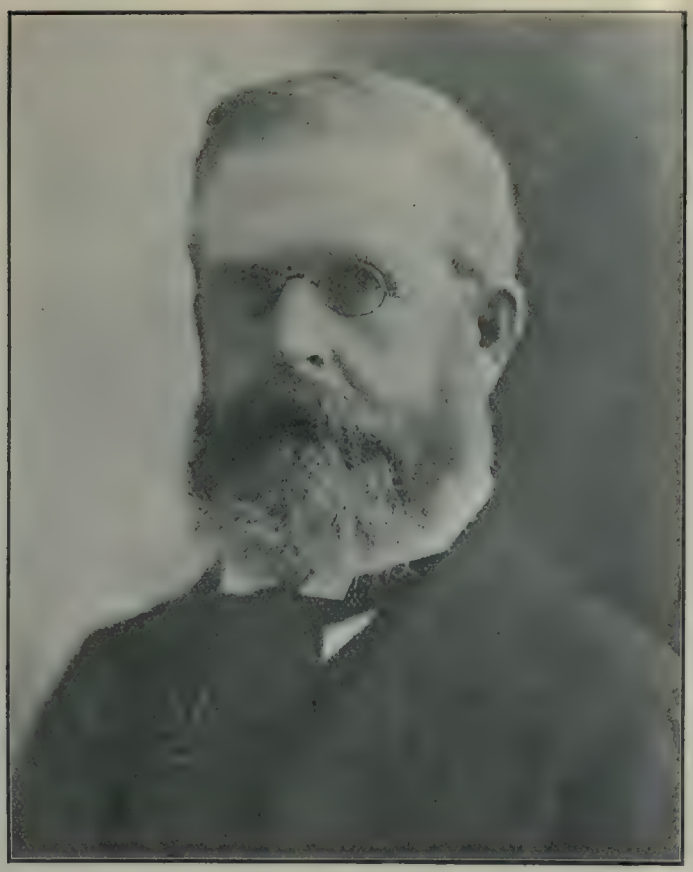
A CANADIAN POLICY

AT a convention of certain American manufacturers recently held in Toronto, some good sensible talk was indulged in by Canadian speakers, which we heartily endorse. The visitors were made to feel that the occasion was entirely a social one, and that they were more than welcome on Canadian soil. At the same time there was bound to be a little reference in the speeches to fiscal conditions, and it was made plain by the Canadian speakers that this country is going to work out its own destiny, and that reciprocity is far off. Mr. W. K. George and Mr. B. E. Walker dwelt on this particularly. "We are adopting the sincerest form of flattery," said Mr. George, "in trying to develop our country by building up our industries, and utilizing the great wealth of natural resources with which we have been blessed. We are a self-reliant people, proud of our country, and full of enthusiasm for it, determined to achieve its proper destiny. May I say, in all kindness, that until we have achieved a destiny kindred to your own, discussions on reciprocity are labor lost."

"You must get ideas of political relations out of your head," declared Mr. Walker. "I do not wish you to gather that we are not to remain here, a separate country, working out our own destiny. None of you will ever live to see any change in our political allegiance. Take that for granted; realize that there is another nation on this continent that will regard you as friends, but keep its own self-respect, that will trade with you, but not in the old jug-handled way. Then we will grow in amity and friendship, and exchange these delightful reciprocities which take place so often. If you once get political relations out of your mind, our commercial and social relations will quickly widen and strengthen."

THE "SOO" INDUSTRIES

MOST people are familiar with the failure and the bankruptcy of the great industries at Sault Ste. Marie about a year or more ago. The then Ontario Government came to the rescue by guaranteeing the bonds, appointing, of course, Government representatives on the Board, and assisting in untangling the fearful legal muddle into which the former management had contrived to place the company. The works were shut down, the workmen were gone, and a general air of desolation reigned. Thanks to Messrs. C. D. Warren and N. W. Rowell, the whole Company, legal complications and all, were re-organized. The works are running at full capacity. They are to-day turning out enough steel to equip 57 miles of railway. As high as 618 tons of rails have been turned out in a day. The mills are turning out 100 tons of wood pulp a day. The prospects are for a paper mill at the "Soo" within a short time. The recent inspection of the plant is thus described by Mr. Warren: "The whole Board of Directors went with me through the entire works. To a man they expressed themselves as perfectly satisfied with the conditions. Yes, there is no doubt that the new, practical, dividend-paying era of the Soo is here. We are slowly pushing up the Algoma Central. We have 25 miles yet to reach the C. P. R.; after that 100 miles to the Grand Trunk Pacific. Then to Hudson's Bay will be 200 miles further. By that time there will be a new chapter to write in the book of New Ontario." It is a fine achievement to have saved for the Province an immense industry, practically a whole town, not long ago threatened with complete disaster.



SIR WILLIAM MULOCK, RETIRING POSTMASTER GENERAL

BRANTFORD IS GLAD

BRANTFORD is still rejoicing, and Brantrord has good cause. For many years that city has been side-tracked in the matter of railway facilities, the main line of the Grand Trunk not touching Brantford at all. Now it is all changed. The main line has been run through Brantford, and added impetus has been given to the varied industries of that progressive city. Brantford is one of the busiest manufacturing centres of Canada. Her business men had long complained of the lack of railway facilities. But now the needed line is built, and Brantford, the Busy, will go ahead with still greater strides in industrial and general commercial development.

It seems strange that so prosperous a community as Brantford should have been neglected by the Grand Trunk. But the ways of railway men are strange and beyond finding out.

OUR WHEAT EXPORTS

OWING to increased home consumption and the introduction of other crops in former wheat-producing areas, American exports of wheat are gradually dwindling. The rapid development of our Canadian west seems destined to take from the United States her position as a wheat exporting nation. W. B. Snow, the leading wheat expert in the United States, who knows the situation as perhaps no other man on this continent knows it, says: "In all my experience, I do not know any other country or land on the face of the globe, of the same extent, containing as large a percentage of high-class wheat land as lies between Winnipeg and the Rockies. This is a big statement, but it is absolutely true and correct. I have watched the development of this new country for some years past, and I believe it is a matter of a very few years until what we in the States call Northwestern Canada will produce a larger surplus of wheat for the world's market than is now produced in any country. Western Canada inside of ten years will be the principal source of European wheat supplies, and will have the position occupied by the United States for a quarter of a century. The United States has practically reached and passed its wheat exporting days. The national wheat lands of the Republic are all taken, and the natural increase through improved culture will hardly keep pace with the increase in population. On this account Canada will have the market for her produce, expanding as rapidly as the production can be increased, and will meet with decreasing competition from the States." This testimony from such an authoritative American source should convince any doubters of the future of the West, in helping to put the balance of trade on the right side of the ledger.

CANADIAN MANUFACTURES

WE have compiled the following information from Volume III of the Census, just issued by the Government. Our manufacturing interests employ a third of a million workers, upon whom depend for their living not fewer than 800,000 people. That is a large proportion out of a population of about 6,000,000. The census (1901) reports 14,650 establishments, representing 264 varieties of industries. The total capital employed is about $447,000,000. They distribute in salaries and wages almost $114,000,000 annually. The annual production is valued at over 481,000,000. The increase since 1891 has been, in employes, over 72,009, or 26%; in wages and salaries, $34,000,000, or 43%; in output, $130,000,000, or about 30%. These are figures to make Canadians real-

A. B. AYLESWORTH, K.C., NEW POSTMASTER GENERAL

ize the expansion, the progress and the energy of our industries. Ontario has over half of this volume of industry, and Quebec, the nearest competitor, about one-third, The proportions are as follows: Out of the $481,000,000 of total products for the Dominion, she produces $241,-500,000, as against $158,000,000 for Quebec. Her total capital invested is $215,000,000, out of $447,000,000, as against $142,000,000 in Quebec. The salaried persons of Ontario, including owners, number 15,500, and the wage-earners 151,000, as against 8,850, and 111,500, respectively, in Quebec. The wages earned in Ontario were $44,600,000, as against $29,000,000 in Quebec. It is well for us to remember that in spite of the immense strides of other parts of the Dominion, the old banner Province of Ontario still leads, and seems destined to lead in all lines of industry and development.

INSURE IN CANADIAN COMPANIES

WE have commented already in general terms on the fact that so many Canadians insure in American companies. We now present more exact data from a Government Blue-book just issued. There are 92,472 Canadian policyholders in American insurance companies Of the $98,000,000 of life insurance written in Canada last year, native Canadian companies wrote about 60%, British companies 3%, and American companies 37%. This is too large a percentage of business to go out of Canada. We believe strongly in that commercial patriotism which is exemplified by the motto of the Industrial League: "Keep Your Money at Home by Buying Goods Made in Canada." And we are strongly of the opinion that Canadians should patronize home industries by insuring in Canadian companies. The recent revelation of the utter lack of business morals in the administration of some of the greatest American companies should make our people hesitate before placing their insurance out of Canada. We present a summary of the condition of the Canadian companies for last year, as reported by the Dominion Superintendent of Insurance:

The total assets of the Canadian life companies at the close of 1904 was $91,212,350, an increase of $9,578,325 over the previous year. The total amount of risks in the Canadian life companies increased in the year from $399,-858,274 to $440,998,200, a gain of $41,139,926. Their reserves in the same period rose from $72,755,528 to $80,684,769, an increase of $7,929,241.

His Excellency The Governor-General, Earl Grey, Delivered the Inaugural Address at Edmonton, The Capital of the New Province of Alberta. Sir Wilfrid Laurier is on his Right, and Lady Laurier on the Left

THE HEAD OF THE PROCESSION AT EDMONTON IN HONOR OF INAUGURATION OF ALBERTA AS A PROVINCE IN SEPTEMBER

Royal Mounted Police are in the Van

TORONTO'S GROWTH

THE prosperity and growth of a community can often be well judged by the building which goes on. For the nine months ending Sept. 30, Toronto's building permits run nearly $8,000,000, which is an enormous increase over last year; in fact, almost double. The facts are: Building permits issued by the City Architect between Jan. 1 and Sept. 30, 1905, represent an aggregate value of $7,945,784, as against $4,563,488 for the corresponding nine months of last year. This is an increase of $3,382,296. The approximate value of the 261 buildings for which permits were issued last month was $877,005; and for September, 1904, 186 huildings at $546,275. About 2,100 permits were issued up to September, 1905, and 2,424 buildings erected. Last year 1,445 permits were given, and 1,248 new buildings erected. If any man doubt the prosperity or growth of our city, let him read, mark, learn, and inwardly digest these official figures. The tide of population is flowing steadily in. And yet there is an unprecedented demand for houses. This we will touch on elsewhere, in a future issue possibly.

CABINET CHANGES

SIR WILLIAM MULOCK'S retirement from the Federal Cabinet marks the close of the strongest administration the Post Office Department has ever had. Strong, able, imperious, fiercely energetic, Sir William, through sheer ability and driving power transformed the Post Office Department from an inefficient, deficit-producing Department into a soundly administered, self-supporting one. The service has been universally improved, and a surplus has surprised a grateful country. Sir William's foremost achievement, however, according to some observers, has been his establishment of the Labor Bureau, which has done much sound and valuable work in settling labor troubles and improving labor conditions generally throughout Canada. This was an experiment in Canadian politics, and it has had abundant success. Sir William Mulock has been transferred to the Bench as Chief Justice of the Exchequer Division of the High Court of Ontario, at $10,000 a year. His successor as Postmaster General is Mr. A. B. Aylesworth, K.C., one of the most eminent men of the Ontario bar. We hope he may prove as able an administrator as his predecessor. Mr. Aylesworth was defeated in the last general election, when he ran as a Liberal candidate in West Durham. He will be remembered as one of the representatives from Canada on the Alaskan Boundary Commission. On that occasion he and Mr. Jette refused to sign the award as decided by Lord Alverstone. In this he had the endorsation of the whole Dominion.

HOW WE PROSPER

CANADA is the most prosperous country in the world. One of the best known bankers and experts on the financial situation of Canada says that in actual money in the bank there is probably no nation in the world that outstrips Canada. The total amount of money actually at the credit of the people of Canada in the Government and Post Office Savings Banks, special savings banks and chartered banks at the end of last month was $545,456,053, being an average of $83.55 for every man, woman and child in the Dominion. These figures represent only money we know about, without making any allowance for that deposited with private bankers, loan com-

EIGHTEEN HUNDRED SCHOOL CHILDREN TOOK PART IN THE PROCESSION IN EDMONTON ON INAUGURATION DAY

panies, trust companies and investors, or that kept in hiding-places. Such facts as these show that in proportion to its population Canada is the most prosperous country in the world.

FACTS AND FIGURES

Canada's total value of trade year ending June, 1904, 464 millions, an increase of 50 millions in two years.

Canada's volume of trade has more than doubled in ten years.

Canada has produced 200 millions in gold since 1862.

Canada has the greatest nickel deposits in the world.

Canada has 100,000 square miles of coal-bearing lands.

Canada produced $1,637,000 worth of lead in 1904.

Canada produced $2,127,000 worth of silver in 1904.

Canada produces annually 275 million bushels of grain of all kinds.

ALLEGORICAL FLOATS IN THE PROCESSION AT EDMONTON. IN THIS ONE MISS MILLER, OF EDMONTON, REPRESENTED GERMANIA

THE SEÑOR

By Theodore Roberts, Author of "Hemming the Adventurer"

CHAPTER XI

One man's joy is his friend's despair;
And only the lucky may win the fair.

SNOW began to fall while Ned Harrison was eating his breakfast, on the morning of the twenty-fourth of December. The big, leisurely flakes clung to the windows and blotted out the drifted landscape. Harrison scarcely noticed the storm, for his thoughts were with the final chapter of his novel. He fairly bolted his coffee and toast, and then leaving the dishes to take care of themselves, he went to the sitting-room. He drew the curtains at the windows and lit his lamp, then with a pile of blank paper before him he projected his heart and spirit to the land of his own imaginings. Page after page was scrawled over and pushed aside. Composition, usually so hard for him, now seemed child's play. Every sentence ran to his satisfaction, and the right word seemed to be always ready, lurking in the ink. Solomon gnawed at his slipper, but failed to attract his attention. A stick of maple, burned through the middle, broke and fell from the andirons to the hearth, and from the charred ends a streamer of smoke wavered into the room; but the worker gave no heed. The clock chimed, and struck valiantly; but for all the effect its commendable industry had upon its master it might just as well have been a cream cheese. Solomon curled himself against the inattentive slipper and went to sleep. He was wakened by a step in the hall; and then the door opened and Da Santo walked in, mantled in clinging snow. He barked absurdly, and advanced upon the intruder, who received him with wounding familiarity.

"Just a moment," murmured Harrison, without raising his head. He scribbled three lines more, read them over, and scrawled his signature and the date with feverish haste.

"There," he exclaimed: "*Finis—finis—finis*—and thank God for that!"

He looked up and stared at his friend, and then at the lamp at his elbow,

"Hullo! what time is it?" he exclaimed.

"Nearly twelve," replied Da Santo, throwing aside his cap and coat.

Harrison stood up and held out his hand.

"I've finished this yarn," he said. "I've done a whole chapter since breakfast."

Da Santo congratulated him cordially.

"And now we must have a drink," said the novelist. "Excuse me a moment, will you?"

He soon returned with a tray containing a bottle and glasses, and a jug of water.

"By-the-way, where's your horse?" he asked.

"I walked," replied Da Santo.

"You seem to be doing a lot of walking lately."

"Yes, I like it. Well, here's power to your elbow, Ned."

"Good hunting," replied the other. The glasses met with a tinkling clash and then were drained.

WITH this ceremony over, Da Santo took a seat by the fire, and Harrison read him the completion of the novel.

"It will do," said Da Santo, quietly. "You seem a bit weak with the women, but the men are well done. It strikes me as a ripping good story."

"I'm glad you like it," said Harrison, modestly. "You're right about the women—they are lightly done, and no mistake. You see, old chap, I don't know much about that subject."

"You're not too old to learn," replied the other; "and I hope to Heaven you'll take your lessons like a man."

Harrison glanced at him enquiringly; then he took a slip of paper out of a note-book.

"Here are some verses that I may use as a dedication," he said.

"Fire away," said Da Santo. "Though, I must say, a dedication is a weakness."

The novelist cleared his throat nervously, blushed a little, and then read three admirably tender stanzas, in which he offered the book, with all his heart, to the nameless inspirer of his work. His voice shook ever so slightly as he read.

For nearly a minute after the reading of the verses Da Santo made no comment; then he said—"That dedication may be a weakness, but it is certainly not a weakness against literature."

He got up and walked over to the book-case, on the top of which he found a package of cigarettes. Lighting one of these, he returned to his seat.

"I hope you may find a woman some day with heart and brains enough and love enough to appreciate those verses," he said, gravely.

Harrison slipped the paper back between the pages of the note-book, and laughed softly.

"I am sure of the heart and the brains," he said, with some confusion.

Da Santo nodded.

"But love is the greatest of the three, to insure understanding," he replied, "and I hope, to God, you'll find it along with the heart and the brains; but remember, Ned, that there are more desperate places in this world than Venezuelan battlefields, and worse casualties than broken knees."

As Harrison had nothing to say to that he suggested that they should look for something to eat.

IT was mid-afternoon by the time Da Santo thought of returning to town. Snow was still falling. Harrison wanted to drive him in, but he would not hear of it. He turned up the collar of his heavy coat, pulled his fur cap well down about his ears, and lit his pipe.

"By-the-way, I came out to invite you to dinner, to-morrow night," he said, turning on the threshold. "Don't tell Vivia that I so nearly forgot it."

"I'll be there," replied Harrison. "But I wish you'd change your mind, old chap, and let me put the mare into the pung," he added.

"What rot! It's only three miles," exclaimed the other.

"Very well, my son, have your own way. Promise that you will trot straight home, and not dawdle along the road."

"All right, papa," laughed Da Santo.

Harrison returned to his sitting-room and began the work of revising the earlier chapters of his story. Here

and there he found a page that had to be entirely rewritten. The fire burned cheerfully; the cigar that Da Santo had given him was of a flavor above criticism; his friend had praised his work; his heart promised him other praise and a greater reward than fame—and yet he felt disturbed and unhappy. He could not keep his thoughts from his friend, and it worried him to picture the big fellow plodding cheerlessly through the snow.

"I believe he is hipped," he mused.

"Lately there's been a hint of the cynic in his talk. Perhaps he's feeling blue because he can't prove his innocence in that matter of the five thousand, or perhaps he has heard bad news of his Brazilian property."

IN the meantime Da Santo was plodding along, heedless of the road, with his chin sunk in his fur collar and his pipe cold between his teeth; and still the grey flakes circled down, soft and noiseless and all-obliterating.

Vivia looked at the library clock. It marked half-past seven.

"Evidently he has decided to stay all night with Ned. So we may as well have dinner," she said.

Dick was nothing loath. They had hardly tasted the soup when the maid hurried in.

"The Senor has just come in, and has gone right up to his room," she said. "He would like a hot drink, and thinks he'll not come down to dinner, Ma'am."

"Is he ill?" cried Vivia, pushing back her chair.

"He looks bad, Ma'am, and is soaking with the snow," replied the girl.

"I'll run up and see that he doesn't go to bed with his wet things on," said Vivia to Dick, "and you mix something hot."

"I'll do that," said Beauchamp. "Ann, bring me a lemon and some boiling water, will you?"

In ten minutes Da Santo was snug in bed, with a bottle of hot water at his trembling feet and a great glass of steaming punch under his nose.

Dick held the punch.

"Come now, down it like a man," he begged, with his most encouraging smile. "If it's a trifle warm it'll do you all the more good."

"It's hotter than——; it's too hot—it'll skin my insides," chattered the invalid.

"Just try a nip, there's a good chap," said Vivia, "or Dick will gulp it himself."

Da Santo grinned feebly and essayed a taste of the mixture. Then he sipped again. Then he took the glass in his own hand and drained it to the bottom; after that he leaned back among the pillows. "Ah, Dick, but you're the master-hand—for mixing—medicine," he sighed.

The stout young Englishman blushed at the compliment.

"Not half bad. Just let that soak through you for ten minutes, and I'll make another," he said.

"Nonsense," exclaimed Vivia. "You will have him quite—intoxicated."

"Well, isn't that the idea," retorted Dick. "In some book or other I once read that when a man is drunk he can have nothing else the matter with him."

"Instead of practicing from your wide research in medicine, you'll kindly go downstairs and telephone for Doctor Smiley," said Vivia.

Da Santo objected peevishly.

"I don't want a doctor! Hang it all, can't a man have a decent chill—in his sister's house—without—medical advice."

So the order was countermanded.

ON the following morning, after an uneasy night, Da Santo breakfasted in bed. Before noon he dressed, and though he assured Vivia and Beauchamp that he felt very well, his looks belied his words.

"I was tired out and a bit chilly," he explained. "I got off the road a few times and walked a mile or so out of my way. By another twelve hours I'll be feeling perfectly well again."

The storm had ceased during the morning, and now the snow-plows were at work along the streets. Captain Morris struggled over before noon with a parcel of Christmas gifts, and a story to the effect that not in the last thirty years had so much snow been on the ground for Christmas.

"I predicted last night's storm," he told them; and seemed immensely pleased with himself. The fact is, that the five thousand dollars had cheered him more than anything for years, and had, in some illogical way, convinced him that his son Herbert was the victim of a blackguardly plot. Had Da Santo brought him the story of his son's innocence minus the money I doubt if his mission would have resulted so charitably. But as it was, what better proof could be shown of any man's respectability than five thousand dollars?—unless, perhaps, it were thrice the amount.

The old man drew Da Santo aside. "I've been looking for a solution to that mystery," he whispered, "but I fear I'm no Sherlock Holmes. Personally, however, I'm quite convinced of my son's innocence."

"I'm glad of that, sir," said the young man.

"But we must keep our eyes open," said the Captain, "for it would be a fine thing to show the world its mistake." He blinked at Da Santo, and Da Santo smiled unpleasantly.

"One would hardly designate Westrock as the world," he said, "and I'm quite sure Herbert Morris does not do so. In fact, I have heard him say that so long as his mother never doubted him the rest of the place could believe what they damned well pleased."

"And what about me, sir?" cried the Captain. "Had he no care for my feelings, and no wish for my good opinion?"

"He felt quite sure, sir, that the return of the money would fully prove his honesty to you," replied Da Santo, coldly

"Right! Right!" exclaimed the old gentleman; but he pondered over the conversation for some time, and felt that he had missed the core of it, after all.

"That Da Santo is a sly fellow—a clever fellow"—he mused, "and I'm glad Herbert has him for a friend instead of an enemy."

LATE in the afternoon, when twilight was gathering in the library, Da Santo closed the book he had been reading and lay back in his chair. He was still feeling sore and heavy from his experience of the night before. Vivia and Dick were both out, and the house was very quiet. He stared moodily at the fire. He was dimly conscious of some one passing along the hall and of the opening of the front door. Then he heard a voice that set his pulse in a flurry, and Mary Robley entered the library. He stood up. She came straight to him without speaking, and shyly held out her hand. He pressed it lightly.

"Am I forgiven?" she asked softly.

"Yes," he said.

"And will you think kindly of me—always?"

"I shall try not to think of you—always."

"Bert, I am more sorry than I can say. Why was I made to hurt you whom I admire so greatly."

"It was my mistake," he replied, smiling bitterly. "I've always been a builder of castles in the air."

Then he turned the little key by the mantelpiece, and the yellow bulbs shone about the room.

CHAPTER XII

The Senor Returns to Bahia

THOUGH Da Santo had appeared to be in his usual health at the little Christmas dinner, and afterwards had joined in the pastime of snapdragons with as much noise as either Ned Harrison or Vivia, he awoke on the following morning, to find himself feverish and full of dull aches.

This time Vivia had her way, and Dr. Smiley made his call. He took the distinguished Brazilian's temperature and felt his pulse. He asked several questions about the Senor's past life, and whether or not this was his first sojourn out of the tropics. The patient replied that he had been north before on several occasions. Then Smiley produced a gold-girdled fountain pen and wrote a prescription. After that he very affably lit one of the Brazilian's cigars, and chatted harmlessly for ten or fifteen minutes. He could not remain longer, though he found the Senor's company so immensely to his taste, for he was due at the hospital at eleven o'clock to cut out the appendix of an Archdeacon.

Smiley looked graver during his second visit, and brought his stethoscope into play.

"Your friend has a touch of pneumonia," he told Vivia. "I'm afraid this climate has proved too rigorous for him."

DA SANTO remained in bed a fortnight, though his condition was never really critical. Almost every afternoon during that time Beauchamp took Captain Morris for a long drive, thus giving the mother a chance to sit by the invalid's bedside. Sometimes she read to him; sometimes they talked; and sometimes he narrated scraps of his adventures; but always her hand was near his on the counterpane.

Ned Harrison made almost daily calls on his friend, and, after leaving the Beauchamps', usually looked in at the Robleys' on his way home. For a while Ned had worried about Da Santo—about his health, and the detected note of cynicism—and for a fleeting minute had caught the truth, wondered at it, and put it aside as improbable; but later his anxiety faded, for Da Santo seemed to have regained his old cheerfulness.

For his own part Ned was feeling remarkably high-spirited. His book was finished, and away trying its luck; a dignified magazine had published three of his sonnets in the one number; an editor had solicited a story from him; literary recognition was at his elbow—and might not the other dream come true!

ONE day he found Miss Robley alone.

"I have been reading your sonnets—again," she said; and he saw the magazine face down on the window-seat.

"*Denton's* have bought the serial rights of my novel," he told her, "and as soon as they are through with it I shall write a dedication and find a publisher."

She seemed as delighted as if she had written the story herself. She had always believed in it, and had read it, piecemeal, from the very first chapter. They sat for a while in an intoxicating silence—she in the window and he in a low chair nearby.

"What about the dedication?" she asked, presently.

The man's heart gave an extra leap at that.

"To tell you the truth," he replied unsteadily, "I have already written it—and I have it in my pocket."

She turned her face away and looked out at the snow-buried garden.

"Please read it," she said.

He unfolded the single sheet with trembling fingers, and stumbled through the first line.

"I can't do it," he said, laughing uneasily. "What is it Mrs. Browning says, somewhere, about the chariot-wheels jarring in the gate?"—and he slipped the manuscript into her hand.

She read it through, with softly changing face. Then, for a moment—or was it a lifetime—her eyes met his in a frank, tender, and wondering regard. He dropped quickly on one knee and caught her hand in both of his.

"That is the dedication of—of everything that I may ever do—that is worth while," he whispered.

She did not withdraw her hand.

"Are you not afraid," she asked, softly, "lest the goddess you have built may prove to be of clay?"

A glad note of laughter sprang from him; but of that he was barely conscious.

"I did not build my goddess," he replied—"I found her;" and he pressed his lips to her hand.

SO the poet was garlanded; and later, as he drove home, he saw a sun more golden than the pavements of Heaven, wheel down to hills that were more purple than any inspiration of dream. For love's stage-settings never tarnish; like the northern springtide, he is a magician with thousand-year-old tricks, and yet his tent is ever full and his audience agape; though a million maidens give ear to his protestations, still are there a million more to listen, enraptured; and though scientists discover radium, at a billion dollars a pound, he is still the great alchemist, able, at a touch, to transmute any number of hearts—ay, even the whole world—into the rarest stuffs.

DA SANTO'S recovery was slow; but at last he was out of bed and able to walk about the house. Smiley, after another examination, advised him to return to Brazil; for, only there, he said, could he completely throw off the cold. So he packed his boxes, kissed his mother and his sister, smiled manfully on his friends, and went away. From New York he wrote to Ned Harrison, enclosing a draft for the two hundred dollars that the poet had returned to him after the sale of the novel.

"As you're a lonely young devil," he wrote, "I suppose you'll be marrying the Right Girl one of these days—so here's a wedding present. But, seriously, my friend, may God bless you, and advance you in all your hopes; and if you make any objections about accepting this trifle, I'll turn you 'round and kick you next time we meet."

(Continued in December issue)

A SYNOPSIS of the foregoing chapters of "The Senor," and "'Twas Fate, Dear," serial stories, now running in the magazine, will be found in the October number, which was the first issue after the amalgamation of THE NATIONAL MONTHLY AND CANADIAN HOME.

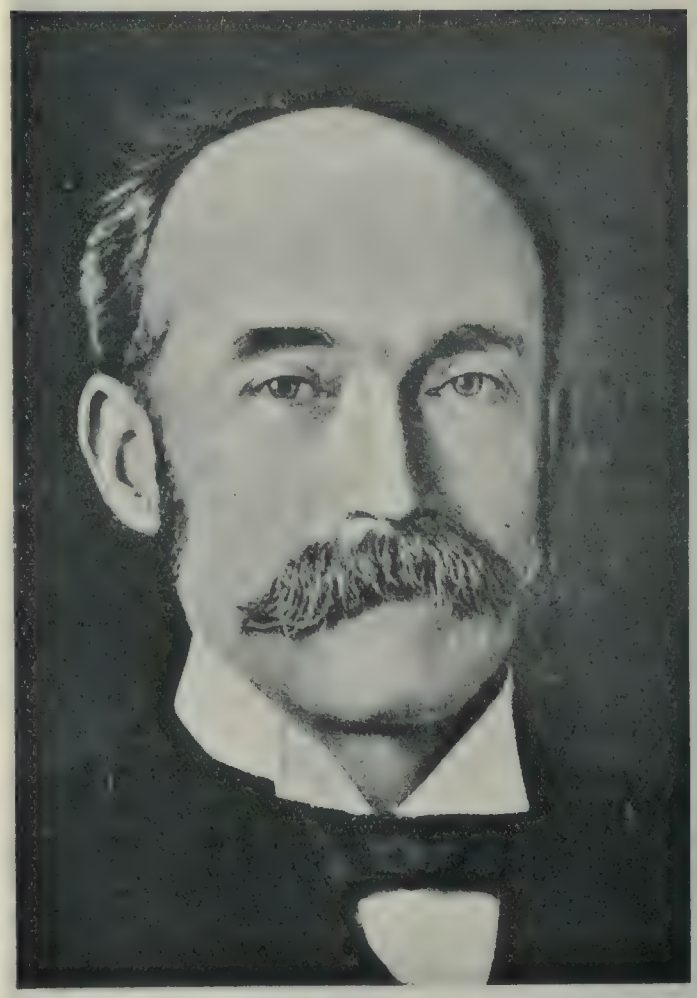
WORLD AFFAIRS

THIS is an age of exposure. A literature has sprung into being around the exposure of graft: civic graft, national graft, and corporation graft. And of these three the greatest is the corporation. The revelations, which are daily becoming more startling, of the utter lack of business morals in the conduct of the great American insurance companies are more than Tom Lawson ever hinted. Legislatures have been bought as one buys a ton of coal; donations in lumps of $50,000 have been made to political parties for campaign expenses; salaries three times that of President Roosevelt have been paid to presidents of the insurance companies; half a million dollars a year found its way into the pockets of the McCurdy family from the treasury of the Mutual Life of New York; huge expenditures for which no accounting was ever made were authorized by the Executive without the knowledge of the Directors. And the money for it all came from the pockets of the policyholders, who vainly supposed they were paying premiums to make provision for their families. The investigation now under way in New York should lead to radical changes in the insurance laws under which such things were possible. Government supervision, with strict inspection and full publicity, is not unlikely as the result of this explosion. It is difficult to make a nation realize the necessity for a change in this respect. But once aroused they will attend to the remedy in an effectual, possibly in a drastic manner.

BRITAINS OF THE EAST AND WEST

THE Anglo-Japanese alliance, which we outlined last month, is of such tremendous importance, that we give a short history of the events which led to it. The alliance may be said to have been the outcome of a series of influences which had been at work in the Far East for some time, and which more and more tended to bring the two countries in closer sympathy with each other. For one thing, the occupation of Manchuria by the Russians could not be regarded with complacency. Again, it could not be forgotten how Russia, France and Germany had intervened at the close of Japan's struggle with China and prevented her from possessing herself of the Liao-Tung Peninsula, which afterwards passed under the control of the first-named nation. Further, there was always the fear that Russia's next step would be to attempt to obtain possession of Korea, a course which could not but fail to be regarded by Japan as a distinct menace to her existence. Such an eventuality Japan was determined to prevent at all hazards. Diplomacy was tried with respect to Manchuria, and mainly owing to pressure from the Mikado's Government, China declined to sign the treaty which would have given Manchuria to Russia.

In this diplomatic struggle Japan was actively assisted by England and the United States, both of whom saw that their interests and that of Japan were identical. For Japan to follow this up with a definite treaty of alliance with England was a natural outcome, and there can be but little doubt that an exchange of views as to the possibility of such a step took place between Marquis Ito and Lord Lansdowne on the occasion of the former's memorable visit to London. Although the rapprochement was precipitated by the immediate events in the Far East, the beginnings of the friendly feelings between Japan and England may be said to have dated from 1894. In that year Lord Rosebery officially recognized the Japanese as a civilized and progressive Power by entering into an



LORD LANSDOWNE

agreement with them to abolish the extra-territorial jurisdiction of the British Consular Courts. The good understanding then established was afterwards strikingly exemplified when Great Britain refused to join the European coalition which intervened in the settlement of terms at the close of the Chino-Japanese war.

CAN ENGLAND BE INVADED?

THE speech delivered by Mr. Balfour, British Prime Minister, in the House of Commons, on Imperial Defence, has attracted much attention, not only in Great Britain, but on the Continent. The scheme of invading England has always been a favorite with Continental Governments. The old German strategist, Von Moltke, said that, while he had thought out eleven ways to invade England, none of them left open any avenue of return or retreat for a single German soldier. In his speech Mr. Balfour took a supposed French army of invasion of 70,000 men, attempting to disembark on the south coast of England between Dover and Portsmouth. Naval authorities estimate that such an operation in calm weather would need 48 hours, or two days and two nights. In rough weather (and the sea is usually rough on that coast) the feat would be impossible in that time. The shorter period would leave two nights for the operation of British sub-

marines and torpedo-boats against the fleet of undrilled transports. Torpedo nets could only be used on vessels built to carry them, which transports are not. In supposing that such a fleet could ever anchor on an English coast, Mr. Balfour purposely left out of account the Home and channel fleets of warships, cruisers, submarines and coast defence vessels, which forever keep guard upon the heart of our Empire. The inevitable conclusion was that such an invasion was practically impossible. It need hardly be added that Mr. Balfour had throughout taken suppositions most favorable to the enemy, and this most of all in taking France as the hypothetical foe, for whatever the difficulties to France, they would be greatly increased in the case of Germany on account of her greater distance from the British coast line. Such a deliverance, in view of the prevalent unrest in Europe, must help to reassure the British Empire that old England is still safe.

Rt. Hon. A. J. Balfour

KIPLING'S IMPERIALISM

THAT chief apostle of Imperialism, Rudyard Kipling, has expressed his views on the subject. An utterance from so renowned a man is always of interest.

"Imperialism," said Mr. Kipling, "is nothing else than the realization that, thanks to railways, steamboats, and the telegraph, the distance from the metropolis to the colonies, and from one colony to another, has become very much less than in former times. From this very simple discovery the idea has been formed that it would be possible for all parts of the Empire to come to an arrangement to exchange their products and to sustain and defend themselves with more ease and efficacy than

Rudyard Kipling

hitherto. That is all. What danger is there in that? You may say, if you like, that the word is badly chosen, and that it is another proof of the English awkwardness which so often gives to exact ideas a name which is not most suitable. Imperialism is not a gospel of conquest. It is in reality the administrative organization of the colonies. The new idea consists in replacing the prehistoric usages of the Colonial Office with a system which would put the colonies in constant (almost daily) relations with the central Government. That has no connection with the Caesarian centralization from which the centre of Europe suffers. The British colonies are, to a degree of which you have no idea, free centres, communities of citizens equal among themselves—I will say even more than equal. Imperialism is a doctrine of conservation. It is necessary for the Anglo-Saxon to keep what he has, to defend it against the cupidity of the greedy who have not yet understood the principle of liberty. Are there not only two great European Powers which are really free, France and England? Well, when people have similar ideas they are very near becoming friends. The two countries have grown side by side, like two trees which have mutually pushed up towards the light. And what gives me confidence in the efficacy of the entente is that it does not depend at all on Government; it has come from the people themselves, at least, such is the case as regards the English." Mr. Kipling, while admitting that the rapprochement of the two most ancient historical enemies in Europe might have been partly brought about by the menacing Caesarism which reigned in Central Europe, said the English people did not want war. He lived amongst the working and agricultural classes, and he knew that they were opposed to war. As an old colonial, who spent much of his time at the Cape, he said they were not afraid of German competition, and America would for a long time yet consume the greater part of its own products.

CAPE TO CAIRO

A LOST missionary, and a phenomenal feat of newspaper enterprise in finding him, have led within a generation to letting a flood of light into the "dark continent" of Africa, revealing potentialities before undreamed of, and tempting the vanguards of colonization, industrial development and frequency of depredation from many countries. Some of the greatest engineering feats of modern times, or of any time, have been achieved in that great territory. Spheres of influence and centres of exploitation have been established, and from them there are working outward and onward the forces of so-called civilization. Doubtless these movements have been and are being in many cases disgraced by greed and marked by gross cruelty and injustice; nevertheless they appear to be along the lines that destiny has so often followed in reaching for higher results.

Perhaps the most interesting public work in the scheme of opening up the continent to commerce and civilized industry is the Cape to Cairo railroad, which will, upon completion, connect Egypt with South Africa by a line 5,700 miles in length, or perhaps the longest in the world, unless it may be the Siberian Railway. There has been considerable progress made on this longitudinal highway. About 1,400 miles have been built from the north, and shorter stretches at intervals, some of which are in limited operation. All this has been brought conspicuously into public notice by the recent completion of the bridge over the Zambesi River and the passage of the first engine across it, the general details of which have been given in the news columns of the daily press.

This is the highest bridge structure in the world, being 420 feet high, which is also the height of the Victoria Falls at Danger Point and Boiling Pot. Above the cataract the river is fully a mile wide, but at the cleft in the plain through which the water rushes the width is only about three hundred feet.

RUSSIA FREE AT LAST

JUST as we go to press comes the news that the long-looked-for relief has come to Russia. A press despatch says: "The Russian people have been delivered from slavery and oppression; the rule of absolutism exercised by the Romanoffs for three centuries has been ended; the Russian autocracy has crumbled and disappeared; and the people have been granted a constitutional government, civil and political liberty, freedom of speech, meeting and the press. The last absolute monarchy among civilized people has thus disappeared, but whether the concessions granted will suffice to calm the inflamed populace at this critical juncture is still a question, though all ordinary political liberties and genuine representative government by a national Legislature, are granted. A constitution itself is not formulated, but the power to draft one is delegated to a Douma, to be elected by the suffrages of all classes. Meantime the great news is not yet known to the Russian people. It will be some time before the tidings can reach the distant parts of the Empire. Every large city except St. Petersburg is now isolated from its neighbors, and cut off from the world at large. The problem of the moment is: Does liberty come too late, or will anarchy reign until the old order of things is completely swept away? The fear is that, in the present excited state of the country, the masses may rush into grave excesses, and demand complete abolition of the tottering Romanoff dynasty, and that the frightful scenes of the French Revolution may find repetition throughout the Czar's realms. We hope, however, that the wise counsels of Count Witte, who is practically Dictator-Premier, and the saner elements of the Government will be quick to see, and quick to act, so that the people may be informed of the great and far-reaching change in government which will ultimately set Russia in the path of progress and enlightenment.

THE BRIDGE OVER THE ZAMBESI RIVER. IT WAS THE LATE CECIL RHODES' DESIRE THAT THE SPRAY OF THE FALLS SHOULD MOISTEN THE WINDOWS OF PASSING TRAINS, WHICH IN HIS WISDOM HE FORESAW

WHEN OUR TRAILS CROSSED

By Theodore Roberts

I.

STROUDE, my guide, pointed through the dusk of the young night to where a splash of red pulsed on the far side of the pond.

"Not our camp," said he. "Ours be furder along, nort' o' the p'int. It must be Bill's gentleman, sir—Burke by name. Bill were waitin' for him at Badger Marsh Station, when we passed, Monday mornin."

"I hope he has some dry tobacco, whoever he is," I remarked. Then I slapped Stroude on his flat back. "You are a duffer, you are," I cried, "to leave my kit-bag out in the rain last night."

"Yes, sir; but it were as hard on me as on you," he replied, collectedly.

"Lead on," I said, "and if that son of Irish kings has a pouch-full of baccy I'll beg a load for you—though you don't deserve it."

For another twenty minutes we stumbled along, over hummock, peat, moss and naked rock. Stroude led, feeling the way with moccasined feet. I followed at my best pace, with my field-glasses punching my ribs, and my rifle numbing my arm. At last our tent loomed white from the brown dusk. Stroude immediately set about building a fire with material stored ready under the flap of the tent. I discarded rifle, cartridge-belt and glasses, and struck off cautiously for the camp-fire of the stranger. The course skirted the quaking margin of the pond, and where the point thrust into black water, I left the shore and climbed a knoll of tumbled granite and juniper-shrubs. From there on the red glare of the fire lit my path—fitfully, it is true, but well enough for my purpose.

I FOUND Burke reclined at full length just beyond the scorching of the fire. His guide, Bill Kean, squatted opposite, with a sheath-knife in his right fist, and the handle of a long-tailed frying-pan in the other. The tent stood to the west, back of a thicket of leafless birches. Intent on this picture of comfort, I stubbed my toe on a knob of rock, and reeled upon their vision unexpectedly. Bill Kean let go his hold on the frying-pan and bolted into the tent. Burke sat up and grabbed me by an ankle.

"What the devil?" he inquired, gripping with huge fingers.

"Beg pardon for startling you," I said. "I saw your fire and came over to—to chin a bit."

"I beg yours," said Burke, loosing his hold. We saw your camp as we came along. Wondered who it was. He turned to the tent: "What are you looking for, Kean?" he inquired.

The guide crawled out.

"De salt," he said. "Deer meat needs salt, sure!"

"Pull the pan out of the fire and start over again," said Burke.

I took a seat on the corner of his blanket. "My name is Patterson—Charlie Patterson"—I volunteered.

"Mine is Burke. I'm glad to see you. What luck have you had?" replied the stranger.

"Poor enough," I confessed. "I've been in here five days with old Paul Stroude, and haven't taken one head yet. I'm getting particular. I want forty points, at least."

Burke nodded. I looked him over by the ruddy light. He was one of the biggest men I have ever set eyes on—fully six feet six and wide and thick in proportion. He wore a dark flannel shirt, trousers of home-spun, and high-legged moccasins. His hair was close-cropped, and his beard was trimmed. I rubbed my two weeks' growth on chin and jaw, and wondered if it looked as disreputable as it felt.

"Have you any tobacco?" I asked.

"About a pound more than I want," he replied; "and you are welcome to it. Have you any tea? That ass Kean forgot to remind me to bring it along."

"Enough for both of us—and condensed milk, too," I assured him.

"Come over and grub with me, and carry what you want back with you."

NEXT morning we shifted Burke's tent over to within five yards of mine. We pooled our provisions, tramped the great barrens together every day for a fortnight, and swapped yarns every night by a common fire. Though Burke was my senior by fifteen years, we were both congenial companions. We had both seen a fair amount of the world. We had both written instructive articles for the *Field*. We were both possessed of modest incomes, which enabled us to wander, free as vagabonds, by unfrequented trails.

One evening Burke waxed sentimental—or rather anti-sentimental. We had each killed a stag that day, cleanly, at respectable range; and, to my mind, the time was for tales of adventure and former bags. But Burke had no sooner bolted his supper and filled his pipe than he warned me against the wiles of women.

"What on earth are you driving at?" I inquired. "D'ye think I'd be squatting in the wilderness with three savages if I were that kind?"

"But you are young," said Burke, "and have a reckless eye. Come, now, I'll bet you a sovereign, even money, that you marry before you're thirty."

"In five years!" I exclaimed. "My son, I take you! A quid is always welcome."

Burke was not convinced. He produced a note-book and persisted in reading aloud a most depressing set of verses. They were about the cruel shackles of love, and that sort of truck.

"You'll never sell those," said I.

He looked at me with sorrowful eyes.

"Do you think I'd try to make money out of my heart's blood?" he inquired.

"Most of it is made out of someone's heart's blood," I replied. "But tell me, how many editors have rejected that poem?"

"Editors are duffers," replied Burke, with some heat.

"Let us talk about the big fish you have caught, or you'll be telling more lies," I said.

Six days later we parted on the deck of a little steamer bound for Liverpool.

"It is not likely that our trails will cross again," said Burke; and I abominate letter writing. But good luck to you old chap, and—and don't forget what I told you."

"About Blank & Bang's smokeless powder, or the new fly for sea-trout?" I inquired.

"About the women," he said, reprovingly.

"Oh! well, good-bye and good hunting," I replied, quickly.

We gripped hands again, and then I raced across the gangway just in time to get ashore.

II.

DURING the next three years I found good sport in a dozen regions. I claimed the cataracts of the Demerara and the Essequibo, with death roaring along the gunnels of my dugout, and my one chance for this life against ninety-nine for the next in the hands of my stolid bucks. In the bush of Dutch Guiana, in the bungalow of my friend of the French Gold Mining Company, I examined my pyjamas every night, and my breeches and tunic every morning, in search of scorpions. My provisions ran short in the unmapped wilds of New Brunswick. I landed a thirty-pound salmon on the Exploits. I sprained my ankle in Labrador, and for three weeks reclined in the skin wigwam of an Esquimo hunter. Then a flattering letter from an editor lured me to New York, and I found myself camped in a suite of steam-heated rooms, and hopelessly committed to the strange task of writing a dozen articles at one hundred dollars apiece. At first I found the toil of building up the endless paragraphs of those articles more fatiguing than a five-mile portage in the wilderness. I purchased six makes of fountain pens before I realized that the inspiration had to exude from the hand and the head. But I sat tight at the job, unshaven and unadorned, and in time got the hang of the new trick. After that I found the scribbling of a page to be no more serious a matter than the resining of a canoe.

I FINISHED article No. 5 at an early hour of a Thursday afternoon. Then I shaved with care, clothed myself in a glory that was more modest, though in better taste, than that of Solomon, and walked out to see the town. My heart was light.

"With good luck, I'll be out of here in six weeks, and safe in Pat Doolan's shack, on Dead Wolf, before the May flies are ready," I mused. "Then I'll fish the Gambo ponds and strike overland to Nogg's Tickle for the August run of sea trout."

"Bless my soul if it isn't young Patterson," exclaimed a big voice, and I found my shoulder in the grip of a huge, grey-gloved hand.

"Burke!" I cried. "And in New York! And in a topper and frock coat, too!"

"Come along," said he, "I know a quiet place where the liquor is above criticism. The trail thereto is wide and straight, and can be followed in even the tightest of patent leathers."

He glanced down at my feet.

"They are number nines," said I "You don't expect me to wear skinnywoppers on Fifth Avenue, I hope!"

We found the haven of rest without any trouble, and an Indian-footed waiter, in evening clothes and a turned-down collar, brought us of those liquors above criticism.

"And now," said Burke, "what are you doing in New York?"

I told him of the order from the discerning editor.

"And what are you here for?" I asked.

"Nothing in particular," he replied, fingering his glass uneasily.

"Just landed, I suppose?"

"Not yet—that is, I've been here for a week or two." His manner rubbed up my curiosity.

"You don't look like the same man," I said. "There's a light in your eye—yes, and a note of frivolity in your demeanor that I don't remember. You've not foresworn the open road, have you?"

"Not at all," he replied, without fervor.

We dined together that night, and told our several adventures. But he began to fidget over the coffee and cigarettes.

"Look here, Patterson," he said, in the middle of my narrative of the death of the big salmon, "if you don't mind we may as well jog around to Washington Square and see those people."

He didn't look me in the eye when he said it, but examined his watch with a concentrated gaze.

"Those people! What people?" I exclaimed.

"The Langleys. Didn't I tell you about them?"

"No. What about them?"

"They are charming people," he said, looking into his coffee cup as if he expected to find something worth while at the bottom of it. "I met them in Norfolk—and in London. The major is a delightful old boy."

"Oh, an elderly couple," I remarked.

"Yes—and there's a Miss Langley," replied Burke.

A CAB was called for us, and we drove in silence to Washington Square. I noticed that the boy in buttons did not request our cards or our names, but reached up for Burke's hat and coat with the air of an old acquaintance. The big sportsman stooped down.

"Many people here yet, Jinks?" he whispered.

"No, sir, and Mr. Van Wint aint here yet, neither," replied the boy.

I felt my tie with cautious finger, and brushed a flake of cigar-ash from my spotless chest. "What rot it is!" I thought, "but, thank heaven, claw-hammer and patent leathers will soon be among the moth balls again!"

Homesick for the wilderness—for any wilderness—I stepped into Mrs. Langley's drawing-room. The major wore an eye-glass, and a row of little black loops of silk across one lapel of his coat. Similar loops are on a coat at home, treasured by my mother, and the medals that so bravely hung from them on state occasions—"Alma," "Inkerman," "Sebastopol"—rest now under a glass case. The sight of those indications of military glory was like a word from home. I pressed Mrs. Langley's plump fingers with a cordiality that surprised her. Then I turned and looked into the clear eyes of the daughter; and, quick as you'd pump a cartridge from the magazine into the breech when your quarry gets the wind from you, I saw Burke's reason for dwelling in New York.

LATER, when the rooms were filling, I cornered Burke.

"They are English people," I said. Burke nodded.

"What was the Major's regiment?"

"The Forty-fourth during the Crimea."

That had been my father's regiment. So the Langleys and I would have something of common interest to talk about, after all.

"He must have married late," I remarked.

"Yes," replied Burke, "and his wife is twenty years his junior. Marjorie is just twenty-two."

"Marjorie?" I queried.

Burke blushed.

"Miss Langley," he said.

The big Irishman's infatuation was evident to anyone with half an eye. He plowed along in Miss Langley's wake like a battleship after a destroyer; and whenever he got alongside he seemed to have a good deal to say, and not much tongue to say it with. I noticed that a chubby little man with tired eyes and a yellow mustache was keeping himself pretty busy by cutting in between Burke and the lady. I knew him for Mr. Van Wint without being told.

"What fools they are making of themselves," I thought.

Six weeks passed, and the last of the twelve articles for the editor of the *Sportsman* was finished. Burke, without a word of explanation (to me) packed his duds and went away; and Miss Langley looked self-conscious and remorseful for days. Still I tarried in my suite of steam-heated rooms. April came, and May—and then the Langleys decided to return to their home in Norfolk. Van Wint, too, began to plan a trip across the Atlantic. I heard him mention it to the Major, who took the information kindly. In a funk—a blue funk—I sought Marjorie. I found her at the piano in an empty drawing-room.

III.

MY canvas canoe (not of the folding variety, you may be sure), Canadian built, on the Milicete model, lay under the bank, just out of my sight. The grey dawn was spreading behind the bleached forest along the railway. I stood among the white stumps beside the track, with my coat buttoned to my chin and my hands in my pockets, waiting for the express from Bay of Islands. I expected a half-bag of hard bread, two pounds of tea, ten pounds of bacon, six tins of butter and six tins of condensed milk—for the fishing on Indian Brook was too good to leave for another fortnight. Presently a faint murmur reached my ears from the westward. I turned and shouted the news to the hidden craft in the misty stream.

"Don't let it run over you," replied a sleepy voice.

Just then the engine rounded a shoulder of dead forest. I scrambled to the top of a stump and waved my arms frantically. I knew that the porter of the dining-car would be on the lookout, ready to heave the provisions at me as the train rolled by.

To my astonishment the express squealed and ground to a standstill, and gently disgorged not only my parcels but a dunnage bag, a bullock trunk and the huge body of Burke. Then it snorted, shouldered ahead, and tore past me with a flashing of sleepy faces at the windows of the third-class carriage.

Burke stood beside his kit, with one boot in his hand and the mist of Pullman slumber still in his eyes.

"Good morning, old vagabond," said I.

"Patterson, as I live!" he exclaimed.

"Why, how did you know I was coming?"

"Not guilty," I replied, as we shook hands. "But who told you that we have a camp on Indian Brook?"

"No one. I didn't know," he said.

"Where are your man and boat?" I asked.

He shook his head.

"Thought I could find what I wanted right here," he confessed.

I possessed myself of his right elbow.

"Then you must come with us," I said. "My wife is over there in the canoe. We'll hide your kit, and send Stroude down for it to-morrow."

"Your wife! I didn't know you were married!" he said reprovingly.

"It happened last year," I told him. "If I'd known your address I would have claimed you for best man."

That, of course, was a lie.

"Who is she?" he asked.

"She was Miss Marjorie Langley," I murmured guiltily. I wondered if he would slay me on the spot, or throw himself into the stream. I held my breath, and clutched the bacon to my heart, hoping that the latter course would strike him as the most suitable.

"You are a lucky dog," he said heartily, "and I'll come along; but, see here, you owe me five dollars."

"I'll pay you when we get to camp. Marjorie has the purse," I said.

"Hurry up," called a voice from the river. "I've a cramp in my elbow and two in my knees."

"Right, oh!—and I'm bringing Mr. Burke," I shouted. "Of course she doesn't believe me," I added, turning to Burke.

"But she won't mind," he whispered, "for she always considered me rather a—well, rather a joke."

WORLD AFFAIRS—Continued from Pg. 52

IN CENTRAL AMERICA

THE comic opera revolutions which convulse the Latin Republics of Central America have formed the basis of many a good story. This time it is not a revolution but an amalgamation which seems destined to happen. Costa Rica and Panama may before long constitute one State, much to the strengthening of the situation and the joy of lovers of peace. While the United States has practical jurisdiction over Panama pending the completion of the canal project, the periodic uprisings which are chronic in those latitudes would tend to disturb operations, and necessitate the quartering of American troops in a notoriously unhealthy country. The fusion of the two States, with Uncle Sam as a guardian to the new Commonwealth, would clear the air and probably be of benefit to all concerned.

AN EMPEROR'S TROUBLES

EUROPE is seldom quiet for long. Our readers will remember that in the September number we spoke of the seeming peace which brooded over all the world. Again the waters are troubled; the dual kingdom of Austro-Hungary being the scene of uproar. The polyglot nationalities which comprise Emperor Franz-Josef's subjects are the most turbulent in Europe. Each seems bent on exalting itself at the expense of the others. Austrians, Croats, Magyars, Bohemians, Germans, Slavs, Roumanians, are in continual strife through racial jealousies. Many crises have been avoided by the conciliatory methods and diplomatic skill of the unhappy, lonely old man who holds the Dual sceptre. The refusal of the Emperor to allow the use of the Magyar tongue in the Hungarian regiments has precipitated the present crisis, which has been used to bring up many more vexing questions. Francis Kossuth, son of the Hungarian patriot, is at the head of the movement. The weakness of the Magyar position is that they are outnumbered, as they comprise only 45% of Hungary, and have arrayed against them the other 55% and a solid Austria. It is unlikely

that anything definite will result. The aged Emperor cannot live many years, and at his death the dual kingdom will probably crumble to pieces. When that happens, which all Europe is awaiting with dread, a real crisis will arise such as has not troubled Europe for a century. In the meantime discontent simmers steadily.

MORE RUSSIAN HORRORS

THE world has grown so used to stories of Russian atrocities that too often they fall on dull ears. In February last an outbreak occurred at Baku, arising from a Tartar outrage against an Armenian. A racial war broke out, and the civic authorities appear to have made absolutely no attempt to restore order. On the contrary, the brutal Tartar soldiery were allowed to riot, burn, kill and rob. The Armenian question, according to Russian officialism, was best to be got rid of by getting rid of the Armenians. The massacre lasted for some days, and has broken out at intervals with renewed brutality and fresh atrocities. The whole country has been terrorized and all industries and commerce paralyzed. The great oil industry, in particular, has been utterly destroyed, oil-wells, pipe lines, tanks and refineries, all have been burned. Oil is the only fuel used on the railways and steamship lines converging at Baku, and the destruction of the oil industry has stopped all traffic. This terrible state of affairs has existed for three-quarters of a year. A callous Russian Government looks on unmoved, and the world rushes on with its business, too busy to heed the despairing cry of a dying people.

CANADIAN MANUFACTURERS IN ENGLAND

THE summer of 1905 will long linger in the memory of the Canadians who comprised the two or three hundred members of the "Canadian Manufacturers" trip to the Old Country, as a red-letter occasion.

Assuredly there was nothing to complain of in the reception tendered Canada's representatives, who were everywhere shown the most courteous and flattering attention.

The arrival in England was royally announced in the reception tendered by King Edward at Windsor Castle to the Canadians, and throughout the visit the same courteous consideration was shown.

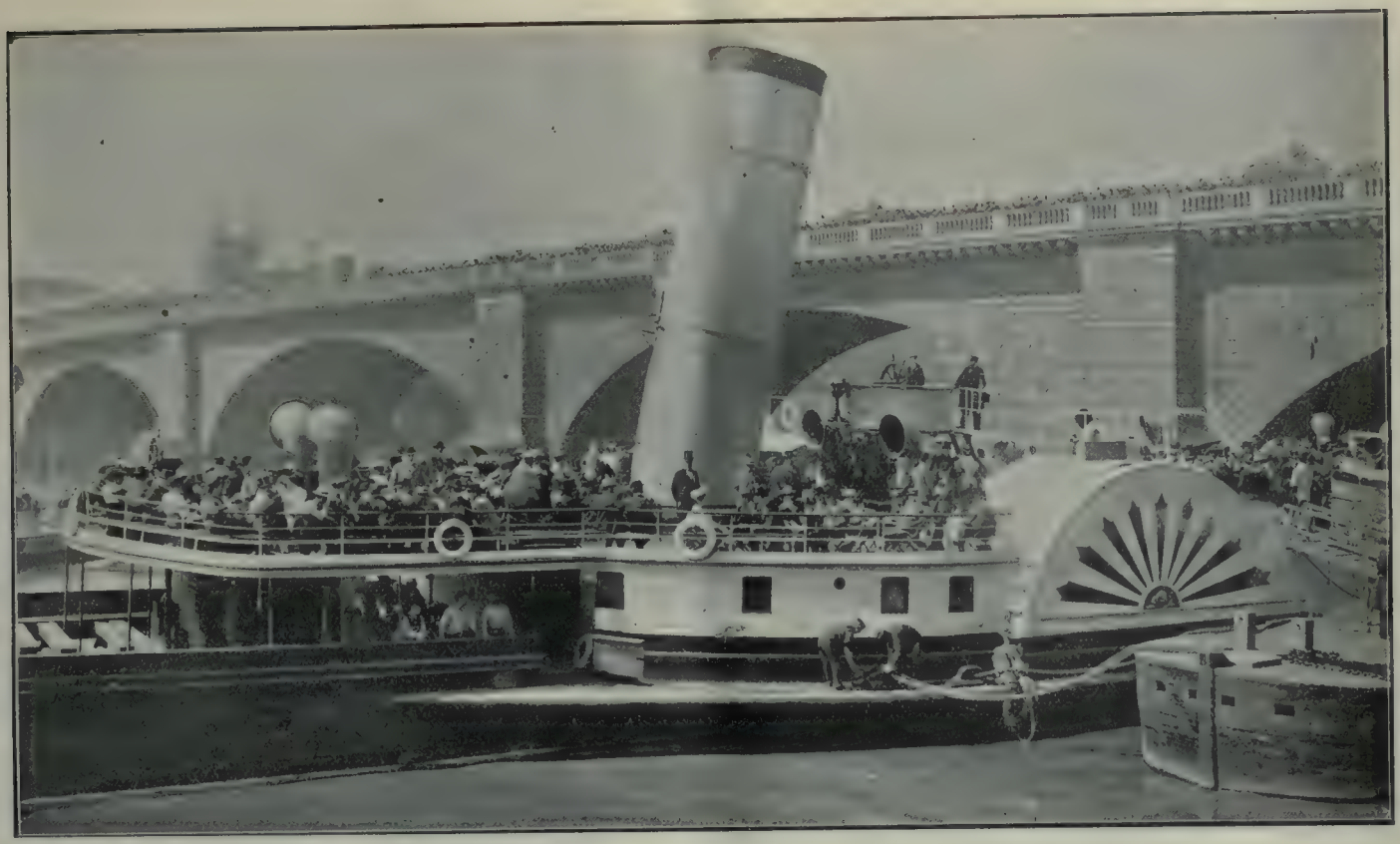
It was practically the first opportunity England had had to entertain any delegation from Canada, and while no doubt, in the future Canadians will be visiting England as in this case, in what might be termed a partially official capacity, yet a repetition will hardly have the same significance, and will not create as wide an interest.

Our illustrations will convey some idea, to those who did not participate in the trip, of a small part of the entertainment. Sir S. B. Boulton and Miss Boulton, who were amongst the first to tender a reception to the Canadians, have a beautiful home, "Copped Hall," near Hertfordshire, a few miles from London, where a garden party was held shortly after the arrival in England.

The visit to the Royal Arsenal at Woolwich was an interesting event. The illustrations show the boat about to leave London Bridge, and the trip down the river.

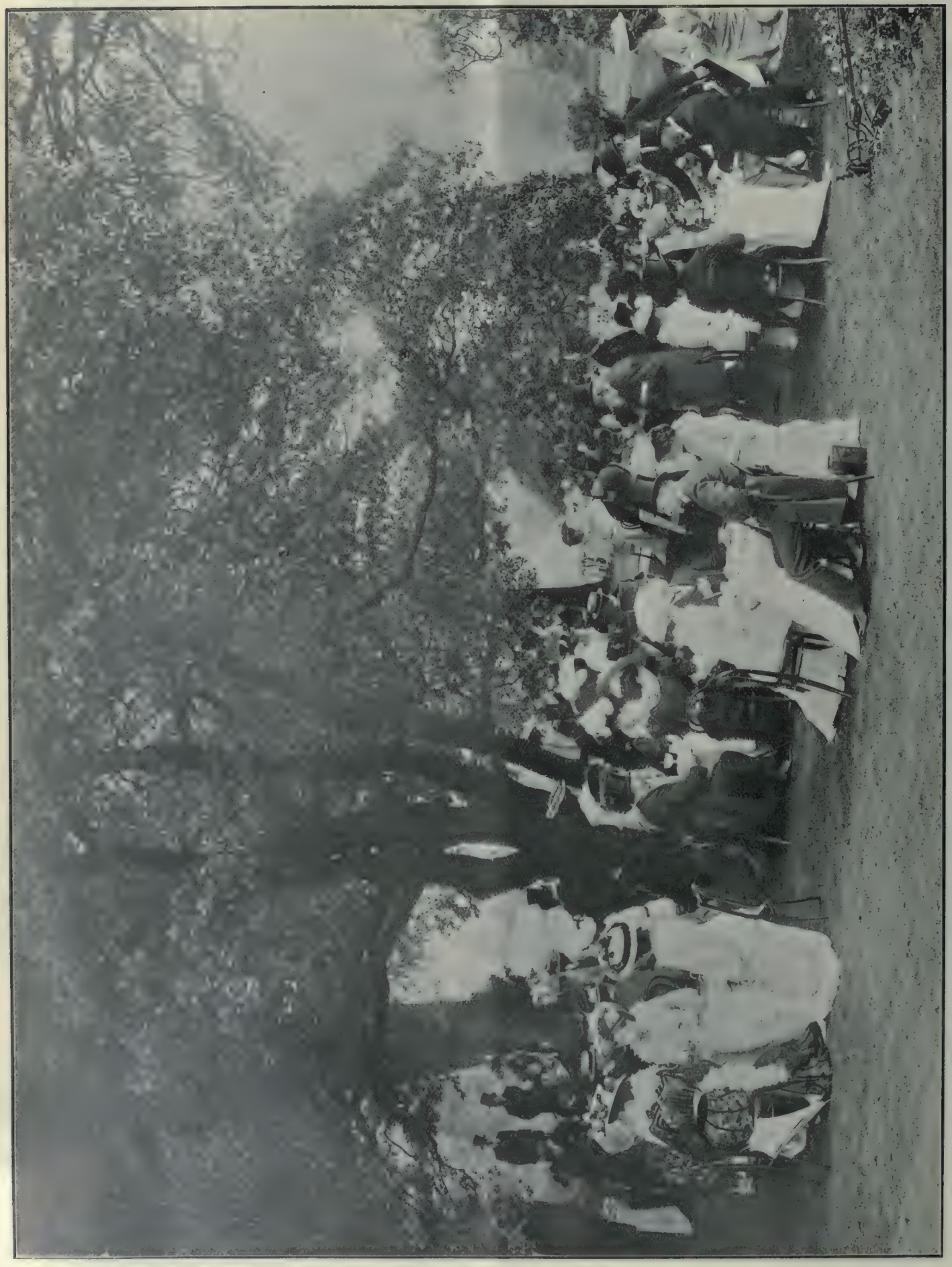
With sunshine overhead, London before them, and their boat ploughing through the waters of the river Thames, there seemed little else to be desired as a novel experience by the travellers.

CANADIAN MANUFACTURERS IN ENGLAND. GARDEN PARTY AT "COPPED HALL," THE HOME OF SIR S. B. BOULTON



THE TRIP TO THE ROYAL ARSENAL AT WOOLWICH. LEAVING LONDON BRIDGE

CANADIAN MANUFACTURERS IN ENGLAND. THE TRIP TO THE ROYAL ARSENAL. SAILING DOWN THE THAMES



ANOTHER VIEW OF THE GARDEN PARTY GIVEN IN HONOR OF VISITING CANADIANS BY SIR S. B. BOULTON AND MISS BOULTON, SHOWING SIR S. B. BOULTON, WELL KNOWN IN CANADA, CONVERSING WITH HIS GUESTS ON THE LAWN

'TWAS FATE, DEAR

By E. J. Carmichael

CHAPTER VII

"NEVER mind, old girl; if she were here she would tell us to do it," replied Nora, and these things are worth little after all in comparison to Blanche's health. They ought to bring in a fairly good sum; enough to rig her up and get her away, and then Hazlewood will sell for a lot by-and-by. Cheer up, Gretchen, we will be quite recompensed if only she gets well."

"Yes, of course, we will. Oh Nora! there's the door bell; who on earth can it be? Don't let anyone in, whoever it is."

Then she went to dash cold water into her eyes, and back to her chair, where she propped her aching head on her hands in order to think—ashamed of her momentary weakness.

"Gretchen," said Nora, bursting into the room, "who do you think it is? Mr. Shortreed come to say good-bye."

Gretchen gazed at her for a moment like one in a dream; verily, "the stars in their courses were fighting against her."

"Very well," she said resignedly, "I will see him."

"Do go and change your dress and smooth your hair first, dear, you look like a crumpled cabbage-leaf."

"I don't care," said Gretchen, "He shall see me just as I am. Will you stay here, Nora? One of us must be near Blanche."

SHE went downstairs; a sudden half-formed resolution going on in her mind. No one could have been kinder or more tactful than Stephen Shortreed. He had cmpleted all arrangements for his return home, but felt he could not go without a last look at Gretchen, and a renewal of the offer he had made urging her gently and unobtrusively to change her mind at any moment should she so will.

Gretchen looked into his eyes with her candid ones, and told him frankly of the difficulties she was in; her need of money; her helplessness—but if he really wished it, and was satisfied, knowing her terms, she would consent to his proposal and try to be a faithful, dutiful wife.

"Take me or leave me, just as you please," she said in a low, half-shamed way.

"Then I will take you gladly, thankfully, my dear," he answered; "and trust your heart to follow your hand by and by."

The next day she got a note enclosing a handsome ring and a cheque for one hundred pounds.

"This is a little irregular, perhaps," the note said tactfully, "but I know you will accept it, because it is right to do so, and will make things easy for others, and insure me my prospect of taking my wife back with me when I go a month hence."

And, though her cheeks burned and her heart was hot within her, poor Gretchen used the money and made every arrangement, praying inwardly that her sacrifice of even pride itself might not be in vain.

Within the next three weeks everything was done. First, the packing of all trifles too precious to be left to strangers, and arrangements for Hazlewood to be let furnished, with a prospect of buying; if satisfactory. Many a blinding tear did the poor girls shed over each little token, each well-loved home article and picture dusted and left behind; but so quickly was everything obliged to be done, so much accomplished in getting Blanche and Nora ready for their trip, that though they had plenty of help, Gretchen had no time to think. In two weeks time they were ready, and then a quiet little ceremony was performed at Hazlewood one evening, and Gretchen became Mrs. Stephen Shortreed, and went away with her husband for a few days, leaving Nora and Blanche in readiness to depart for Denver, Colorado, next morning, under the care and chaperonage of one of their mother's oldest friends, who happened to be going the same direction.

A WEEK later she joined her sisters again, and was delighted at the apparent change for the better in Blanche. They were to spend a short time together in order to assure Gretchen that all was well with her sister before her departure to England. Certainly the place appeared to have wrought wonders even in one short week. Blanche's appetite was improving, and she had lost her great langour and inertness, and seemed to take much interest in what was going on about her. She was in the best of hands, and they had most comfortable and picturesque quarters, where Blanche could live out in the open air and get quantities of fresh milk, which seemed bound to nourish and strengthen her. Nora turned suddenly from a heedless girl into the tenderest and most womanly of nurses, assured Gretchen that she need have no hesitation in putting the ocean between them. She would watch Blanche so carefully, and there would be letters and a speedy reunion when she (Gretchen) had once been over to get to know her husband's people, and settle into her own home, for Stephen had promised her that he should come back within a year to make sure of Blanche's welfare.

All the same poor Gretchen's heart was in her mouth at the idea of leaving her sister so soon after such a dreadful illness, and not all the kind letters from Stephen's people, nor the many loving attentions from his devoted hands, could compensate. Sometimes she would steal away by herself and lie for an hour trying to work off the terrible depression that was creeping, like a deadly sickness, into her life, and it was not alone her fears about Blanche and her homesickness in leaving Hazlewood; the new relations between herself and Stephen were awful to her. She realized at last, that between husband landwife the most perfect love must exist to make such close alliance even bearable; her marriage meant to her loss of freedom; worse, loss of right to desire for it. Stephen was kindness itself, but he was not a companionable man, and though she would want nothing in the way of luxury and care, there was no heart-to-heart comradeship; he was a man who must ever live in books and letters and politics and plans. The little trivial matters so dear to a woman's heart did not interest him; it was always an effort, even at this early stage, to listen patiently to lesser things. Gretchen saw it, and gradually hid them away and kept them down that she might not weary him. She knew then that she must live her life alone, while seemingly she possessed all that could be desired.

OF Hugh she dare not trust herself to think. The night before her wedding she had received a small box and a note, one contained a beautiful necklet of rare and priceless pearls, small and well selected, with a pendant of one large diamond surrounded with pearls. The letter read as follows, but she could have borne better a poisoned missive, on the opening of which her heart had been stilled forever :—

"DEAR GRETCHEN,—Perhaps, even in your happiest moment, you will be glad to know that the accompanying gift represents part of my first result as an author. That my book was accepted at all I owe to one whose gentle council and sweet encouragement brought me success; therefore, there is more in my heartfelt wishes for her happiness than can possibly be expressed. God bless you little girl and give you all that you deserve, then you will be rich indeed. When you think of me at all, remember there is no one who will ever value you more than

Your old friend,
HUGH BRONSON."

Gretchen bowed her head low over the little box, and laid it away at the bottom of her huge trunk, too sick and suffering to even write her thanks. But that night, though she felt it might be the last in which she could sob herself to sleep amongst her pillows, no tears came to her, though she longed for them, and a sort of stoical calm, a never-ceasing ache, took possession of the girl which threatened to rob her of all her brightness.

And, after all, her sacrifice was in vain. Two days from the time Gretchen arrived in Denver, Blanche was again seized with hemorrhage, and this time she did not rally, but sank quietly away, and was claimed by the angels, one of which she had been herself, even in this mortal life.

It seemed cruel, cruel, and for awhile Gretchen was stricken dumb in her anguish.

She did not even pray, for she thought God had forsaken her, until, in the relief of long-needed blessed tears, a still small voice came to her, reminding her that He who is all-loving, all-merciful, does not send pain, but love only, that Christ, "who bore our griefs and carried our sorrows" cannot wound, but never fails to heal, and that because of Him we shall all have our own again, when this life gives place to a higher life of peace and joy and immortality.

CHAPTER VIII

FIVE years make a very great change in most lives, and certainly this was the case with the principal characters in our story.

Hugh Bronson became a famous author, whose books were looked upon as being strong and influential, and worthy of deepest thought. Their circulation was so widespread that his fortune as well as his name was assured, and though it came too late to win for him what beyond all else he had craved, he at least was in his right groove and loved his life-work, giving up all his time and thought to what he hoped was for others benefit, as well as his own, and he was quite unconscious that another suffered through his success coming too late.

As for Gretchen—who shall say that she was not happy. She lavished abundant affection on two children who were sent to her; spent as much money as heart could desire on charitable deeds, which endeared her to the people amongst whom her life was spent; ruled her husband's home with a gentle dignity and gentleness that went far to help in his splendid political career, of which she was very proud. By the death of his father they were now Sir Stephen and Lady Shortreed, and few were so popular and widely respected. Their home was a rendezvous for the very noblest and most cultured of English society.

Nora, much to her own and everyone else's astonishment, married a young minister of sterling character, with a comfortable income and lovely country parish, and settled into an ideal clergyman's wife. Nora often pondered over her sister's changed and saddened life—for she had grown so tactful and womanly herself since Blanche's death that she read between the lines pretty well, and something told her that Gretchen missed more in her English home than all the wealth and lavishness of the world could buy. One night between the funeral and their embarking for England she had found her in a dead faint in her room. Stephen was out at the time, and Gretchen had been writing, and a half-finished letter was on the table; and, as Nora, after administering restoratives, turned to put away the writing materials, her eye had caught the words at the top, and she saw it was Hugh's letter of sympathy she had been trying to answer. She herself offered afterwards to write and thank him for both that and Gretchen's wedding present—and her offer was gently but gratefully accepted. This, and the observation of how little real comradeship existed between Stephen and his wife, led Nora to understand pretty well that her sister's wound lay deeper than in the loss of her dear ones and the old home—and she alone yearned over Gretchen, who made Stephen so good and true a helpmeet that he even forgot that he had ever had a rival.

Therefore, since the night they had parted on the dear old lawn at Hazlewood, Hugh had never heard a word from Gretchen, and at last, when five years were over, and he was on his way to Australia to find fresh fields for his labor, he decided to see her, and look one last time upon the face of her whom he ever thought of as his "load star."

He called quite naturally one evening at the pretty house in one of Devonshire's loveliest parts, where, for the summer, the Shortreeds were staying. He found her the same fair, sweet Gretchen he had known—slight and girlish still in form, but with a sad droop about her mouth, and a pathetic look in her eyes, which somewhat startled him. She had, indeed, suffered—that he knew—but surely by now—with all that heart could wish—she was—she must be—happy. Sir Stephen, she explained to him, had been ill for some time, and was convalescing down here in this beautiful place with her as nurse. No one happened to be with them just now, not even the children; they were quite alone except for the servants; but her husband occasionally needed just such a rest after the whirl and work of his busy, active life—and of late he had not felt up to seeing anyone—so she made his excuses.

Her manner was very natural, and full of interest, as of yore, in his books—his future—everything of which he spoke; but, somehow, in a way that puzzled Hugh sorely. She had the look of a hunted creature when her eyes met his, and he almost felt as if she was afraid of him. He plied her with questions in his old delightful way; asking about her life, her daily interests, the children, all that would draw her out, and though she spoke of her blessings, and not at all of her sorrows, he missed something, and longed to chase away this strange shyness of timidity.

"Have I changed much?" he asked suddenly, as if to satisfy himself at the alteration he saw in her.

"No, Hugh, not a bit," said Gretchen, looking up at the strong, rugged face with a smile, "and you are the splendid author I always knew you would be. It is so good of you to send me first copies of your books, and I must seem ungrateful never to write and thank you; but I knew some day I should be able to tell you how I felt about them, and, you know, I always was a bad correspondent."

"No thanks have ever been necessary from you to me, Gretchen; you have inspired those books—never forget that."

"Will you be long in England? Shall you come to see me sometimes?"

The old impulsive Gretchen, who never stopped to think.

"I am sailing for Australia to-morrow; but, surely, old friends as we are can meet in spirit, even though it is necessary that they should live far apart."

"Necessary?" queried Gretchen.

"Yes, for reasons I can never explain to you. Trust me, Gretchen, still—will you?"

"Aye, till death," answered Lady Shortreed solemnly. "Oh, Hugh, I am so proud of all that you are—just what I knew you would do you have done; but need you go so far away?"

"It is best, dear," he said, and for one instant he met the dark eyes with a look which she could not fail to understand.

"I am glad to have seen you," he went on, rising and turning away; "as sweet, as lovely, as happy as I could wish; one dream of mine, at least, has been fulfilled."

"And mine regarding you is realized, too," said Gretchen, softly; "so we have much for which we may thank God."

. . . . . .

Once more they met, those two—and it was only a few hours later—for as Hugh Bronson reached his hotel after a long tramp, he noticed a lurid glare in the sky from the direction where he had been earlier in the evening. He saw at once it was a fire, and something, either the very sweetness of being able to watch over her, or the remembrance that her natural protector was ill at present, constrained him to retrace his steps and make sure that there was no danger for the woman he loved.

When he first started out he felt it was not likely to be the house in which his interest lay. There were other residences around it, and any one of them might be prey to the flames that were growing higher all the time; but, as he drew nearer, he found that, indeed, his fears were not groundless, and he heard amongst the crowd, that was soon jostling and hurrying in the same direction, that it was Sir Stephen Shortreed's house that was on fire.

How he got there after that he hardly knew, but his feet became winged, and scarcely twenty minutes from the time in which he had noticed the glare found Hugh on the scene of action.

The house which the Shortreeds had taken for the summer months was one of the smallest of two or three different country residences Sir William had possessed throughout the British Isles for shooting and fishing and other advantages. It stood in good grounds of its own, which at the back led down to a splendid trout stream, the great inducement for keeping such a remote spot in his possession.

The garden at the front and side was but a small one, and a high brick wall divided it from the adjoining property. Immediately above this wall was the turret of the house, which gave it a picturesque and castle-like appearance; and in this turret Stephen had taken up his abode ever since his illness and arrival at the place, because it was high up and afforded a delightful current of clear, fresh air, and view of the surrounding country. Hugh found the grounds now thronging with people. Sparks were flying in every direction; busy firemen and white-faced spectators hemmed him in on every side; but as he made his way through the crowd he saw the chief cause of all the excitement which was visible on the faces around him. The fire had evidently started in the downstairs part of the house—and up in the window of the turret-room, towards which the flames were now bursting, two forms were visible.

His heart seemed to stand still and horror thrilled him, as he saw that they belonged to Gretchen and her husband. She must have gone up to awaken him on finding their peril, and in some way her egress was cut off. No ladders could be placed, as the room, which jutted out oddly from the rest of the house, was, underneath, a seething mass of flame. Neither could they drop, for the same reason. Hugh surveyed the situation for one short instant. Then, calling to some firemen near, made his way through falling timber and broken glass to the side-entrance, where, with an immense coil of rope upon his arm, a stalwart member of the brigade was evidently meditating taking his chances through the belching smoke and tongues of fire shooting out of the door.

"Once get clear of this hell," he was saying loudly, "I can reach the back staircase, I guess—but how to get through without being smothered."

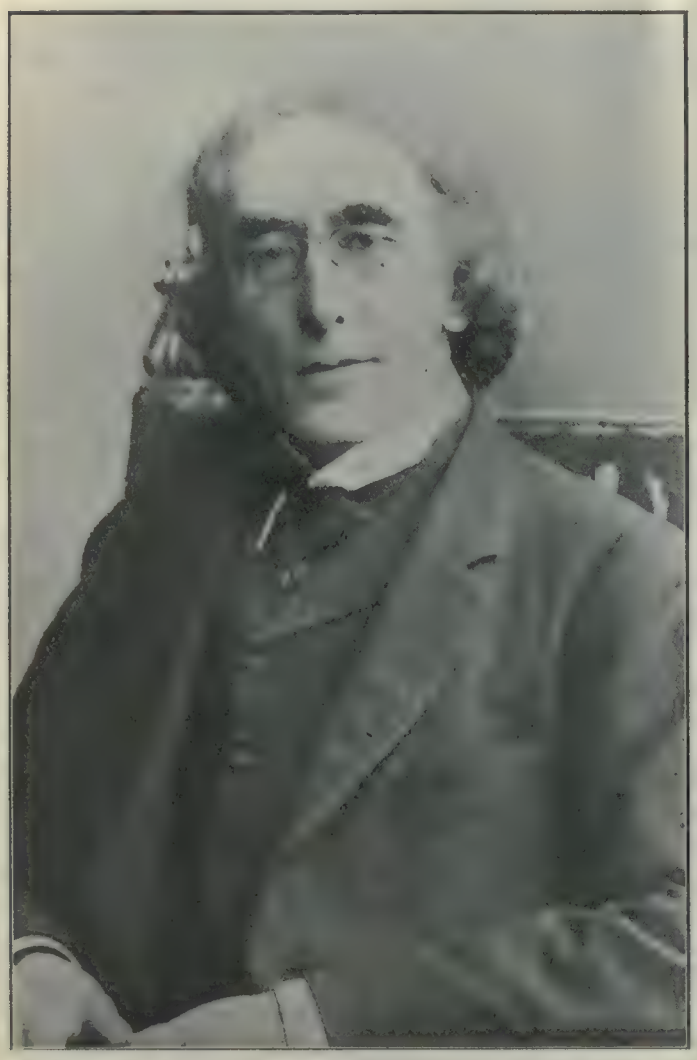
"Give it to me," said Hugh Bronson, and lend me your helmet"—turning to another man close by—"I have no one belonging to me—give place there—I will make the attempt."

Brave men as they were, the firemen did not hesitate to recognize a force and vigor about Hugh's muscular figure, and a power which meant that what he undertook he would probably achieve. Instantly he was helped in his daring by half-a-dozen willing hands; and with the rope over his arm, and a couple of firemen beside him, he plunged through the gushing smoking doorway into what seemed the very heart of the fire. How he accomplished it he never knew; the two firemen were forced to turn back, and even then one was severely scorched, and dragged out quite unconscious. Whether Hugh hit on a route that was less choked than the others, or whether the Everlasting Arms were about such heroism, one cannot say, but true it is that Love found the way where pluck had failed, and Hugh arrived breathless, but unharmed, except for scorched arms and face, at the head of the back stairs, where he made his way quickly along the passage, which he rightly judged led to the room in the tower. Another staircase had to be ascended there, and Hugh here saw why poor Gretchen's passage had been cut off. By sparks from below the fire had crept from the front downstairs along the upper hall, and huge fragments of plaster had fallen across the doorway. Between this and the belching smoke, and the prospects from both stairways, no one could could possibly get passage with a sick man. In less time than it takes to tell it, and with a resolution undaunted, Hugh removed easily the obstruction and leaped up the winding staircase. A moment later he was in the room, to find Stephen in a half fainting condition, owing to his weakness and fears for his wife, as well as himself, and Gretchen, wide-eyed and horror-stricken, standing at bay.

"Hugh!"

(*Continued on page 62*)

THE DRAMATIC WORLD



THE LATE SIR HENRY IRVING

IN the death of Sir Henry Irving the stage has lost its most illustrious figure. He died at the very summit of a splendid career. Beginning life poor, and in a humble position, by fidelity to his work, force of character, incessant industry, and great genius, he raised himself to the highest pinnacle of dramatic success. Not only was he a success in himself, but he has raised the dignity of the dramatic profession to a higher standard, and leaves it bettered by his influence.

He was, without a doubt, the greatest actor of his time, and, so far as records show, he was the greatest actor that ever lived. His range included the greatest extremes, such as Mephistopheles and Benedict, Macbeth and Don Quixote, and he played only those plays which are of the highest order.

In his character he combined great wisdom with great simplicity. His whole being was dominated by intellect, and yet his sympathy extended to every suffering creature, and in practical charity his munificence was boundless.

IT has been said, perhaps truly, that books which have been written for the thoughtful quietude of the library, for the cosy evening before the blazing grate fire, have limitations which should forbid them being developed into plays which must thrill a thousand persons, assembled together, and prepared to be critical, into a burst of enthusiastic hand-clapping. However, though some of this season's productions in New York, such as Hall Caine's "Prodigal Son," would go to prove the truth of the statement, there are exceptions in some books which, dexterously handled by the dramatizer, become good plays. Such a one is "In the Bishop's Carriage," which gained attention in the literary world a couple of years ago, and has now been dramatized and won favor in some American cities.

But the crying need of the stage to-day is plays. We have actors and actresses, but the plays they produce are often weak or morbid or forbidding in their tone. One great trouble is that a play is not written for its own merit, but to show off the strong points of the actor, with the result that nothing else in the play has any weight—it is the great "I am" for the star.

Last month we mentioned that Willard, the beloved of theatre-goers, was coming. But for once Willard has made a mistake in his selection of a new play. "The Fool's Revenge" is far from being an attractive play, showing not only Willard himself but almost the entire company in an unwholesome light, and sending the audience away with a bad taste in the mouth.

But, to turn to the brighter side of the dramatic world, we hear murmurs from New York of the success in new plays of many of the old favorites. Miss Lulu Glaser, of "Dolly Varden" fame, is in a new piece, "Miss Dolly Dollars," which is the best play which has been furnished Miss Glaser since "Dolly Varden" ran itself out.

Miss Edna May has appeared in an English musical comedy, "The Catch of the Season," which is practically the story of Cinderella dressed up to suit modern ideas. Though the play is in no way a startling success, it has the virtue of being dainty, and the personality of Edna May is what attracts the people, she is so altogether sweet and charming.

'TWAS FATE, DEAR—Continued from Page 61

The one word was all that escaped her as their deliverer flung open the door. And the work of the next few seconds was to reassure and encourage her husband to take the first chance of safety, while Bronson, with a few rapid words of explanation, tied the one end of the rope securely to a pillar, two of which formed an artistic decoration to Stephens' alcove windows, while the other he flung with all his force to the firemen waiting on the wide stone wall below.

"Bronson, she must go first," said Stephen, weakly. "God! man, how can we ever pay you."

"Don't think of it—no time to be lost—now, Shortreed, quick—keep up a brave heart—she will be after you in a trice—'tis better, anyway, that one of us try the rope first."

In this manner Hugh speedily settled what bid fair, even at that critical moment, to become a dispute; and the sick man, with no lack of courage, swung away down the rope, leaving the other two above.

With one hand still on the rope, Hugh turned, and, after witnessing the other's safe descent, said:

"Now, Gretchen—your turn."

Miss Julia Sanderson

"Oh!" breathed Gretchen, in a low, tense tone, "Hugh—don't make me leave you—it—you—might be too late."

"For God's sake go!" cried Hugh, taking her by the arm almost roughly. "What does everything else in the world matter to me so long as you are safe!"

"Even life itself," murmured Gretchen. "Oh! Hugh—my Hugh—promise that you will come—safely."

"I expect to," he answered, "if not, only believe that God was good to me dear."

For the instant they looked into each others eyes— despairingly, longingly, with the love of a lifetime—and Hugh knew at last, that her life, so valued by him—to herself was incomplete.

He seized her hand and kissed it passionately.

"My sweet—good bye," he said, so low she scarcely caught the words but as she swung herself over the sill she pressed her lips fervently to a scar upon his wrist, and "God bless you," were the last words he ever heard her say.

She was saved, and Hugh Bronson knew it, for he also reached the brick wall before Gretchen sank into an unconsciousness that brought on desperate illness by and by. But she and Stephen both recovered—and lived for many years in harmony—a life of mercy and usefulness.

Hugh left England, just as he had intended, taking with him two badly burnt arms and a pair of lashless eyelids—and the memory of a sweetness that but for his bravery had remained unrealized forever.

Years passed, and he made both name and fame. Generously he gave, wisely and for good, was the influence of every book—which—so strong and sterling—were watched for by an eager public. No earthly reward had this great author, except in the regard of a multitude of people, and the affection of a few chosen friends, and his dearest hours were those in which he laid aside his work, and taking up his pipe, allowed himself to think, and dream, of one whose beauty of character, and purity of soul, had ever inspired his views and urged him on to the best that was within him, and he was not embittered by the thought of that cruel "too late," for he felt sure that in spirit they had ever been together, and believed that somewhere—someday, he would meet again that sweet fair woman of his dreams where there is no more parting, and where shadows are lost in the cloudlessness of Everlasting Life.

(Conclusion)

Miss Lulu Glaser, of "Dolly Varden" Fame, Now in "Dolly Dollars"

THE WORLD OF PRINT

OPENING HUDSON BAY DISTRICT

(W. E. Curtis in the Chicago Record-Herald.)

CANADIANS have an epigram that while the nineteenth century was the century of the United States, the twentieth century will be the century of Canada, and there is something more in it than a boast. They mean, perhaps, that the territory of the United States has been thoroughly explored, and the development of its resources already undertaken, while Canada is practically unknown and remains to be exploited. But this is a misapprehension. Canada is not unknown. The British possessions, stretching from the northern boundary of the United States to the Arctic Ocean, and from the Atlantic to the Pacific, have been thoroughly explored since the early part of the seventeenth century, and their resources are well understood. The statisticians at Ottawa can give you almost the exact amount of timber and the acreage of the ranges and agricultural lands; they can tell you where the minerals are located, where vast beds of coal (more valuable than gold or silver) lie, and the various approaches to the Klondike are known. Some of them have even been surveyed. There will be a railroad to the Klondike within the next few years, and already the Canadian Northern Company is laying its tracks to Hudson Bay. This may seem incredible to people who have not watched the progress of our northern neighbors.

Take a map of the British possessions for a moment and see how the land lies. Between Winnipeg and Hudson Bay, a distance of about 800 miles, lies one of the finest countries in the world. It is chiefly a prairie with fertile soil, and capable of raising any amount of wheat and oats. The season is short, however; the winters are cold, and there is usually a heavy snowfall; but the temperature, as recorded for generations at the various northern posts of the Hudson Bay Company, is not lower than at Winnipeg, Regina, Calgary or other prairie cities, and actually averages higher than that of Montreal. There are also vast ranges for cattle on a thousand hills covered with nutritious grass. If the land is plowed and planted with timothy seed it will produce heavy crops of hay, which are necessary to feed the cattle through the winter. The ranges are open about seven months in the year.

There are more rivers and lakes than you can count, and they are filled with fish—the same whitefish and trout that live in Lake Superior—and the farther north you go the sweeter and firmer is the flesh. The value of the fish resources of the North West Territory, and the district lying between Lake Superior and Hudson Bay is incalculable. As I told you in a recent letter, people are already beginning to ship fish by refrigerator cars to St. Paul and Chicago. The fisheries are not organized as yet, but every one of the thousand little lakes you see on the map is full of fish—a source of wealth that does not usually enter into the calculations of the political economists. The attention of the Canadians, as well as outsiders, has thus far been absorbed by the wheat lands and the timber, and the fisheries have not received consideration.

DON'T TALK OF YOUR HEALTH

(From the Boston Traveller.)

IF you are not well, don't talk about it.

To do so only exaggerates your consciousness of physical discomfort. Also, it casts a shadow of gloom over other people. They grow hesitant about asking you how you feel; it gives them cold chills to be continually told that you are "not very well," or "not so well," or "about the same."

Do you know that a good deal of this is imagination? If you braced up and told people cheerily that you felt tip-top, nine chances in ten you would feel tip-top pretty soon. You'd forget the ailing habit.

Don't let yourself become a slave to such a miserable little absorber of health and happines as the perpetual habit of "not feeling well."

AUTOMOBILE FARMING.

(From Harper's Weekly)

A NEW and special type of automobile has recently been put on the market in Scotland, which is designed especially for farm work, and which is not only suitable for ploughing, but may be equipped with a cultivator or reaper. It will prepare the ground and sow the seed at one operation, and can be operated at a better speed than a horse. Thus, when ploughing, it can cover from six to seven acres a day, and goes over the field so as to leave it in final shape for cultivation. When not in use in the field, the motor can be used to drive all farming machinery, and when ploughing, the cost of fuel, labor and depreciation has been computed at $1 per acre, or less than one-half the expense of ploughing by horse. It is interesting to note that the cost of the machine is about $1,500, an amount that does not seem prohibitive for a large farm, where a thorough test of the new machine could readily be made. The automobile, unlike the farm animal, does not have to be fed when it is not working, and it is here that a substantial element of economy can probably be secured.

RISK VERSUS SECURITY

(From the Independent.)

THERE never was a harder master than the uncertain. "Nothing venture nothing win," is a true proverb, and sometimes it is a good guiding principle. If a single question and not a general principle were under discussion we might say that the conditions warrant a venture. As a rule we are profoundly convinced that a sure dollar is better than a possible ten dollars; that comfort is always preferable to wealth in a lottery. The one thing to be avoided above all others is instability of income. This is not to suggest that under all conditions a man should prefer the settled and sure.

THE YOUNG MAN'S TASK

(From the Philadelphia "Ledger.")

THE young man, of course with exceptions, has his own way to make. This is a considerable task. It is quite enough without the burden of indigestible counsel that is thrown to him, the attempt to assimilate which tends to clog his natural intelligence. In the effort he may neglect the promptings of his own conscience. If he has not the sense, advice won't give it to him, and if he has, he will be too busy to bother with the advice, which, after all, is good only as it conforms to truths already apparent and instinctively recognized. One trouble with this advice is that it comes from individuals each one of whom, perhaps unwittingly and with no lapse of modesty, regards himself as a model. That which he has accomplished is success.

Despite the reams of parchment the young man cannot evade the circumstance that he has his own way to make. He does not arrive at the actual starting point without some plan. But he can be assured that the authors of popular guides to success achieved their objects first, and went into the maxim business wholly as an after-thought. Men who have won were guided by principle. The principle was inherent and not borrowed from a phrase book. And in addition to principle they had a mental and physical endowment, opening to them opportunity that another might not have seen, or seen as quickly and been unable to grasp.

THE UNIVERSAL LANGUAGE

(From the Independent.)

MANY international congresses have been held this summer, scientific, literary, legal, sociological, religious, medical and peace, but there is only one of them which was not hampered by the fact that the members could not understand each other on account of the difference in language. This exception was the Esperanto Congress held at Boulogne-sur-Mer, where 1,200 men and women from all parts of the world met and talked Esperanto with each other for three days. Dr. Zamenhof, the creator of this new international language, in his

opening address emphasized its importance in the promotion of amity and intercourse between different nations, in addition to its practical advantages in commerce, diplomacy and science. The Catholic Esperantists attended mass in the morning, where Esperanto hymns were chanted. In the evening one of Moliere's plays was given in Esperanto by a polyglot company of actors and actresses, Italian, French, English, Norwegian, German and Russian. On account of its regularity and simplicity it can be read at sight with the aid of a dictionary, and the study of an hour or two will give us grammar and a considerable vocabulary. In this country it has been used for the amusement of evening gatherings where all the guests are required to speak Esperanto under penalty of a fine of a cent for every English word spoken. A sheet containing the sixteen grammatical rules, and a small vocabulary, is sent out a day or two in advance with the invitation, which is, of course, printed in the new lauguage.

CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY

(W. E. Curtis in Chicago Record-Herald.)

THE people of the United States are fairly familiar with the Canadian Pacific line and its great importance. As an evidence of the prosperity of that road, its stock is now quoted at 171 and better. The Canadian Pacific is building several hundred miles of extensions in Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta, and is stretching out like a gridiron over western Canada.

The Canadian Pacific was originally started purely as a government road, and its early history is worth the careful study of those who believe in Government ownership. It was begun in 1881, and when the government had built 425 miles of track in eastern Canada, 65 miles in Manitoba, and 250 miles on the Pacific coast, it gave up the job in despair and turned the property over to a corporation called the Canadian Pacific Company. That corporation received $25,000,000 cash subsidy for the main line, and $5,000,000 for the branches, together with 25,000,000 acres of land for a total of 4,315 miles, and the government gave it the roads already constructed as a present. Since then it has pushed northward and westward, has been building "feeders" to reach the most fertile parts of the Dominion, has put up sawmills and smelters where private capital has been timid to go, and has established a string of sixteen hotels along its line to entertain tourists, land seekers and the public generally. It is a titanic corporation, with a policy more comprehensive and liberal than that of any other corporation I know. It has steamship lines to Europe, Asia, and Alaska, and not only handles the freight that its territory naturally affords, but creates half of its own traffic.

Of the 25,000,000 acres of land granted more than half have been disposed of. There are about 11,000,000 acres left which are being sold at the rate of about a million acres a year. Not long ago a syndicate of Canadian and American speculators offered to take the remainder of the grant off the hands of the company and pay $70,000,000 for it, which is a little more than an average of $6 an acre, but the offer was declined.

CONCERNING "SYNDICATES"

VERY great confusion exists in the public mind as to the nature of the Syndicates with which the large insurance companies have been connected, as appears from the summaries given by the daily newspapers of the evidence elicited in the Legislative Committee now in session in New York.

These syndicates are often spoken of as selling bonds to the companies—a wholly misleading statement—and the inference is suggested, if not actually stated, that the participants in such syndicates make money out of the companies by reason of their participation.

To comprehend what is a very simple affair when once understood, and only complex in appearance when not understood, let us describe the process by which, for instance, a railway company, sells an issue of bonds: The railroad needs, say, fifty millions of dollars. It sends for its banker and lays before him a list of the collateral securities by which the bonds are to be secured, discusses the rate of interest it proposes to offer, the duration of the loan, any special privileges or advantages which may be thrown in to make the issue attractive, and the price at which it can afford to sell the bonds to net the railroad the sum it wishes to obtain. These questions, and others pertinent, being decided, the usual course is for the banker to make an offer to take the entire issue at a fixed price, which, in some cases, may be from five to seven and a half per cent. less than the price at which the bonds are to be offered to the public. To protect himself from loss, and insure the success of the issue, the banker, therefore, selects from among his business correspondents and friendly houses engaged in similar business, and from among large investors, those whom he thinks most likely to aid in marketing the bonds, and offers them a participation in an under writing syndicate to guarantee the entire sale at a fixed rate of commission, or share in the estimated profits of the sale. It will be perceived that the syndicate buys nothing; it assumes a risk upon the success of the banker in disposing of the bonds, and is paid for it. If the public does not take all the bonds at the price of the offering, the unsold bonds are divided among the underwriters in proportion to their subscription. This is the modern substitute for issuing bonds without a previous guaranty. It insures the success of the scheme; the railroad gets its money in one sum, and the banker sells the bonds at one time to many different investors. There is no partnership between the underwriters, but each receives the percentage or share of profits to which his subscription is entitled, and no more. It is of no consequence to any underwriter who his associates are, provided they are solvent; no one makes any money out of any other one of the syndicate.

A director, therefore, of an insurance company who joins with his company in an underwriting syndicate does not sell anything to his company, and does not make any money out of his company. It is for each individual to decide whether, under all the circumstances, it looks well for him to engage in these enterprises or not. There are arguments on both sides.

THE CENTRAL MARKET

(John G. Shedd in The World To-Day.)

CHICAGO is the great central market of the western continent, the half-way house of the world, because of the wisdom, force and rectitude of its founders, and because of the physical conditions of the place in which they built. Chicago has arisen upon the corner stones, upon the integrity, let us not forget, of its great citizens—the McCormicks, Armours, Pullman, Palmer, Leiter, Farwell, Crerar, Field—these and a gallant band of captains at rest, or, yoked with some of these still in the van.

A central market, to be large and enduring, must be geographically central to a given mass of population. Before all, its climate must be salubrious and invigorating, and transportation to and from this market must be expeditious and comparatively cheap. It must not only exchange and transmit commodities, but must produce in large quantities, for so only can it reciprocate with tributary people near and remote. In this market, labor and the raw material of manufacture must be abundant, and available to producers standing in competitive relations with other markets.

The population of this market must be stable and it must ever grow. It must be a place of many homes, and in it must prevail every force of civilization that illumines, broadens and leads on. Its credit must be impregnable, its goods superior, its business methods scientific and therefore honest, its trust in tributary constituency eye-to-eye, its sympathy with this constituency frank and hearty, and its faith in itself, its country and man, beyond the power of reverse to shake. The community in which these attributes of personality obtain is and will be a great central market forever. Such a community Chicago has already proved itself to be.

RAILROADS VERSUS FAMINE

(From the New York World.)

THE "moving of the crops," that annual phrase so glibly bandied on Wall street —what does it mean?

It means the reconciling of hungry stomachs with their teeming food the world over—the railroads pitted against starvation.

A hundred years ago men might die of famine in one region, while plenty reigned 500 miles away. Seventy years ago there were bread riots in New York because the wheat crop had failed in Southern Vermont and Central New York. Sixty years ago great cargos of wheat were sent from Eastern Ireland to England, while the west coast starved because of the potato rot.

To-day in America a million freight cars on 300,000 miles of railway and siding are hurrying the crops to the seaboard and the stomach. No other nation undertakes such a mighty task of transportation.

They laugh at Shakespeare for giving Bohemia a coast. But it has one, just the same. Suppose famine and crop failure there. The automatic world tendency of food, like water to seek its level, would set our railroads carrying food to the nearest water, salt or fresh, capable of carrying it—the Gulf, the Lakes, the Atlantic. Up the winding Elbe the stream of food would reverse its normal tide, until in Prague the railways took up the minuter task of subdivision as on this side they had assumed the task of collection.

THE COST OF EMPIRE.

(From The London Express.)

A HUNDRED years ago a writer complained bitterly of the money wasted in building a 100-gun ship-of-the-line at a cost of £88,000, including armaments.

"What are we coming to ?"cried this watchdog of the Treasury. "Before long my lords of the Admiralty will come before Parliament with the yarn that the seventy-fours they propose to build cannot be had under an expenditure of £150,000. It is a sheer waste of public moneys!"

What would this naval economist have said if he had lived to see his prophecy realized tenfold? The 100-gun ship-of-the-line has become a museum curiosity. In its place is the 15,000-ton steel battleship, built at a cost of a millon and a half, or to be more exact, £1,491,955, as in the case of the New Zealand.

The seventy-fours have become first-class cruisers—fighting ships which can also chase and run—and they, too, would give the naval enthusiasts of Nelson's time a sad fright in the matter of cost. The Leviathan, for instance, a modern armored cruiser, cost the nation £1,058,999

All in all, during the past twelve years the Navy has cost us eighty-one millions of pounds in construction of ships of 5,000 tons and upwards. There are still, strange to say, people who ask: "Is it worth it all?" "Why maintain a Navy at this terrible cost when the money could be applied so well in other directions?" There is only one answer to these questions. Without the Navy, without our great ships, and consequently without this heavy burden of expenditure in maintaining it in its present high state of efficiency, there would be no Empire. We should still be here, but not as masters of the seas, not with a voice of authority in the couucils of the world; but as a petty island nation, ignored by the rest of the world and unworthy of a place on the map.

HUDSON BAY

(W. E. Curtis in Chicago Record-Herald.)

HUDSON Bay is as large as the Mediterranean—a great inland sea, and its fisheries which have never been developed, are as valuable as those of Labrador. It is not in the frozen zone. The winters are cold, but not so cold or stormy as along the Atlantic coast of upper Canada and the United States. On its shores are immense bodies of timber which have never even been touched, and to the westward are mountains believed to be as rich in minerals as the Klondike. The foothills of these mountains are covered with nutritious grass, offering fine cattle ranges, and they slope down to open, well-watered prairies of great fertility. There is scarcely any rock. This is an important consideration for railway builders as well as for the farmers who are likely to locate there within the next decade; for it is beyond controversy that the district between the great lakes and Hudson Bay will be settled before this generation passes.

You can go almost from Winnipeg to Hudson Bay by boat already, via Winnipeg Lake and Nelson River, and the Canadian Northern Railroad Company is building a line along the valley of the Nelson which is of the greatest significance and importance. When that line is completed according to the present surveys it will shorten the distance from the wheat fields and cattle ranges of Canada to Liverpool more than a thousand miles, and reduce the rail haul to a few hundred miles.

EXIT LUXURY

(From the London Express.)

HYGIENE is in the air. Gradually, but surely, mankind is learning that it is wiser, simpler, and far less expensive to avoid disease than to cure it, and soon, if we persist in proceeding on the road we are now following, the doctor, like Othello, will find his occupation gone. We are drinking less, eating less, and eating more rationally, taking more exercise, attending to the claims of reason and of health in the selection and the makes of our clothes, and, indeed, accepting the whole gospel of the simpler life.

The access of luxury, which has been deplored by the moralists, and used as a prophecy of a similar downfall for the British Empire to that which befell the Roman, is passing away. Slightly to alter the late Sir William Harcourt's dictum, "We are all simple livers now."

The latest national institution to come under the influence of reform is the bedroom. No longer are we content to lull ourselves into luxurious sleep by the aid of feather beds. In old time we lay protected from the insidious draught by sufficient and possibly ornate hangings. To-day we are convinced with Tennyson that "Simplicity is rich in saving common sense." The feather bed has become a hard spring mattress. The hangings have been torn down and thrown away, and the fear of draughts has been dissipated by the belief in the efficacy of fresh air.

It is a curious fact that in country villages, where the air is pure, the inhabitants are most anxious to keep it out of their habitations, and the hermetically sealed bedroom is even more common there than it is in cities. But the fresh air fashion has started. The lessons of the hygienists have now been learned, and with the reform of the bedroom the last redoubt of old-fashioned England may be said to have been taken by assault.

THE MILITIA SERVICE

(From the Montreal Standard.)

THERE are many reasons for the distaste many of our Canadian young men evince for militia service. Among them are the following :—

1. Because the whole system is artificial, and is little real use as a preparation for active service.

2. Because too much is, or was, wasted on trivial matters, while the really important business of rifle practice and field training, signalling, first aid to wounded, fortifying positions, and knotting and splicing, tent-erecting, etc., are entirely ignored.

3. The conditions of modern life require strenuous and continued effort. A young man studying for a profession, or learning a trade, finds in these later days that it takes all his energy to keep up with his rivals.

4. Many working men are members of trades' unions ; and the fact that the militia may be called out at any time to disperse strikers, with whom they may sympathize, may deter them from joining the various corps of the city.

5. Influence counts far too much in promotions ; merit is disregarded—to be somebody's nephew being considered of greater importance.

6. Social distinctions are allowed to separate men serving in the same corps. A man holding a good situation is afraid to make the acquaintance of "undesirable" people.

7. The growth of Church societies, social, educational, and athletic clubs. and benevolent lodges, is responsible for drawing young men from militia service.

Now to make the militia service more attractive, I would suggest: (1) That more attention should be paid to shooting and to improving the second and third-class shots, for these constitute the greater part of the regiment ; (2) that every regiment should hold annual athletic sports; (3) that there should be lectures, given by the officers, on the great wars and battles of the past ; and (4) that an inducement in cash should be offered the men to continue in the service after their time is expired.

Ten principal causes of deaths_ages 45 AND OVER.

Ordinary Experience 1886-1901

NOTE_The colored segments of the circles represent the percentage of deaths from specified causes in the mortality from all causes at ages 45 and over. for Illustration_Deaths from Respiratory Diseases caused 18.8% of the mortality of males at this period of life.

The above Chart is taken from the splendid Exhibit of The Prudential Insurance Company of America at the World's Fair.

FASHIONS IN NEW YORK

Patterns of *any* design shown in our Fashion Department will be sent to any address in Canada, upon receipt of 10 cents for each pattern. In ordering patterns, send name and address, and tell the number of the pattern required, giving bust measure of waists and coats, and waist measure of skirts for adults, or age for children.

Address:—Pattern Department, THE NATIONAL MONTHLY AND CANADIAN HOME, 241 Roncesvalles Ave., Toronto.

A NOTABLE feature in the season's fashions is the wealth of color. The rose tints, greens, orchids, and soft blues are lavishly used. There is no longer any suggestion of "manishness" in the wardrobe. Even tailored suits are accompanied by little feminine touches, while there is an unprecedented demand for the soft materials so suggestive of womanliness.

But the distinctly dainty touch to the gowns of to-day is in the hand-work which, though it has held sway all summer, still has the field for the winter costumes. Each and every piece of a lady's wardrobe is to-day hand-embroidered

Now that the sheer lawn and linen blouses are being set aside for warmer ones of silk or cloth, patterns of eyelet work suitable for he heavy materials are being called for, and many women are busy decorating such blouses—the cuffs, collars and fronts—with this simple and effective embroidery.

The embroidery is done with silk on either silk or wool material, and generally buttonhole twist wil be found the most satisfactory, at least for eyelet work.

Another use of hand-work in lace is in making lace fans, and it is possible to make beautiful little gifts economically which in the shops would call for a fabulous sum.

PATTERN DEPARTMENT

NEW FALL SUIT

Coat—4912
Skirt—5114

THE new fall suits present so much variety that among the various styles there is something suited to every figure. The illustration shows an attractive model combining a half-length coat with one of the newest skirts. The coat is fitted in the back, and plain in the front. The quantity of material required for the medium size is: For the coat, 2¾ yards 44 or 52 inches wide, with ⅜ yard of velvet, and for the skirt, 5½ yards 44 or 52 inches wide.

DINNER DRESS

Blouse—5150
Skirt—4984

THE dress in any of the soft shades of grey, green, or blue, makes an exceedingly attractive gown for informal dinners or the theatre. The material, of course, is of the soft, silky finish, trimmed with taffeta bands on the cuffs and at the sides of the chemisette, and chemisette of all-over lace with jabots of lace. The

Blouse 5065—32-40 bust
Skirt 4732—22-30 waist

Blouse 5156—32-40 bust
Skirt 5135—22-30 waist

Coat 4912—32-40 bust
Skirt 5114—22-30 waist

Blouse 5150—32-40 bust
Skirt 4984—22-30 waist

waist opens at the back. For the medium size will be required, for the waist: 4½ yards 21, 4 yards 27, or 2¼ yards 44 inches wide, with ⅝ yard all-over lace, and 2⅝ yards of lace edging. For the skirt will be required: 11½ yards 21, or 10½ yards 27, or 6 yards 44 inches wide.

Afternoon Gown

Blouse—5156
Skirt—5135

THIS costume shows a variation from the ordinary styles. As shown, it is of Henrietta, in the new petunia red, combined with ecru lace. If made of light broadcloth, it is suitable as a street suit if worn with furs. For the medium size, material required is: 4¾ yards 21, 4 yards 27, or 2½ yards 44 inches wide, with ⅝ yards all-over lace. For the skirt: 9½ yards 27, or 5½ yards 44 or 52 inches wide.

Silk and Velvet Costume

Blouse—5065
Gored Skirt—4732

THE model shown here illustrates a striking and effective costume in silk and velvet, with lace trimming. The yoke collar makes a novel and attractive feature, and the sleeves are particularly graceful. The waist can be made with the chemisette separate or attached. For the medium size, material required will be: For the waist, 5⅛ yards 21, 3⅞ yards 27, or 3⅜ yards 44 inches wide, with ⅞ yard all-over lace, and ⅜ yard of velvet for the collar. For the skirt, 7¼ yards 21 or 27, or 5⅜ yards 44 inches wide, with 2 yards of bias velvet, and 5 yards of lace applique.

Shirt Waist Suit

Blouse—5147
Skirt—4834

NO dress is more useful than that made in shirt waist style, and the illustration shows one of the newest and most attractive designs of the season. As shown, the material is of Venetian red flannel, with trimming of little gold buttons. Any material is equally suitable. For the medium size material required is: For the waist, 4⅞ yards 21, 4¼ yards 27, or 3¼ yards 44 inches wide; and, for the skirt, 9 yards 21, 8¾ yards 27, or 5 yards 44 inches wide.

Fashionable Coat, 5045

THE vogue of the redingote has become an established fact, and it is constantly appearing in new and attractive forms. This model is well suited for a stylish rain-coat. For the medium size, material required is: 10½ yards 21, 8¾ yards 27, or 5¾ yards 44 inches wide.

Shirt Waist Suit

Blouse—5017
Skirt—5103

THE costume shown here is not too severely plain and is exceedingly attractive made in red, brown, green or dark blue, with banding in Oriental coloring. Cashmere and Henrietta, so greatly in vogue, make up attractively for this costume. For a medium size, the waist requires 4¼ yards 21, or 2⅛ yards 44 inches wide, with 1¾ yards of banding, and the skirt 10½ yards 21, 5 yards 44, or 4½ yards 52 inches wide.

Rain Coat, 5006

THE rain coat is an important feature of the wardrobe for November and December, and the accompanying model is particularly attractive. For a medium size it will require 6¾ yards of material 44, or 6⅛ yards 52 inches wide.

Blouse 5147—32-42 bust
Skirt 4834—22-32 waist

Redingote 5045—32-40 bust

Blouse 5017—32-40 bust
Skirt 5103—22-30 waist

Rain Coat 5006—32-42 bust

House Gown 5093—32-40 bust

Silk Gown

Waist—5049
Triple Skirt—4535

A CHARMING reception or afternoon gown is shown here—one suitable for any dressy occasion. Illustrated, the blouse is of all-over lace, with trimming of lace banding. The little bolero blouse is a favorite this season, while the triple skirt is eminently stylish and graceful. For the medium size, material required is: For the waist, 3½ yards 21, 2⅜ yards 27, or 1⅜ yards 44 inches wide, with 2½ yards 18 inches wide for the blouse and cuffs; and for the skirt, 11 yards 27, or 7½ yards 44 inches wide.

Reception Dress

Waist—5047
Skirt—4741

A PRETTY figured louisine makes up charmingly for this dress. For the waist will be required 4⅜ yards 21, 3⅜ yards 27, or 2⅜ yards 44 inches wide, with ⅞ yard all-over lace; and for the skirt, 12 yards 27, or 7½ yards 44 inches wide.

House Gown, 5093

NOTHING so contributes to a woman's comfort as a tasteful house-gown in which she is at once comfortable and daintily dressed. Any soft but durable material is suitable, as challie, cashmere, or nun's veiling. The quantity of material required for the medium size is: 11 yards 27, 10½ yards 32, or 7¼ yards 44 inches wide, with 1¾ yards any width for the front.

Misses' Tourist Coat, 5169

THE tourist coat makes one of the most satisfactory wraps for young girls, covering almost the entire dress. The design shows smart little strappings on cuffs and pockets. The quantity of material required for the medium size (14 years) is: 4⅜ yards 27, 2¾ yards 44, or 2¾ yards 52 inches wide, with ⅛ yard bias velvet for the collar.

Fancy Blouse, 5166

SUCH a blouse as this finds an acceptable place in every wardrobe—more elaborate than a shirt waist, yet simple enough to be worn beneath the coat. In this instance the material is taffeta trimmed with banding, but any material is suitable. The quantity of material required for the medium size is: 5⅜ yards 21, 4¼ yards 27, or 2⅛ yards 44 inches wide, with 3¼ yards of banding.

Shirred Blouse, 5172

BLOUSES of lace or net are to be greatly in vogue this winter, and this style is well adapted for such material. The little square chemisette is a pleasant variation. The quantity of material required for the medium size is: 4½ yards 21, 3¾ yards 27, or 2½ yards 44 inches wide, with 4 yards of insertion, and ½ yard all-over lace for chemisette.

Blouse with Bolero, 5177

HERE is another design showing the popular bolero effect which is particularly becoming to many figures. The material in

Waist 5049—32-40 bust
Skirt 4535—22-30 waist

Waist 5047—32-40 bust
Skirt 4741—22-30 waist

5166 Fancy Blouse, 32 to 40 bust.

this case is of louisine, with Valenciennes lace as trimming. Material required for the medium size is 3¾ yards 21, 3½ yards 27, or 1⅞ yards 44 inches wide, with 4¾ yards of insertion, and 4½ yards lace edging.

GIRL'S DRESS, 5176

COMBINATIONS of plaid, with plain material, as shown in this little frock, are attractive. The quantity of material required for the medium size (12 years) is: 6 yards 27, 4½ yards 32, or 3½ yards 44 inches wide, with 1 yard 44 inches wide of the plaid.

5174 Long or Short Kimono, 34 to 42 bust.

5172 Shirred Blouse, 32 to 40 bust.

CHILD'S LONG COAT, 5167

THE long coat makes the best wrap for children, and the plainer it is the more stylish is the little garment. For the style shown the quantity of material required for a child of six is: 4¼ yards 27, 2¼ yards 44, or 2⅛ yards 52 inches wide.

GIRL'S GUIMPE DRESS, 5125.

THERE is a charm in the frock to be worn with a guimpe that everyone recognizes, and which causes such dresses to be in perpetual demand. Here is one well suited to the school days, which can be worn with a guimpe of lawn or flannel, as desired. In this instance the dress is made of pretty novelty material, and piped with plain color, while the blouse is of white lawn. A neat little costume is made of a plaid, with white flannel guimpe. The dress is quite novel, and the skirt of box plaits is eminently suitable for the little folks. The quantity of material required for a child of ten is: 5 yards 27 or 32, or 3⅜ yards 44 inches wide, with ¼ yard 27, or 1¾ yards 36 inches wide for guimpe.

KIMONA, 5174

NO other neglige has ever become quite so popular as the kimona, and deservedly so, for no other such garment is at the same time as becoming a style and as comfortable a garment, the loose flowing gown being essentially suited to the needs. The model shown here is made of Oriental crepe, with banding of plain China silk, but while particularly well adapted for the kimona, any other soft material, such as cashmere, flannel, or even eiderdown, is equally suitable. The quantity of material required for the medium size is: 7¾ yards 27 or 32, or 5¼ yards 44 inches wide, with 5¼ yards of ribbon or 1⅞ yards of contrasting material for banding. If only a short kimona is desired it requires 4 yards 27, 3½ yards 32, or 2 yards 44 inches wide.

5177 Fancy Blouse with Bolero Effect, 32 to 40 bust.

PRINCESS GOWN 5179

THE Princess gown will be a pronounced favorite of the coming season, and when worn by women to whom it is becoming, the style is particularly graceful and attractive. This model includes all the essential features, while some of the severity is dispensed with, and an Empire effect is gained by means of the drapery arranged over the waist. In this instance the material

5179 Tucked Princesse Gown, 32 to 40 bust.

5125 Girl's Guimpe Dress, 6 to 12 years.

is peach colored crepe messaline, while the drapery is of chiffon velvet, and the trimming of lace. The quantity of material required for the medium size is: 13 yards 21, 10 yards 27, or 6½ yards 44 inches wide, with ½ yard of bias velvet, 3 yards of lace, and 9 yards of insertion to trim as illustrated.

5169 Misses' Tourist Coat, 12 to 16 yrs.

5167 Child's Long Coat, 2 to 8 yrs.

Coat Sleeves
(No Pattern)

THE group of sleeves show some of the newest ideas for coats or shirt waist suits. Each sleeve is a novel design, and has a distinct style of its own. In the majority of the stylish coats a touch of velvet is introduced on the collar and cuffs, and these designs carry out that style. No patterns can be obtained for these sleeves, as they are merely sketches of some of the latest Paris designs.

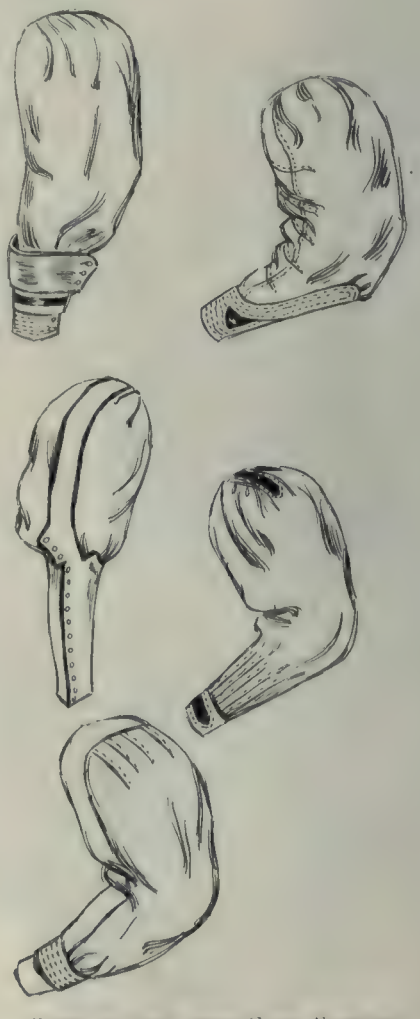
Girl's Dress, 5012

At this season many mothers are thinking about the party frocks for the little people during the winter season. Nothing is prettier and daintier for little girls than white organdie trimmed with Valenciennes lace and insertion. The model shown here is appropriate for dressy frocks. The puff is the best sleeve for such a dress, and the

5012 Girl's Dress, 6 to 12 years.

5176 Girl's Dress, 8 to 14 years.

bertha, as shown here, is becoming to most children. The quantity of material required for the medium size is: 8 yards 27, or 5 yards 44 inches wide.



Some of the new Coat Sleeves
(No patterns for these Sleeves)

MENU FOR ONE WEEK IN NOVEMBER

SUNDAY

BREAKFAST

Wheatlets Cream
Stewed Prunes
Cream Omelet
Fried Potatoes
Oatmeal Biscuit Coffee

DINNER

Broth with Macaroni
Roast Duck Apple Sauce
Roast Sweet Potatoes
Stewed Tomatoes
Charlotte Russe
Nuts and Raisins Cafe Noir

SUPPER

Escalloped Oysters
Cheese Celery
Apple Sauce Cake
Tea

MONDAY

BREAKFAST

Grapes
Shredded Wheat Cream
Bacon Fried Sweet Potatoes
Toast Honey
Coffee

LUNCHEON

Baked Tomato and Macaroni
Baking Powder Biscuit
Baked Quinces
Tea

DINNER

Cream of Celery
Cold Duck Apple Sauce
French Fried Potatoes
Boiled Onions
Grape Sponge
Cafe Noir

TUESDAY

BREAKFAST

Baked Apples
Oatmeal Cream
Broiled Finnan Haddie
Graham Gems Coffee

LUNCHEON

Macaroni and Cheese
Toast Stewed Pears
Tea

DINNER

Clear Soup (Duck bones)
Roast Lamb
Canned Peas Potatoes
Lettuce Pumpkin Pie
Cafe Noir

WEDNESDAY

BREAKFAST

Grape Fruit
Breakfast Cereal Cream
Poached Eggs on Toast
Coffee

LUNCHEON

Creamed Potatoes
Cold Lamb
Bananas Cream
Tea

DINNER

Sirloin Steak
Roast Potatoes
Creamed Cauliflower
Biscuits Celery Cheese
Fruit Cafe Noir

THURSDAY

BREAKFAST

Baked Apples
Wheatlets Cream
Bacon and Liver
Toast Coffee

LUNCHEON

Oyster Stew
Sliced Oranges Tea Cake
Tea

DINNER

Tomato Soup
Lamb Croquettes
French Fried Potatoes
Lettuce and Celery Salad
Plum Tart
Nuts and Raisins
Cafe Noir

FRIDAY

BREAKFAST

Bananas
Wheatlets Cream
Broiled Salt Mackerel with Cream
Dry Toast Honey
Coffee

LUNCHEON

Lettuce and Egg Salad
Pancakes Maple Syrup
Cocoa

DINNER

Mulligatawny Soup
Baked White Fish, Bechamel Sauce
Brussel Sprouts
Caramel Pudding
Whipped Cream
Cafe Noir

SATURDAY

BREAKFAST

Stewed Apples and Quinces
Breakfast Food Cream
Fish Balls Fried Eggs
Buttered Toast
Coffee

LUNCHEON

Clam Bouillon
Celery Cheese
Peanut Cake
Tea

DINNER

Boston Baked Beans
Stewed Tomatoes
Boiled Potatoes
Malaga Grapes, and Oranges
Cafe Noir

SEASONABLE RECIPES

CREAM OMELET

Melt one tablespoon of butter; cook in it one tablespoon of flour and a few grains each of salt and pepper; add gradually half a cup of milk, and when it boils remove from the fire, and add very gradually to the well-beaten yolks of three eggs; fold into the mixture the whites of two eggs beaten until dry.

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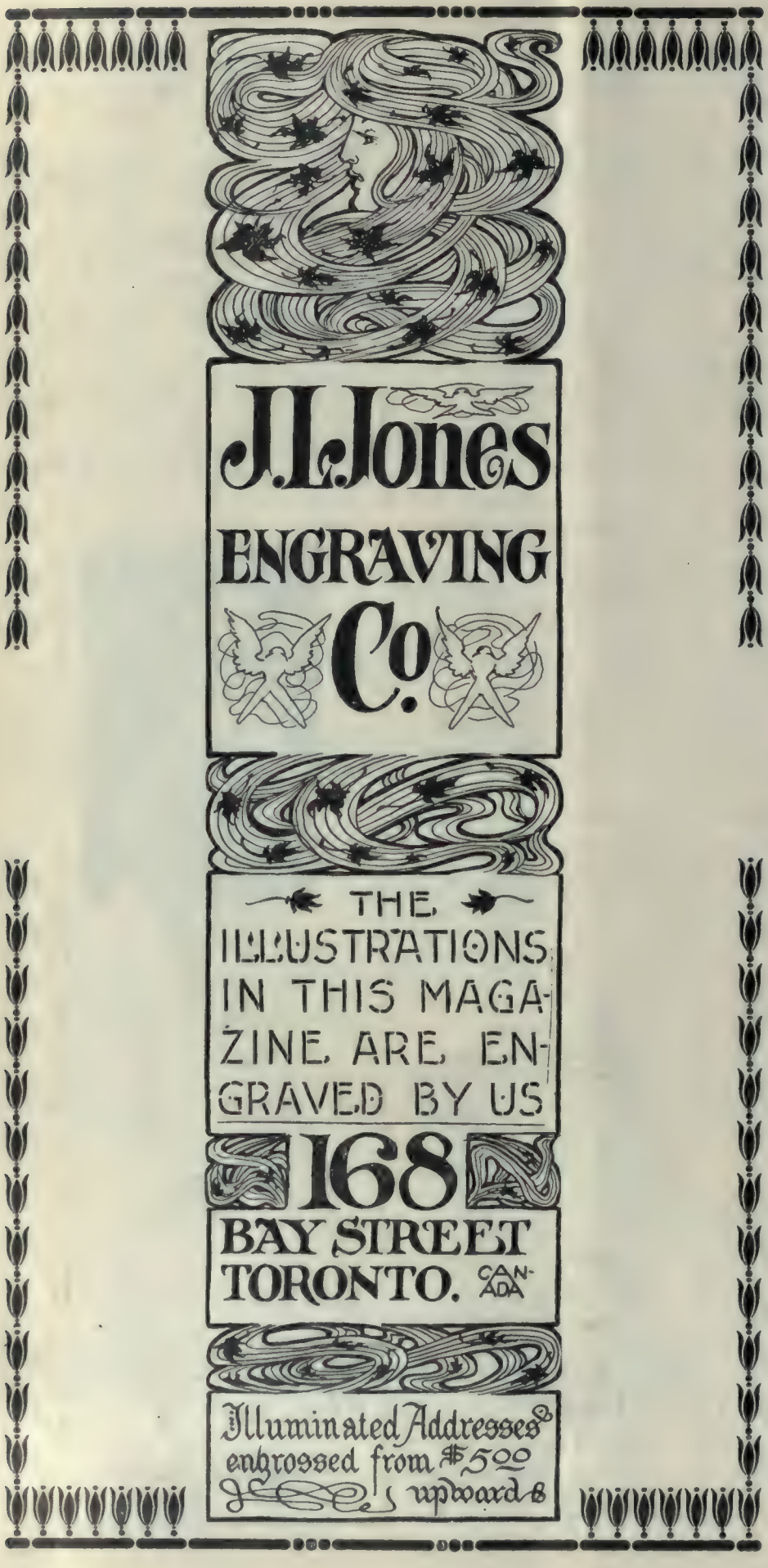

Turn the mixture into a hot omelet-pan, in which there is a tablespoon of melted butter; cook two or three minutes, taking care not to scorch. Then put into the oven until the top of the egg is well set. Score the omelet once across the centre of the top, at right angles to the handle of the pan, and turn on to a hot platter.

GRAPE SPONGE

Soak one quarter of a box of gelatine in one quarter cup of cold water; dissolve by standing the cup in hot water. Dissolve one cup of sugar in one cup of grape juice and the juice of a lemon, and strain the dissolved gelatine into it. Set the mixture into ice water to cool, stirring occasionally. Beat the whites of three eggs to a stiff froth, and when the gelatine mixture begins to thicken add gradually to the beaten whites, beating until the whole is very light, or stiff enough to keep its shape. Pile lightly in a glass serving dish, and serve very cold, with slightly sweetened whipped cream.

BAKED BANANAS

Mix together half a cup of sugar, a teaspoon of cornstarch, and one quarter teaspoon of salt. Stir into this one cup of boiling water, and cook until the sauce boils. Add the juice of half a lemon, or two tablespoons of currant jelly. Butter a baking-dish; remove the skins from half a dozen bananas, cut the bananas in half lengthwise, then again across. Put a layer of bananas in the baking dish, pour over a little sauce, and so continue until both are used. Mix together half a cup of cracker crumbs and one quarter cup of melted butter, and spread over the top. Bake until the crumbs are browned.

POTATOES WALDORF

Pare and wash potatoes, and cut round and round in curls, as though paring apples; place two dishes of fat over the fire for deep frying. When smoking hot throw the curls into one kettle, and fry until just commencing to color, remove with a skimmer to the second kettle, and cook until tender and nicely browned; drain on soft paper in the oven. Serve on a doyley after dusting with salt.

CHARLOTTE RUSSE

Chill and whip three cups of thin cream, remove the froth as it rises, drain and chill again. Beat the whites of two eggs until stiff; add gradually, beating all the time, half a cup of powdered sugar and one teaspoonful of vanilla. Fold in the chilled cream, and return to the ice for an hour. Line a glass dish with lady fingers, and fill with the cream. Serve very cold.

SCRAMBLED EGGS WITH OYSTERS

Cream together two tablespoons of butter and one teaspoon of anchovy paste. Melt,

and add half a dozen eggs, slightly beaten, with one quarter teaspoon salt and a dash of paprica. Stir and cook, and when beginning to thicken add half a pint of oysters cut fine. When nicely scrambled serve on little pieces of toast spread with anchovy paste.

ESCALLOPED OYSTERS

Butter a baking dish, and put in alternate layers of bread crumbs and oysters, with small pieces of butter and sprinkling of salt and pepper, having the last layer of bread crumbs. Add milk and oyster liquor until it can be seen at the top of the dish. Bake about half an hour in a moderate oven.

MACARONI AND CHEESE

Butter a baking dish, and put in it alternate layers of grated cheese, and macaroni which has previously been boiled until tender. Treat in the same way as escalloped oysters with milk, butter and seasoning, having the last layer of cheese. Bake for about half an hour in a moderate oven.

BOSTON BAKED BEANS

Boil a quart of beans in cold water for three quarters of an hour. Drain off the water, and put beans two inches deep in a brown crock. Add a piece of pickled pork (about two pounds) and cover over with the balance of the beans. Add two tablespoons of black molasses, and fill up with boiling water. Bake for six hours in a moderate oven or longer in a slow oven. For the first two hours the crock will need to have boiling water added three or four times, as it cooks away.

HAM OMELET

Make the same as plain omelet, and as soon as it begins to thicken sprinkle over it three tablespoons of finely chopped ham and cheese. Parsley, and chicken omelets are made in the same manner.

BECHAMEL SAUCE

Melt one tablespoon of butter, add one tablespoon of flour and mix until smooth; add one half cup of stock and one half cup of cream; stir until it boils. Take from the fire and add salt, pepper, and the yolk of an egg. This sauce is particularly nice for sweetbreads, chickens, cutlets and fish.

THE HUNTING SEASON

Deer Hunters in Northern Ontario.

MANY men take their vacation in the Fall when Nature has painted the foliage of the woods with her most brilliant colors. Now when the air is crisp and the nights are cool, is the most enjoyable time to visit the woods and the home of big game.

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Mix together two ounces each of brown sugar, ground rice, flour, raisins and suet. Dissolve one teaspoon of soda in a cup of milk. Mix all together and steam for three hours. Serve thin custard as sauce.

SPICED GRAPES.

Boil until soft six pounds of grapes. Strain the pulp through a sieve; to this add six pounds of sugar, one pint of vinegar, two tablespoons of cinnamon, one tablespoon of cloves, one teaspoon of salt, one-half teaspoon of pepper. Cook one hour and bottle.

PEANUT CAKE

Bake an ordinary layer cake in two square tins. Cut each layer up into small squares. Dip each little piece in icing of milk and icing sugar, and then dip in chopped peanuts.

GOOD IDEAS

Pure grape juice, says an authority on foods, is invaluable in either sickness or health. In fevers it is both food and medicine, and is more and more used by physicians. Oranges and pineapples make a delicious juice, but the small fruits are more valuable. Currants, used alone or mixed with a third of raspberries, are more so, and the huckleberry and elderberry yield products not to be despised. Blackberries, field or garden, are valuable medical agents, and the poorest cherry, unedible as a fruit, becomes nectar when made into a drink.

Clean tinware by applying to it with a sponge a thin mixture of whiting and water. Let this dry and then rub it off with a cloth. Polish with a wash leather.

TELEPHONES HURT POST CARD BUSINESS

(From the Electrical Review.)

THE telephone has been carried into so many fields of human activity that we have ceased to be surprised at its extensions. In the last three or four years there has been a remarkable decrease in the use of postal cards for private or personal matters. The officials of the Post-Office Department attribute this to the wide-spread extension of the telephone into both urban and rural districts. Formerly many engagements and social affairs were transacted on postal cards between persons living in the same city, but of late the telephone has captured a large percentage of the business, and such affairs as appointments, friendly chats, the ordering of groceries and provisions, dealing with mercantile firms, physicians, etc., can be so much more quickly and easily done by telephone that the postal card has suffered severely from the loss of public favor.

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THE

NATIONAL MONTHLY

AND CANADIAN HOME

VOL. X. TORONTO, DECEMBER, 1905 No. 3.

Entered according to Act of the Parliament of Canada in the year one thousand nine hundred and five, by THE NATIONAL MONTHLY PUBLISHING CO. of Toronto, at the Department of Agriculture.

CONTENTS

THE NATION'S PROGRESS - - —*Illustrated*
BURNING OF THE BRUSH - - —*Serial Story*
WORLD AFFAIRS - - - —*Illustrated*
THE SUBSIDING OF CALAMITY HALL —*Complete Story*
THANKSGIVING WITH THE VOLUNTEERS —*Illustrated*
THE SENOR - - - - —*Serial Story*
THE DRAMA - - - - —*Illustrated*
THE WORLD OF PRINT
FASHION DEPARTMENT - - —*Illustrated*
CHRISTMAS SUGGESTIONS
CHRISTMAS MENU AND RECIPES

THE NATIONAL MONTHLY AND CANADIAN HOME
AN ILLUSTRATED MONTHLY MAGAZINE
PUBLISHED BY THE NATIONAL MONTHLY PUBLISHING COMPANY
241 RONCESVALLES - TORONTO, CANADA
SUBSCRIPTION PRICE, ONE YEAR, $1.50. SINGLE COPIES, 15c
Subscribers ordering change of address must give both old and new address in full | Advertising rates sent on application
Advertisers desiring change of advertisement must send copy not later than the tenth of the previous month.

A WORD ABOUT THIS NUMBER

A NEW serial story begins in this number of THE NATIONAL MONTHLY AND CANADIAN HOME. "Burning of the Brush," by Maude Petitt, is a cleverly written tale, refreshing in its varied scenes, holding the interest of the reader throughout the recounting of the interesting career of "Matches," the wild little auburn-haired heroine of the story.

Another new tale by Marion Keith, author of "The Adventure of a Blue Silk Gown," "The Rose-Colored Parasol," and others which have appeared at intervals in THE NATIONAL MONTHLY or THE CANADIAN HOME, will be appreciated by our readers. The author, Marion Keith, is a young Canadian writer who is gaining attention, and who has already had one book published outside of her contributions to magazines.

In selecting the stories for THE NATIONAL MONTHLY AND CANADIAN HOME, preference is always given to the work of Canadian writers. We believe that a Canadian enterprise should offer encouragement to the efforts of Canadian men and women; but it is not only from principle that we select the writings of Canadians, but from a conviction that they are as capable as any, of good work, if given encouragement and inspiration.

THE pictures to which we have given prominence this month are well abreast with the events of the day.

In passing, we would call attention to the illustration of one of the greatest football games of the season. Football has a meaning for the country at large, beyond the mere amusement afforded. While we are not extravagantly commending the roughness of the game, we *are* impressed with the importance of outdoor sports and exercise. It is the physically strong, active men, who are mentally the best balanced, and thus apt to have an influence in the making of a country. The boy who enters with his whole heart into a game of football, and has a loyal enthusiasm for his college or his football team whose honor he upholds, is the one most likely to be enthusiastic for the progress of his country and for its honorable position amongst the nations. So we uphold this national game as one that aids in producing the healthy, clean-minded, clear-headed Canadian men.

We call the reader's attention again to our illustrations which show the review of Toronto and other volunteer regiments held on Thanksgiving Day after the "sham battle" in the Don Valley. There has been a good deal of comment recently on our Canadian volunteer service.

This volunteer service is one of the country's greatest resources, and deserves recognition as such. It creates a patriotism which is no mere sentiment, and makes a man feel more thoroughly a Canadian than is possible under any other circumstances.

Young men joining a regiment have a certain pride in their uniform and soldierly appearance, their perfection in drill, and other details. Assuredly wherever the uniform is seen it should command respect, standing as it does, as an emblem of our country's strength. Yet, who has respect for an ill-fitting garment which gives the wearer a slovenly untidy appearance, or for soldiers who have not a practical knowledge of military requirements?

The volunteer service should, in every way possible, be made attractive to the young men of Canada, and events, such as the annual sham battle at Toronto on Thanksgiving Day are a means towards arousing interest and enthusiasm.

WE have an important announcement to make this month in reference to the subscription price of THE NATIONAL MONTHLY AND CANADIAN HOME. On amalgamating the two former publications, we have found that in order to produce the magazine on the lines we have adopted, it is essentially necessary to advance our subscription prices from one dollar a year, and ten cents a copy, to one dollar and a half a year, and fifteen cents a single copy. Those whose subscriptions are at present running, will, of course, receive the magazine for the full length of time subscribed for at the original price of one dollar.

We feel assured that our readers will in no way be losers by the new arrangement, as it will enable us to produce a better magazine than was published in either THE NATIONAL MONTHLY or THE CANADIAN HOME.

THE NATION'S PROGRESS

THE TARIFF COMMISSION

A DISTINCT advance in the method of revising the tariff must be credited to the Federal Government. Formerly it was all done from Ottawa, and those who had requests to make or views to urge had to go to Ottawa, where the general public had no knowledge of what was going on. This resulted in "hole and corner" tactics. Now the method is changed. The Chairman, Hon. W. S. Fielding, says that the commission is, above all things, an open public enquiry, and they desire that any person who has anything to say shall come in open meeting and present his views. Sometimes they received private statements, but they prefer that they be presented openly, so that they could be discussed. The Commission has been holding meetings all over the Dominion, so that all districts and all varieties of opinion may be represented, discussed and considered. Next session the tariff will probably receive careful revision. The farmers and the merchants, we think, should receive more consideration than formerly, when most of the benefit has been directed toward the manufacturers. It is to be hoped, however, that there will be no lowering of the tariff to admit American goods to be dumped into Canada and injure our manufactures. Canada still needs protection from the commercial giants of the Republic. The Tariff Commission consists of Hon. W. S. Fielding, Chairman; Sir Richard Cartwright, Hon. Wm. Paterson, Hon. L P. Brodeur, Hon. Sydney Fisher, and the Secretary, Mr. John Bain.

HON. W. S. FIELDING, MINISTER OF FINANCE

THE WESTERN ELECTIONS

THE elections in Alberta have resulted as we expected, only more so. A proportion of 24 out of 25 seats is more than even the most sanguine friends of the Government anticipated. New communities, however, almost invariably vote with the Government or central authority which created them, and it is a very natural course. The introduction of party lines, modelled after the two great Federal parties, is hard to understand The main question insisted upon by the Liberals, was whether or not the Laurier Government should be sustained or condemned. The Conservatives tried to make the people discontented with the Autonomy legislation, and to condemn the Government as the guilty parties. Their efforts, however, were in vain, and the Government of Hon. A. C. Rutherford is returned almost unanimously. We trust that Alberta's choice may prove a wise one, and that the people will now settle down to steady progress in all that makes for a vigorous national sentiment, national unity, prosperity, the arts of peace, and the qualities of good citizenship. We present a cut of Hon. A. C. Rutherford, Alberta's new premier.

HON. A. C. RUTHERFORD, FIRST PREMIER OF ALBERTA

HOW OUR TRADE GROWS

THE October trade returns just to hand are of a most satisfactory character. Our agricultural exports increased $6,309,345 over October 1904, while other like gains were contributed as follows: Fisheries, $1,500,000; produce of the mines, $1,400,000; animals and their produce, $1,228,000. Altogether our exports for the month under discussion exceeded those for the same month a year ago by $10,585,544. Those figures show that Canada has begun to reap the results of her

(*Continued on page 84*)

RHODES' SCHOLARSHIP STUDENTS AT OXFORD

EDUCATION, in the sense of book-learning, had but a secondary place in the idea of the late Mr. Cecil Rhodes when he established in the English colleges scholarships for young men from the various parts of the British Empire and the United States. The whole principle underlying his plan seems to have been Anglo-Saxon unity, including, as he does, all English-speaking countries in his educational scheme.

An extract from his will on the subject of the Rhodes Scholarships states clearly his idea in awarding the same. The text of the will reads :

"My desire being that the students who shall be elected to the Scholarships shall not be merely book-worms, I direct that in the election of a student to a Scholarship, regard shall be had to—

(1) His literary and scholastic attainments.

(2) His fondness of and success in manly out-door sports, such as cricket, football, and the like.

(3) His qualities of manhood, truth, courage, devotion to duty, sympathy for the protection of the weak, kindness, unselfishness and fellowship, and

(4) His exhibition during school-days of moral force of character and of instincts to lead, and to take an interest in his school mates, for those latter attributes will be likely in after life to guide him to esteem the performance of public duty as his highest aim."

This method of selection makes it clear that the men desired are less those of high scholastic attainments than those who might be termed the "good all-round man." For the man who will be able to sway men is not a mere student, nor a mere athlete, nor merely a man of good moral qualities, nor yet a mere forceful character, but a combination of all four characteristics which go to make up a man equal to carving out a career for himself.

The above illustration shows the first Rhodes Scholarship students from Canada, Newfoundland, Jamaica, Bermuda, Australasia, South Africa, United States and Germany.

Those from Canada are : From British Columbia, A. W. Donaldson ; from Manitoba, J. C. Maclean ; from the former North-West Territory, R. V. Bellamy ; from Nova Scotia, G. Stairs ; from Ontario, E. R. Patterson ; from Prince Edward Island, W. E. Cameron; from New Brunswick, C. B. Martin ; and from Quebec, H. J. Rose and J. Archibald.

bountiful harvests. The returns for the current and succeeding months should be equally satisfactory, and this will go far to correct the recent tendency for our exports to increase much more slowly than our imports. Our exports increased $7,046,000 for the first four months of the fiscal year. Imports increased $3,115,087 in October, and $5,522,000 for the four months. The returns should soon show a trade balance in our favor. Of late years, from two or three causes, the balance of trade has been against us. The crops of 1905 bid fair to bring our imports and exports into a better relative position.

THE TORONTO OF TO-DAY

WITHIN the memory of men now living Toronto has grown from a scattered, ill-kempt village, to be the largest city, the capital city, and the chief commercial and distributing centre of the richest and most populous province of Canada. Aside from its premier place in manufacturing, the jobbing trade in Toronto is the largest in the Dominion. In 1904 the imports entered for consumption at Toronto amounted to $49,106,315, and the duty to $9,118,592. This is an increase in duty of almost $1,500,000 over 1903. Toronto has many distinct advantages in the way of transportation. Two great trunk roads centre in the city, which tap all the rich country east, north and west. The cheap freightage by lake shipments, together with the splendid railway facilities, ensure Toronto's maintenance of its dominant position in matters of manufacturing, trade and commerce.

Toronto's factories employ about 50,000 hands, and distribute in wages some $24,000,000 yearly, the annual output of the factories being valued at about $70,000,000. It takes 40,000 horse-power to turn the wheels of Toronto factories, and within a year Niagara power at low prices will be available, adding cheap power to Toronto's other advantages as a manufacturing centre.

Among all cities of its size, or even much larger, Toronto is easily first in matters of education. Forty-eight public schools, and sixteen separate schools, with a total of over 40,000 registered pupils; three large collegiate institutes; one technical school; numerous and well-filled denominational colleges for the young of both sexes, besides institutions like Upper Canada College and the Model School; the Provincial University with 10 affiliated colleges, and smaller universities. Besides the University proper, have sprung up immense buildings devoted to the faculties of medicine, chemistry, physics, biology, practical science, pharmacy, dentistry, besides colleges of divinity for all the leading denominations. In the matter of amusements Toronto is rich. A long water front, the Humber and Don Rivers, parks galore, the Island, beautiful scenery, pleasant driveways and tempting by-paths. Polo, bowling, cricket, tennis, golf, baseball, lacrosse, have their devotees, as have also the many aquatic clubs, and the Jockey Club. In winter, curling, hockey, skating, snowshoeing, tobogganing hold sway.

STATUE OF THE LATE SIR OLIVER MOWAT, FORMER PREMIER AND LIEUTENANT-GOVERNOR OF ONTARIO, AND MINISTER OF JUSTICE FOR THE DOMINION, UNVEILED IN QUEEN'S PARK, TORONTO, ON NOVEMBER 4TH

W. H. Allward, a Toronto Sculptor, Whose Statue of Sir Oliver Mowat adds to his Reputation as a Clever Artist

Taken in all, the Toronto of to-day holds an enviable position. In manufacturing, finance and insurance, educational work, commercial and trade activities, and as a centre of the best life of the Province, Toronto stands pre-eminent.

CANADIAN TRADE WITH BRITAIN

THE expansion of commerce between Canada and the mother country grows apace. In the volume of British agricultural imports the place filled by the products of the Dominion is large.

In cheese, for example, Canada easily retains the lead, for out of a total of 488,287 imported into the United Kingdom this year, the Dominion furnished half, the country ranking next being the United States.

The United Kingdom has imported nearly four times as much butter as cheese; namely, 1,245,968 cwts. While Denmark furnished nearly one half, New Zealand sent one seventh, and Australia sent six times as much as is credited to Canada, although just how much Canadian butter may appear on British breakfast tables as Danish there is no means of knowing.

The cattle imports to great Britain were entirely from this continent, Canada in the four months ending April being credited with only 25,000 head, while the United States figures as having sent 153,971. As a matter of fact, a large part of Canada's cattle exports in those months figure as coming from the States for the reason that a large part was shipped by the Grand Trunk from Portland, Me. The Dominion comes well to the front in its bacon exports, in which it takes the third place, with 205,694 cwt. The United States leads in this, as in hams, and Denmark takes a respectable place.

The lesson that the figures teach is that there is a large market in Great Britain which is open to Canada, and as it is entirely free to us and to the whole world, it only requires increased effort on our part to secure a larger share of it.

MOVING THE WHEAT CROP

BETWEEN Sept. 1 and the close of navigation in December, 1901, the Canadian Pacific Railway carried from the West to its elevators at Fort William 12,360,000 bushels of wheat. During the corresponding period of 1902 it carried 15,550,000 bushels to the same terminal; in the following year it carried 9,900,000 bushels, and in 1904 it carried 12,280,000 bushels. The total quantity of wheat produced in Manitoba and the North-West Territories in the above-mentioned years were:

1901	63,310,482	bushels
1902	67,034,117	"
1903	56,146,027	"
1904	59,502,458	"

It is expected that, with an increase of nearly 50 per cent. in the quantity of wheat grown in Western Canada this year, as compared with that produced in previous years—for it is estimated that this year's yield will be upwards of 90,000,000 bushels—several million bushels in excess of that carried in any previous season will be brought to Fort William before navigation closes at that port six weeks hence: and it is stated by competent authorities, says the *Montreal Star*, that the quantity that will reach the lake front via the Canadian Pacific Railway by December 5, at which date navigation usually closes on the Great Lakes, will not fall short of 20,000,000 bushels. Of this amount 5,600,000 bushels had up to October 21 reached there, as compared with 4,220,000 bushels during the corresponding period of 1901; 5,720,000 bushels in 1902; 3,325,000 bushels in 1903, and 3,100,000 bushels in 1904. So that, in all likelihood, there will be handled between October 21 and Dec. 5, 14,400,000 bushels of wheat, as compared with 8,140,000 bushels handled during the corresponding period four years ago, as against 9,830,000 bushels in 1902, 6,575,000 bushels in 1903, and 9,180,000 bushels last year.

OUR KING

EDWARD VII, King of Great Britain and Ireland, and of the dominions beyond the seas, was sixty-four years old on November 9. Although the official celebration of the day is fixed to take place at another time, the 9th of November is not allowed to pass without a general recognition among Britons at home and abroad. In earlier days, when "Victoria, the Good" was the model of all a sovereign should be, there may have been vague forebodings of what should come after her. To all who knew, however, the sound sense and wise policy of Edward, then Prince of Wales, especially when he had reached maturity of judgment, there could have been no misgivings. But if when King Edward ascended the throne, there were good hopes that he would worthily fill this high place, it must be said that he has more than fulfilled them. So well has he played his part, and it is a very influential part, notwithstanding Britain's popular government, that he is known as "Edward, the Wise," "Edward, the Peacemaker," and by other terms indicating the high opinion held of him not only by his own people but by rulers and men of other states. His influence is for good and not for ill in statecraft, for peace and prosperity, and not for rapacity and world disturbance. That he may be long spared to rule in wisdom and justice, and to aid in preserving the peace of the world, may well be the wish of all who love quiet and well-being. This is the especial wish of Canada.

THE NEW MINISTER

AS was expected, Mr. A. B. Aylesworth was successful in contesting North York. That his majority was not equal to some of those which were the pride of Sir William Mulock is not at all surprising. The late Postmaster-General had a long acquaintance with his constituents, had done much for the riding personally and politically, and was a general favorite. Mr. Aylesworth has begun the process of getting acquainted, and will, as time goes on, probably, become "solid" with the people. The present juncture requires rare courage and firmness in dealing with questions between the great corporations and the people. We hope Mr. Aylesworth will be able to add strength to the element in favor of national ownership of telegraphs and telephones. This policy has been a great success in Great Britain for years, and is a legitimate extension of the postal service. This can best be done now, before the corporations become all-powerful and their hold cannot be relaxed.

A FOREIGN TRIBUTE

IT is seldom that one trade rival speaks as well of another as does the following extract from a leading American authority. Referring to the Grand Trunk Pacific, the Wall Street Journal says:

"The cost of the undertaking is variously estimated at from $150,000,000 to $200,000,000. and the railroad is to be completed and equipped within five years. Aside altogether from benefits which the construction of the road will bring to Canada through the opening of an entirely virgin territory to settlement and production, the mere fact that such an enormous sum of money is to be expended in the country, largely in the shape of wages and for supplies which will be wholly of home production, is a sufficient guarantee of great general prosperity during the period of building at least. But when it is considered that the present wheat-producing capacity of the country is only 2 per cent. of the equally good grain-growing land which will be thrown open to cultivation by the construction of this great national undertaking, the possibilities are simply staggering. It means that within ten years the production of wheat in Canada will be limited only by the ability to find the labor to cultivate the land and handle the crops. This development means a coming economic change, which must be taken into consideration as a world's factor. Canada is now producing about one-sixth of the wheat raised in North America. Her new facilities

THE FINAL GAME OF THE INTERCOLLEGIATE FOOTBALL LEAGUE BETWEEN TORONTO 'VARSITY AND MCGILL, 'VARSITY BEING VICTORIOUS. OVER 4,000 SPECTATORS WITNESSED THE SCENE

will increase her ability so vastly that it is evident that she will, before many years, control the grain markets of the world, and in that fact there is much food for thought for the agriculturist of the United States."

LIQUOR LEGISLATION

THE tide of temperance sentiment in Ontario is not only strong but steadily advancing. There is an undoubted and overwhelming desire for a distinct advance in liquor legislation, covering not only license reduction, but increase in license fees. This has resulted in another demand. The campaign for local option is a vigorous one, and it appears as though not a few municipal elections may be complicated by the introduction of this question. Whether or not this be wise is doubtful. But the fact remains that the people at large are ready for further restrictions on the liquor traffic. And when the people demand it, it will come. Already rumors are abroad of sweeping license reductions to go into effect in the spring. This should, we think, be accompanied, as a natural consequence, by an increase in fees. The liquor trade journal, by an unwise editorial, has done its own cause much harm. Canada is ahead of most countries in the regulation of the liquor traffic, but much remains to do.

ST. LAWRENCE ROUTE

A STORM has been raised in the press regarding the lax methods in vogue in the protection, lighting, buoying and pilotage systems on the St. Lawrence. This season five bad accidents have occurred, resulting in immense losses and vexatious delays to shipping and cargoes. A continuance of this will inevitably result in a great advance in marine insurance rates on such traffic, and perhaps the refusal of ship owners to risk their best and largest vessels on such an unsafe route. We believe that a thorough investigation is necessary into the conditions governing and surrounding the whole route, and the necessary remedies fearlessly applied. For our great national waterway to be discredited at home and distrusted abroad is too great a calamity for the country to contemplate without taking heroic measures to remove the evils, and make the St. Lawrence route safe and efficient.

TORONTO AND MONTREAL

ACCORDING to Mr. Robert S. White, Collector of Customs for Montreal, and formerly editor of The Montreal *Gazette*, and M.P. for Cardwell, Toronto is gaining on Montreal in population, assessment, street railway traffic, imports, bank clearings and manufactures. The gain in manufactures is most striking. In 1881 the ratio of Montreal to Toronto was 54 to 19; it is now 74 to 60. Toronto seems to be becoming more and more the centre of distribution for imports. It is now in order for Toronto people to check the growth of an unseemly pride, and to forget how Montrealers used to make kindly inquiries about the health of the village in the backwoods of Ontario. Jesting aside, however, and after some newspaper discussion, it appears clear that Toronto is making rapid gains, and that while still far short of Montreal in actual population, yet in all that makes a city great Toronto will soon be in the lead.

CANADIAN INSURANCE

Mr. John B. Laidlaw, President of the Insurance Institute of Toronto, discussing the present disturbance in insurance circles, has said:

"The life insurance companies are just now coming in for a good deal of criticism provoked by the extraordinary disclosures in New York. While no one would attempt to defend the improprieties that have come to light, there is a danger that the public in their surprise and anger at what is bad may attack a great deal of what is good. There can be no question as to the absolute solvency of the great life insurance organizations in the United States and in this country, and the press should warn policyholders against dropping their policies, as it is said many are doing.

"The investigation now going on will certainly strengthen the hands of those who have in the past fought against the excessive commissions and high expense ratios indulged in by the leaders. It is all very well for the man in the street to say that such and such should not have been done, but in practice one cannot do business unless he is prepared to pay the market price for labor, and if a few organizations which are of themselves able to do all the business which is offered are willing to pay excessive remuneration to all who are capable of doing the required work, what are the companies with good intentions to do. They must either liquidate through inability to secure salesmen or meet the competition." While we believe in a thorough investigation of our insurance companies if the policyholders demand it, we would deprecate any general alarm or withdrawal of confidence merely because some professional agitators are endeavoring to make capital for themselves by hurling vague charges at our Canadian companies, without offering the slightest evidence in support of their wild assertions.

CANADA AND THE WEST INDIES

FOR some years an agitation has been in progress looking to the confederation of the British West Indies with Canada. It is understood that proposals to this end are under consideration. It is asserted by some advocates of the measure that Canada would benefit very materially, inasmuch as it would give Canada territory in the tropics. The prospect of confederation under these circumstances is regarded in Jamaica and the other islands with great satisfaction, as affording the easiest and best solution of the tariff question between themselves and Canada. Under a system of confederation West Indian products would be introduced into the Dominion absolutely free of duty, so that no friction could arise between the planters and the refiners. Nor, say the West Indians, would the arrangement be without its advantages to the Dominion. As already pointed out, Canada would reap the benefit of adding tropical provinces to her territory, and getting the pick of West Indian products—raw sugar, rum, molasses, bananas, pine apples, and other fruits, rubber, bitumen, and all descriptions of dye and other woods. The trade of the British West Indies already amounts to £8,000,000 annually, and it is believed that this would increase, and that a much larger proportion of it than she already receives would fall to the lot of Canada in the event of confederation. There is to be considered the danger of the islands becoming Americanized. Every year sees the process increasing, and unless this confederation soon takes place it may be impossible in a few years. It is worthy of consideration as a question of preserving the integrity of the British Empire.

BURNING THE BRUSH

By Maude Petitt

CHAPTER I

A Stranger at Wiggin's Siding

IT was in the blue light of a May day just a moment gone; a few scattered stars shone—little watch-fires among the dashes of white cloud spread like gypsy tents along the west. The radiance of the spring sunset had paled in a breath that night, as though Nature even thus early in the year had come suddenly upon some sad secret and was folding it away in her bosom. But the air was filled with the freshness of young leaves and bursting buds, and the damp of tender grass. A late robin chirped along the snake fence, but already the evening lamps were beginning to shine from the scattered log dwellings at Wiggin's siding.

The great saw-mill stood silent; the heap of sawdust had settled down with a sodden air; the toads were hopping along the fresh sawed planks; but the cant-hooks lying carelessly where the men had thrown them among the logs, and the little "phiz" of steam from the exhaust pipe all went to show that the busy operations of the day were but suspended for a few hours. Jim Thompson, the master of the mill, was in his garden across the road preparing to burn the brush. Things were not as prosperous with "the boss" as they had once been. Time was when Jim had made money in that little mill-yard.

"Melindy," he would say to his wife sometimes, "There's no use talking, Melindy, we got to move. The country's gettin' too cleared up. We got to go north and keep a-goin' till we strike a better place. We can't make money out 'o sand. You got to have timber. We want to get clean back in the woods again."

And Melindy assented in the stolid way she always assented to everything Jim said. She was big and fat and slow-moving, with a half-sleepy expression on her honest, broad, unanimated countenance. She was always tired, always good, with a patient, unvarying goodness—and generally late with the supper. She was late with it to-night. The Thompsons had not yet had their evening meal.

Mr. Thompson touched a match to two of the brush heaps he had stacked up. Instantly there was a crackling in the still air, and in and out between the two fires ran the little, freckled-faced Thompsons—one-two-three-four-five-six of them! And all boys but the little one! The eldest was probably fourteen. Down the garden path came another, a girl of about thirteen. Her gold-red hair shone even in the twilight, flying in tangled strands about her shoulders as she ran.

"Oh, here comes Matches!" shouted the boys. "Won't need to light the other brush heap, Dad! Matches 'as come out. We'll fire it with her hair!"

And the two biggest boys locked arms across their sister's path as she ran. In a moment there was a medley of laughs, squeals and cries as the boys tumbled her, head foremost, into the brush, in a way that would have meant jabbed eyes and a scarred face to any other than a child raised among the mill-yards and the log-heaps.

"Oh! Otch! Murder! Boys! Bart! Will!"

But the hapless victim laughed, nevertheless.

"There she goes! Hark at it snap! I told you one yank o' that hair 'ud fire a brush heap."

And, sure enough, the red tongue of flame crept up through the twigs, to the great delight and amazement of the little ones; Will having stealthily transported a burning brand from the other heap.

"Yee! Yee! Yee! Matches' hair set fire to the brush! Yee! Yee! Yee!"

"Here, you young rapscallions! Who told you to go an' fire that pile?" shouted Thompson.

"We didn't fire it, Paw. It was Matches' hair struck it off."

"I'll strike you off, if you don't take care. Who do you think's goin' to mind these fires while y're at yer suppers? You'd have the place burnt up if I let you alone."

BUT father Thompson's wrath always burnt out quickly, and a moment later he and the boys were busy heaping the outlying branches into the heart of the flames. Matches alone stood unoccupied. The flames lighted her face and her red hair. She was going to make a very pretty girl. But Wiggin's Siding had not seen it yet. Her coming beauty was hidden under a veil of uncouthness. Her beautiful hair was an unkempt mass. In fact she had no pride in it, though she had grown so used to being teased about its reddish glow that she took good-humoredly now what once had been her cross. What might have been an exquisite complexion was coarsened and browned by constant exposure to wind and sun, and the regularity of her features had somehow been lost sight of.

But, just now, as she stood there, with the fire reddening her cheeks and her round, full lips, and playing in flickering shadows on her hair, with her great, reddish-brown eyes full of pensiveness, and her slight little figure showing just the faintest suggestion of the coming curves of womanhood—just for a moment ten-year-old Bart stopped in his great efforts at the fire and looked at her, and he would have been boyishly ashamed of telling the others how pretty he thought she looked. Little boy Bart was the first to discover her beauty. He discovered it there by the bonfire that night, and he kept the discovery to himself.

One thing all Wiggin's Siding knew—Matches was clever. Not a pupil in the little plank schoolhouse over there could outstrip her. The teacher of that school had once told at a convention of a pupil who was so clever as to be an embarrassment. She grasped everything so long before the others as to continually have time left on her hands for mischief. Matches was the embarrassing pupil.

But it was when she "spoke pieces" that she had Wiggin's Siding at her feet. Was it some little trick of manner behind the pink calico gown? Was it some witchery in the luminous eyes? Anyhow, she made the people laugh, or the rough coat sleeves give a sharp brush across the eyes, pretty much as she chose. She was always in demand at the "tea-meetin's" and "sociables," and in those solemn hours when Matches was "speakin' pieces" freckled-faced Bart used to forget himself and put his thumb in his mouth with a glum look. There was something in Matches he could not comprehend.

No one knew how she had come to be called "Matches." She was three years old when the Thompsons moved to the Siding. Probably the boys had given her the name

because of her red hair and once hot temper. Her real name was Wayne. But it was "so like a boy's name," her mother had said.

"What made you call her that, then?" asked a neighbor woman. But a frightened look went over Mrs. Thompson's stolid face as she stumbled an evasive reply. "Matches" the child was called. "Matches" she remained.

There were those in Wiggin's Siding who whispered she was not a Thompson; she was the child of rich parents somewhere. They even hinted that Thompson got money for "her keep." But be that as it may, no man dare repeat the story to Jim Thompson's face.

MEANWHILE the girl crouched down to look at the bonfire; the rest too busy to heed her. She watched the heat-waves quivering in the air and the cloud of smoke, and the myriad sparks that hurried up—up—away up. It was growing a little darker now; in the pale upper sky was just the glint of a star or two like specks of silver dust; while over the cedar swamp where the hills fell to the south the round moon rose like the great white eye of some invisible monster come to watch. Everything was still. Even the hills that shut in Wiggin's Siding had a silent look. And then she noticed that the sky that used to rest just on their tops looked far away to-night. She was conscious of a great space between sky and hill, as though a world might lie between. And the imaginative child found herself wondering what that world might be. A whip-poor-will called plaintively through the silence; the burning brush crackled; Thompson whistled softly; the boys shouted orders to each other. But a great sadness had fallen suddenly like a garment on the heart of poor little Matches. And she knew not what it meant.

A black top-buggy crept slowly over the hill. It was drawn by a white horse. The buggy was very black and had a shut-in look. The horse was very white. The pace was very slow. Matches sat watching.

"Say, Matches, are you gettin' batty?" shouted a voice in her ear.

"I'll bat you, Bart Thompson," she said, with a roughness of tone she was learning of late.

"She's going to make a rough kid," one of the mill-hands had said lately. But he didn't know everything.

A chase followed down the lane, through the open gate, and up the road. Matches was a fleet runner, but Bart was the stronger of the two, and fast out-distanced her. Suddenly the chase stopped. Bart had turned into Coggin's yard, and there was a great black dog there that was the terror of Matches' life. She stopped breathless on the culvert beside the little water-hole where the ducks waded in the day-time and the polywogs wiggled in the sun. She fell back into her old occupation of star-gazing.

A great reddish light had tinted again the clouds in the south, as though Day had repented her leaving and come back again to do battle with the Night. Earth and sky wore a weird, unnatural look. Matches had not noticed that the black buggy was slowly creeping upon her. She looked up suddenly and saw the white horse almost at her side. The buggy stopped. The reddish cloud threw a luminous wave full on the face of the driver. He was a middle-aged man with heavy jet black hair, dignified, erect, handsome, splendidly clad—a man unlike anyone in the locality of Wiggin's Siding. Matches took it all in at a glance, the glossy black cloth, the immaculate linen, the brown eyes, with their kindly but furtive smile, the firm under-jaw, the half-whitened moustache, in contrast with the blackness of the hair. His face took on a more marked pallor in this half supernatural light that was flooding everything.

"Could you tell me, little girl, how far it is to the next town?"

"About eight miles, sir. You follow this road straight to Carlton's Corners. That's six miles up. Then turn to your left."

"Thank you, thank you very much."

But still the stranger made no haste to move on, and there was a kind, fatherly manner about him that disarmed the child.

"You seem very fond of watching the sky," he said, "It is beautiful out here in the country."

"Oh! this isn't the country. This is Wiggin's Siding, sir," she answered, with much dignity. "The village stops there at that snake-fence. That's country after that."

"Oh, I see," replied the stranger, smiling. "Well, where I live we don't see much sky, just houses. It's a long way to the country."

"Oh! I don't see how you stand it, sir. I wish sometimes the world was all sky above and below."

"Why, what do you see no nice in the sky?"

"Oh! you see lots of things. You see that pretty, long cloud over there. That's a shore, and the blue all around is the great sea, and there are people waiting on the shore for the other people who are coming. And that cloud over there is like a big bird. See its head is turned toward us, and its tail is long and striped. And that white cloud, that's a mother leaning over a baby; and the high white cloud is an angel with its wings outspread above them both."

She stopped with a sudden consciousness that she was getting too big a girl for these fancies, and that she was talking too much to a stranger. Bart was looking at her from Coggin's straw pile, and it was getting darker.

"Our bonfires are burnin' at home, sir," she said, and with this unceremonious leave-taking, she turned suddenly down the road.

THE stranger watched her for a moment, unconscious that Bart was approaching.

"Look here, sir, you needn't be talkin' too much to her. She's my sister. I've got the lookin' after uv her," said the little chap in a threatening tone.

"Oh! you have? Well, I'm glad she has such a sturdy champion."

And the stranger laughed heartily as he touched the whip to his horse and was gone.

Bart stood looking after the buggy. "Champion! Champion!" What did that word mean? He would start to-morrow at school and study, so he would. He wouldn't be shut up like a blockhead with a big word the next time some sleek-coat came along. That he would not.

"MATCHES!" called her father, as she went into the garden. "What was that man sayin' to you?"

"He wanted to know how far it was to Carlton's Corners."

"What else did he say."

Matches looked sheepish for a minute, "He wanted to know what I saw—what there was in the sky."

"Humph! Pity he didn't know what there was in the sky," grunted Jim Thompson, as he pitched some more brush into the flames.

"Supper!" called Mrs. Thompson's voice from the kitchen door. And Matches rushed ahead to relieve her of the baby.

"Oh, dat lil papoose! dat lil papoose! Oh, papoose, come to yer mammy-o—" And the baby put out its little arms to its mother-sister.

"Look, Mammy, ain't he just too cunnin'?"

It was a hungry crowd that swarmed around the supper table.

"Why don't yeh set them spoons clean off the table?" growled Thompson.

This was the common grace with which the Thompsons began their meals. As long as Matches could remember, her father had growled out those same words whenever Mrs. Thompson had done the setting of the table. And as long as she could remember her mother had continued to put the spoon-holder out of his reach, not from perversity, but from that stolid indifference that kept her forgetful of everything, always working on in her wheel-like routine.

The customary introduction over, they began their meal. Once or twice Matches looked up and caught her father's eyes resting upon her with a strange, sharp questioning look. He even called her "Wayne" once, and she had not heard her right name before in years. But she was busy with the papoose, and with spreading her one little sister, Becky's, bread and butter. It was dark now, and the lamp was lighted. A knock at the door interrupted them. It was no unusual thing to hear a knock at the door at supper-time, but Jim Thompson went white as he opened it.

"Good-night, Jim. I put yer monkey-wrench in the wood-shed window here. I'm on my way down to Fred's to see how his foot is."

"Oh—er—thanks, Will. Just havin' supper. Come in an' have a bite?"

"No thanks, Jim. I'm in a hurry, kind uv."

The door closed. The meal proceeded. They had just about finished when another knock came—a soft knock this time, a knock of a gloved hand. Again Jim Thompson's face went white, and as he opened the door Matches looked up from the table, and the flood of lamplight fell full upon the face of the stranger she had seen in the black buggy. Mrs. Thompson was crossing the floor from the kitchen stove at the same moment with a cup of tea in her hand, and the cup went, as the boys said, "all to smithereens."

"Good-night, Mr. Thompson."

"Good-night, sir, good-night. I'll be out in a minute. Just wait till I get my coat."

"Wonder Paw didn't ask him to come in," said his son Will. "Must be some big gun wantin' lumber."

Mrs. Thompson said nothing. And the baby cried so that it took all Matches' efforts to hush the "lil papoose."

Bed-time came, and still Jim Thompson did not return. The little, round eyes in Ma Thompson's broad, fat face had for once a look of excitement, but she said nothing. The boys were sleepy and dropped off one by one. Matches undressed her "dear lil papoose," and heard little Becky's prayers; then Mrs. Thompson said they "had better go to roost" themselves. In a few minutes the light was out in the little plank dwelling across from the mill, but the master of the house had not returned.

OUTSIDE the moon rode high among the fleecy clouds; the wind rose and moaned, and drifted, and moaned like an autumn wind; the old apple tree threw its branches with a bang against the bedroom window where the children slept, then creaked and was still. Matches listened for awhile, and wondered where her father was, then fell asleep.

But Mrs. Thompson, on the other side the board partition, did not sleep.

Outside a white horse was tied to the fence at the end of the lane, a horse that seemed to understand that its business was secret. It neither chafed, nor stamped, nor uttered sound. With one foot and one elbow on the fence, Jim Thompson had propped his burly figure. Beside him stood the stranger. Their talk was in a low, suppressed tone, scarcely audible a few yards away.

"I tell you what it is, Mr. Peterson," said Jim Thompson, "I awful hate to do it. She's been like one of our own. We haven't got but the one little girl, that's Becky, and my woman she's awful sot on Matches. If it weren't for the mortgage on the mill—but, as you say, a hundred dollars would go a good way, an' we begun to think when you didn't write for so long we'd never get the back money. But then Matches would 'a' been our own. I—I awful hate to let her go, Mr. Peterson, and I don't know about the woman," nodding toward the house. "I suppose, though, you don't want her brought up here in the backwoods. But the woman'll make a fuss."

"Oh! that's all right. Leave her to me. I'll talk to her. It's settled then, is it?"

"Y-e-s, settled." But Thompson spoke as though the conflict within was still unsettled.

Then the two men bent their heads down over the fence-rail, as though they were counting something. It looked like bank-notes in the moonlight. Thompson shoved the wad into his pocket, and they both turned toward the house.

AN hour later Matches was startled in her sleep by the light of a lamp shining suddenly on her face.

"Wake up, Matches! Wake up, child! They're goin' to take you away!"

Still dazed; still but half-awake, but with her eyes open very wide, the girl looked up at Mrs. Thompson holding the lamp above her bed. There was nothing stolid or heavy about Mrs. Thompson's face now. It was very nervous, very excited, almost terrified. She put the lamp down on the big, old, black bureau by the bed.

"I might as well tell you, Matches. You are not our own child. Your folks sent you to us when you wuz a baby, and we made you believe you wuz our'n, for we didn't want you to feel lone-like among the others. Now your uncle 's sent for you, an' there's a man here to take you."

Still Matches did not answer. She only sat up in the great, uneven feather-bed, and looked about her with a bewildered air. Little Becky was still sleeping beside her. The two littlest Thompson boys were asleep in the other bed. She rubbed her eyes, and still she was not sure whether it was a dream or not. For the sleep of childhood is deep and hard to rouse from.

One! two! struck the kitchen clock; then tick! tick! tick! The silence was broken by the subdued voices of men in the kitchen. Then Mrs. Thompson suddenly threw her arms about Matches, and sobbed—and sobbed.

"Oh, Matches! God help us! I don't know how we can! You're like our own."

The voices in the kitchen went on for a moment.

"Two o'clock, Mrs. Thompson," said the soft voice of the stranger. "Afraid I'll have to hurry you a little."

Then the woman ceased her cries and looked more stolid than before.

"I guess you'll have to get dressed, Wayne, I'll comb your hair fur yeh."

It was the second time that night the girl had heard her real name, "Wayne."

(Continued in January Issue)

WORLD AFFAIRS

COUNT WITTE,
FIRST PREMIER OF RUSSIA

LATEST PICTURE OF THE CZAR OF RUSSIA AND HIS SON AND HEIR

GOVERNOR-GENERAL TREPOFF

UNHAPPY RUSSIA

LAST month we scored another "scoop," in reporting the grant of a form of constitutional government to Russia. The world's hopes for a peaceful inauguration of the blessings of freedom in Russia have not been realized. The centuries of despotism, misrule and oppression have reduced the peasantry of Russia in most districts almost to the rank of beasts, untutored, brutal, superstitious, bloodthirsty. The grant of free government has, in most instances, been interpreted by them as the removal of all restraints and the death of authority. All over the Empire to-day reigns anarchy, massacre, bloodshed and license. Odessa, Kishineff, Sebastopol, Finland, Warsaw, the whole Caucasus region, are wholly given over to murder, pillage and revolt. Oceans of blood have been and are being shed, the fury of the mobs being particularly directed against the Jews and Armenians. These disorders appear to be such a natural result of racial prejudices and revolutionary spirit when all restraint was removed, that most thinking men foresaw in a general way the events as they came to pass, and are still predicting that the Russian people have a long, treacherous and hard road to travel before they can expect to enjoy in complete security the fruits of their desperate struggle for liberty. As *The Baltimore News* says: "There is vast doubt and uncertainty still ahead. Revolution in Russia is not only subject to the vicissitudes and instability which are characteristic of revolutions in general, but is affected by a quality which differentiates it from any ordinary political revolution. Civil liberty is what the Czar and Count Witte propose to establish; but civil liberty is not by any means the object in the minds of all those who have been active in bringing about the revolution. Anarchy is the ideal of some; Nihilism was long the watchword of many; Socialism is the goal aimed at by a large part of all the leaders; and, perhaps, most serious difficulty of all, the notions entertained by probably the great mass of ignorant followers of the leaders are of a vagueness and crudeness—compounded as they are of a sense of economic suffering and a desire for political rights—which we can not easily realize."

The most encouraging facts which the press see in the critical situation are that Count Witte is now in practical control of the Government, while the revolutionary forces are showing some tendency and capacity for organization. But in the progress of the nations away from one-man rule toward the rule of all men equally, leaders have never been lacking, and the cause has never permanently lost ground. That this may be true of Russia is the hope of all the freemen of the world. Whether the cause of liberty must in Russia be further baptised with fire and blood we know not. Of one thing we are sure—that liberty must and will progress—even in Russia.

JAPAN WELCOMES THE BRITISH FLEET

ELSEWHERE in this department we refer to a visit of a British squadron to New York, and the festivities which marked that occasion. In far-away Japan there has been a duplicate of this. Admiral Noel with the Pacific squadron has visited Japan, as a visible expression of the goodwill and the alliance between the two nations. The treaty recently concluded between Britain and Japan has brought about an even greater enthusiasm for Great Britain amongst the Japanese than existed before. They realize that with the backing of our Empire against any other single nation they are secure. Consequently the welcome to Admiral Noel and his fleet was as warm and demonstrative as only an Oriental welcome can be. It is arranged that next year Admiral Togo with an imposing array of warships shall visit Great Britain, where the greeting to the modern Nelson will probably surpass any similar event in many years.

THE UNITED STATES AND CHINA

IT is quite apparent that much ill-feeling and resentment exists in China against the United States.

Some months ago we chronicled the fact of the boycott against American goods, which has since become over the whole Chinese Empire a menace to American trade. Efforts to check this boycott by the revision of the Chinese Exclusion Act have seemingly been too late.

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THE MOSKVA RIVER AND CITY OF MOSCOW, RUSSIA, WHERE THE REVOLUTION REACHED ITS MOST DANGEROUS STAGE

The ill-feeling grows and has evidenced itself by acts of violence. Rear-Admiral Train was attacked by a Chinese mob for wounding a native woman with a shot while pheasant hunting near Nanking. An action has been instituted before the Hague Tribunal to recover damages for the wrongful exclusion of Chinese citizens from American soil. And finally the murder of five American missionaries at Lienchow is the culmination of a series of events which are most dangerous to the good relations between the two countries. *The Literary Digest* says:

"Many papers think that things have reached such a stage that the wisest statesmanship and most cautious diplomacy must be exercised if very serious consequences are to be avoided. The unfortunate and dangerous state of affairs is looked upon as all the more alarming for the reason that the Empress seems to be practically unable, and the Governors of many provinces avowedly unwilling, to punish the wrongdoers and prevent a repetition of their offences."

The cause is not far to seek. The rigid Exclusion Act has been enforced against Chinese citizens with much severity, and usually, with needless discourtesy, even in the case of Chinese students and others sent to the States, not to compete in the labor market, but to study American methods and conditions, with a view to introducing them at home. To us it seems as though Uncle Sam has simply acted on the assumption that might makes right, and he strenuously objects to China resenting in her own way the wrongs against her citizens, of which so much complaint has been made. President Roosevelt himself has instructed immigration officials to be less severe and more courteous towards incoming Chinese.

FREEDOM'S VICTORY

THE month just past has seen a notable series of victories won for the cause of civic purity over the corrupt boss rule in many American municipalities. In New York city, in Philadelphia, in Cincinnati, and in the States of Pennsylvania, New York, Maryland, New Jersey and Ohio, boss rule has been smashed, for the time at least. In Rhode Island and Massachusetts, and in far away San Francisco, the boss still survives the general cataclysm which smote his class. The most notable achievement of all was that of Mr. W. T. Jerome, who, on a ticket formed of only one name—his own—defied the united forces of both parties, and won against great odds. His work as District Attorney (corresponding to the Canadian position of County Crown Attorney), in ferreting out and punishing law-breakers, grafters, and corruption, had frightened the Tammany leaders and the Republican machine alike. Now that he is re-elected by a

large majority, he may be expected to be still more energetic in his campaign for civic purity and observance of the laws. This great gain for freedom and honesty has not been won in a day. For sixteen years in the United States party lines have been growing fainter. What first aroused the interest of the world was perhaps the exploits of District Attorney Folk, of St. Louis, several years ago in cleaning out the corrupt ring of grafters and heelers who misruled that city, and fattened on its contracts and an alliance with vice. He is now Governor of the State, and is going on with the good work. Soon after District Attorney Deneen of Chicago, following the same methods, became Governor of Illinois. A peculiar thing is that the people have cared little for party names. Both Republican and Democratic bosses have been ruthlessly swept away, and room made for clean men with better ideals of the duties of citizenship.

PROF. EMIL BEHRING, GERMAN SCIENTIST, WHO CLAIMS TO HAVE DISCOVERED A CURE FOR TUBERCULOSIS

PROFESSOR BEHRING'S DISCOVERY

SINCE Professor Koch's reputed discovery of an antitoxin for tuberculosis about a decade ago, the world has been on the alert for some really reliable cure for that most dreaded of all diseases. Just recently Professor Behring has announced that he has discovered the long-looked-for remedy. The details are not yet made public, but it is safe to assume that a scientist of Professor Behring's standing would not make such an announcement unless he had firm belief in his discovery. For the successful man who solves the problem of curing consumption the world should have a better reward and more lasting fame than ever warrior won or statesman wrung from fickle fate.

BRITISH FLEET IN NEW YORK

PRINCE Louis of Battenberg, commanding the Second Cruiser Squadron of the British navy, has been busy again cementing the ties of Anglo-American friendship, and incidentally returning the visit of the American squadron at Portsmouth of less than a year ago. The squadron, the Prince, the officers and the crews have been welcomed right royally at New York, where an impressive ceremony of welcome had been arranged. While the sailor Prince was entertained lavishly, and charmed all by his hearty manner and unassuming *bonhomie*, the officers were the guests of the American officers, and the sailors made merry after their fashion with the Jack tars from the American fleet. These reunions, while purely social affairs, are expressions of international courtesy and good will, and do much to make sure and strong the bonds of friendship and amity. Other examples, even more pregnant with potentialities, were the similar reunions of the French and British fleets at Brest, and again at Portsmouth, thus drawing closer the bonds which mutually attract the two most democratic countries in Europe—France and Great Britain.

NORWAY'S KING

BY a plebiscite vote, Prince Charles of Denmark was elected King of Norway on November 14, and thus the final act in the great drama is enacted. King Oscar has lost one of his two kingdoms; Norway is a free and independent state; the ambitions of the republicans have been crushed, and a settled government under a constitution has been obtained for Norway. The republicans had hoped to poll 33 per cent. of the vote, and thus in future contests hold the balance of power. They only polled, however, 21 per cent., and thus the fears of the neighboring monarchies, as to the spread of republican doctrine, were unfounded. The new king will be known as Haakon VII. He married Princess Maud, a daughter of King Edward VII.

THE SULTAN AND THE POWERS

SULTAN ABDUL HAMID having refused to inaugurate the Macedonian reforms which were promised over a year ago, Great Britain, France, Italy, Austria and Russia have united to force the Sublime Porte's compliance. Germany alone refuses to participate. The method used is the only one capable of influencing the wily Turk—that is, compulsion.

ERICSON JAMES.

PRINCE CHARLES OF DENMARK, AND HIS ROYAL CONSORT, NOW ELECTED KING HAAKON VII OF NORWAY

THE SUBSIDING OF CALAMITY HALL

By Marion Keith

SILVER CREEK was a typical Ontario village, very pretty, very neat, and very bustling and cheerful, except on a summer afternoon, when the children were shut up in the little white schoolhouse at the corner, and the gay gardens lay dreaming in the hot sun.

But these drowsy periods did not occur very often. At most times the little brick church, whose modest spire scarcely out-topped the swaying elms, was the only quiet spot in the village. All day long Sam Harper's anvil, as steady as the stroke of a pendulum, clanged away musically. Someone was always coming and going at the corner store; the cheese-factory and the flour-mill hummed a song of plenty; and down by the pond, where the saw-mill stood, the screech of the saw as it tore its ruthless way through the wet logs, the banging of the lumber, and the shouts of the men on the pond would have enlivened a whole township. Then there was the school, and when its door opened and poured forth a cataract of screaming children, not the biggest city in Canada might compete with us for noise and commotion.

There was always something transpiring to enliven the place; there were the daily visits of the mail-carrier, the doings of the new minister's wife, and the scandalous goings on of old Adam Lawson's five motherless girls, whose misdemeanors were shockingly apparent to everyone in the village except old Adam himself. Indeed Silver Creek was never dull, even at night, for the frogs piped away merrily down in the swamp by the mill, and the little Silver Creek itself fumed and fussed along over its hard, stony bed, and went splashing down a short incline just behind the cheese-factory, with as much commotion as though it had been a really-truly river, instead of a silly little brook.

BUT there was one place in Silver Creek which out-did all the others put together as a source of unfailing fermentation. Other disturbances occasionally subsided.

The school had holidays in the summer; the Creek sometimes went dry during the hot August days; the mill always shut down during several months in the year; and, once, when old Adam Lawson broke his leg, the girls did not scream nor chase each other round the house with dippers of water for a whole week. But although other disorders might come and go, sensations went on forever at Mrs. Allingham's little white house on the edge of the village.

The liability to accidents enjoyed by that unfortunate household had long become a proverb in Silver Creek, and had earned it the name of Calamity Hall. The appellation was bestowed on it by one of the saucy Lawson girls, and in consequence the young ladies were forever afterwards treated with polite frigidity by the mistress of the mansion.

Calamity Hall was situated on a rising ground at the end of the village, a conspicuous position, convenient for the neighbors, who were on the outlook for excitement. It was a rather neglected-looking place, with a tiny porch in front, and a half-cultivated garden in behind. There was a little lawn, about the size of a table-cloth, spread out in front, decorated with a beautiful marble figure, which gave the place an air of distinction, in spite of the over-grown garden, and inside this place dwelt Mrs. Allingham, her daughter Angelina, her cat Lord Aberdeen, and a harvest of curiosities gathered from the corners of the world.

MRS. ALLINGHAM, herself, was an object of interest, being the only real aristocrat Silver Creek could boast. She was the widow of an officer, of some repute, in the English army, and lived in the afterglow of the departed captain's achievements. Though she was very polite and kind to all the village folk, she never became familiar with anyone except, perhaps, the minister's wife. She never put a shawl over her head, and ran over to a neighbor's house for a few minutes' gossip, the way ordinary people did; and she said "shall I?" and softened her r's when speaking, and altogether had an air that made Silver Creek society somehow doubtful of its position.

Then, Angelina was always kept rigidly apart from the young people of the village; and even Lord Aberdeen was not allowed to wander about and visit promiscuous cats. His Lordship was rather difficult to manage, for though he wore a blue bow, there was no false pride about him, he was a boisterous, sociable sort of feline, who caused his mistress much anxiety.

Angelina was more submissive. She was a pale, sweet-faced girl, with big, pathetic eyes looking out enquiringly upon an unknown world. She had no companions, and knew nothing of a Canadian girl's freedom. Though she had grown up in Silver Creek from a little mite, all eyes and hair, to a tall, slender young lady, showing strong signs of beauty, the young people of the village scarcely knew her.

BUT Angelina, Lord Aberdeen, and even Mrs. Allingham herself, failed to create the intense interest that centred in Calamity Hall. That arose almost entirely from the curios with which the little house was crammed; for they, in company with Lord Aberdeen, gave the place its ominous name.

The number and variety of Mrs. Allingham's treasures was the talk of the whole country-side. On the parlor wall hung Captain Allingham's uncle's sword, that did such great work in the battle of Lundy's Lane, and on the centre-table, in a leather case, lay a medal that great man won in the Crimea. Behind the door stood an old musket that had been used to good effect by some other gallant Allingham against the Indians, a helmet worn by still another when he climbed the heights of Quebec in the footsteps of Wolfe, and a half-dozen other trophies telling of our Canada's achievements.

Then there were the results of many years of travel, bits of coral from the Sandwich Islands, pebbles from the bottom of the Nile, diamonds in the rough from African mines, and lumps of gold from California. Chinese idols, old buckles, curious knives and pistols, strings of beads, pressed flowers, satin shoes and sword-hilts lay strewn all over the house in picturesque confusion. Mrs. Allingham would never listen to Angelina's oft'-repeated suggestion that they purchase a case to hold their treasures. Her mother believed in living among them, breathing their fragrance of ancient greatness, and, in fact, being one of them herself.

And this was partly the reason for the many accidents that befel Calamity Hall, and made it a veritable exclamation point at the end of the village. What with Lord Aberdeen's boisterous ways, and the careless ease with which things were scattered about, not a week passed that

some dire catastrophe did not overtake the sacred relics. Lord Aberdeen would knock over some valued treasure and destroy it; the force of gravity, which always seemed to be stronger in Calamity Hall than elsewhere, would overcome some rare piece of china; or—a gust of wind would whisk away a precious wisp of tropical grass, and then there was trouble and consternation in Calamity Hall, and subsequently in the whole village.

The first visible sign of the trouble was either Mrs. Allingham or Angelina running across the road for Mrs. Henderson. Excepting the minister's wife, Mrs. Henderson was the only woman in Silver Creek with whom Mrs. Allingham was on intimate terms. Though only an ordinary farmer's wife, she was such a kind, comfortable, comforting body, not even the relics could have resisted her. And then she had no children who might be troublesome companions for Angelina. So, as soon as an accident transpired Mrs. Henderson was immediately upon the scene with sympathy and advice as to the partial restoration of the unfortunate treasure.

Except in emergencies, Mrs. Henderson was the only frequent visitor at Calamity Hall. Between the elegance of the hostess' manner, and the instability of the furniture, visits to Mrs. Allingham were something of an ordeal. Indeed, Mrs. Morrison, the wife of the mill-owner, who was a very stout lady, declared after her first, and last, visit to Calamity Hall, that she felt as ticklish as the day her man took her over the mill when the saws were all buzzing and screeching.

Poor Mrs. Allingham herself suffered quite as much as her guest during that unfortunate call, though she was too well-bred to say so, for Mrs. Morrison wrought dreadful havoc during her short stay. She had no sooner stepped inside the door than she stumbled over a fragment of an Alpine avalanche; and in attempting to regain the perpendicular knocked over from a frail bracket a teapot that had belonged to a Lady Allingham.

BUT in spite of such drawbacks, a visit to Calamity Hall was a liberal education. Mrs. Allingham was a gracious hostess, and willing to show one everything of interest, from a shell picked up on India's coral strand, to a splinter of rock shaved off Greenland's icy mountains.

Everyone in Silver Creek was quite proud of the collection. There was not such another north of Toronto, the minister declared, and each person felt a distinct sense of personal loss when a calamity overtook any part of it. When the lump of meteor rock fell off the kitchen shelf and broke a cup that Captain Allingham's great grand-aunt had presented to her by a famous Duchess, everyone went up to examine the damaged article, and mourn with the bereaved owner. And when Jake Henderson came down to the post office one evening with the startling news that the South American parrot that could talk Spanish like a Don, had escaped into the pine woods behind the house, the whole village turned out and neither ate nor slept until the bold adventurer was safely housed, ruffled and squawking, in his gilded cage.

But in spite of much sympathy, the tidy housewives of Silver Creek often shook their heads over the confusion of Calamity Hall, and mothers with grown-up sons were wont to remark in their hearing that anyone who got Angelina Allingham for a wife might as well make up his mind to spend the rest of his days in the hay-mow.

But there seemed little prospect of Angelina's ever marrying anyone in Silver Creek. She lived a life apart, quiet and lonely. The young men of the village admired her, but at a distance, and the most intrepid youth among them would as soon have thought of walking into the saw-mill furnace as going a-courting at Calamity Hall.

So, having settled Angelina in its mind, the village one day received quite a shock by a most unprecedented action on her part.

It was a dull, hot afternoon. Calamity Hall had been silent for nearly a week, and no one had anything of interest to talk about. Miss Stebbins, the village dressmaker, had just taken her sewing under her arm, and was starting across the street to ask Mrs. Morrison if there wasn't any news, when she stopped amazed by the sight that met her. Up the street whizzed a smart top-buggy, driven by a smart young man, and in it sat Angelina Allingham, flushed and happy—looking just like any ordinary girl.

Miss Stebbins had been away from home for a week, and was totally unprepared.

"Ain't that a caution, now?" asked Mrs. Morrison, meeting her at the door, for she, too, had been watching the strange apparition stop at the door of Calamity Hall. "Mrs. Allingham'll feel worse than if all her falderals was knocked to bits in one swoop."

"Who on earth is he; is he a Dook or a Prince?"

"A Dook! My land, if he was, Mrs. A. wouldn't think he was good enough. Why, my land! Susan Stebbins, it's Phemie Henderson's nephew, Maria's boy, you mind. Jake's not been well, you know, an' he came to look after the farm. Jinnie Lawson says he took an awful notion to Angelina the min'ite he set eyes on her. He's only been here a week, an' he's had more to say to her in that time than all the young fellas in the village put together, an' I guess he picked her up just now comin' from town. They didn't drive off together, for I seen Angelina startin' off to walk. Just you wait now, her mother knows by this time, an' there'll be a peck o' trouble!"

"Lord Aberdeen won't be in it!" giggled Miss Stebbins. "My, I hope she elopes with him, I don't mean the cat, but young what's-his-name; what's he like?"

"He's just the finest set-up chap you'll see in a day's walk. Frank Land's his name; he's as smart an' as fine lookin', with big snappin' eyes just like his mother; she was a good lookin' girl, I tell you, when she was young, an' this boy's her image. An' my man says he's fairly makin' things hum round the farm; Jake an' Phemie both think the sun raises an' sets on him, mind ye, an' if Mrs. Allingham comes down on her with any o' her blue-blooded nonsense, you'll see Phemie Henderson'll not take it very kindly, mind you that, now!"

"Goodness me!" Miss Stebbins gasped. The infinite possibilities suggested by this aspect of the case sent her off in a hurry to see what the post-master's wife thought of the matter. The post-master's wife echoed Mrs. Morrison's sentiments, indeed, the whole village was unanimous in its opinion that a very serious kind of trouble was brewing at Calamity Hall.

FOR the next few weeks excitement ran high in Silver Creek. Young Frank did not share the village reverence for Mrs. Allingham's relics, or the fear of Mrs. Allingham herself. He boldly walked over to Calamity Hall in the evenings, and was received with fluttering joy by Angelina, and with chilling reserve by her mother. How it would end, all Silver Creek was dying to know, and speculated at great length as to whether the young man had courage and determination enough to hold out against Mrs. Allingham's hostility.

Poor Frank needed all Angelina's sly glances of encouragement, for their course of true love ran very roughly. He agreed with Mrs. Allingham that he was

not good enough for Angelina, but that was because she was Angelina, and an angel in his eyes. Nevertheless, he persisted in his suit in spite of obstacles, and they were as many as Mrs. Allingham could put in his way. When he came to see Angelina the mother sat between them polite and cool, and absorbed the conversation. Young Frank was big and muscular, and accustomed to the free space of the open fields, and he never put his devoted head inside Calamity Hall without causing terrible devastation.

So the unwelcome courtship continued, until at last there came a day when Silver Creek recognized with disappointment the fact that the young man had succumbed to the relics and the ancestors. He had not been seen to approach Angelina in any way for a week.

AS soon as the news spread, Mrs. Morrison put on her bonnet one afternoon and went up to Mrs. Henderson's to see if she could learn all the ins and outs of the case. She found Miss Stebbins and two of the Lawson girls there ahead of her, and even the Minister's wife had dropped in quite casually.

Yes, Mrs. Henderson had news, she told it reluctantly and tearfully, for she was not the woman to say an ill word of anyone if she could help it. But the unpleasant truth was that Mrs. Allingham had forbidden Frank to cross her threshold again.

"We've been friends for eighteen years," sighed Mrs. Henderson, wiping her eyes, "and I never thought it would come to this. 'And, mebby Frank was to blame, poor boy; he got kind o' mad at the cat, I think, about something, though I never quite got the rights of it, he felt that mean, but I think he kind o' gave Lord Aberdeen a kick, an' Mrs. Allingham couldn't stand that, an' that's the end o' everything."

"Well, I wouldn't go over pamperin' her up, next time anything's broke!" declared Mrs. Morrison. "She's smart enough at runnin' after yous folks when she needs you."

"Indeed I won't," said Mrs. Henderson, with some firmness. "If Frank aint good enough to go into her house I aint either."

Mrs. Henderson kept her word. Relations between the two houses had become so strained that even on the day Lord Aberdeen pulled three feathers out of the tail of the bird of paradise, Mrs. Henderson hardened her heart and Mrs. Allingham suffered alone.

But the two severed friends were not the only sufferers. Poor Angelina's pretty color faded, and her eyes grew more pathetic every day, while Frank took to long, lonely excursions to town and worried his aunt half to death by the capriciousness of his appetite.

The whole village was alive to this new calamity, minor accidents shrunk into insignificance before it, and even the news that Lord Aberdeen had made another depredatory attack upon the bird of paradise caused very little sensation.

BUT one afternoon it became apparent to everyone within seeing distance that something was more than usually wrong at Calamity Hall. Angelina and her mother were darting about the tiny lawn, approaching the house and then hastily retreating, like frightened birds around a rifled nest.

Miss Stebbins, who was just going across the street to buy another half-yard of lining for Maria Lawson's new pink silk dress, first sighted the commotion, and gave the alarm. It was a quiet hour in the afternoon, late enough for most of the household cares to be laid aside, and yet too early for preparations for tea; so soon nearly every housewife in Silver Creek had run up the slope to see what was the matter this time.

They found Angelina and her mother standing trembling just outside the closed door, while from within came sounds of an alarming character, sounds as though some huge creature were careering about the house destroying everything within its four walls. Mrs. Allingham was wringing her hands and trampling recklessly over the flowerbed, bordered with Congo pebbles and Arabian shells—for the collection had overflowed into the garden.

"Oh, my beautiful collection; my beautiful collection!" she wailed, "it will all be destroyed! Oh my dear captain!"

"Whatever in the world is it, Mrs. Allingham?" cried Miss Stebbins, as soon as they arrived within shouting distance. "Is your house afire?"

"No, no; there's something in it. I don't know what! I was just dusting one of the snuff-boxes—the one my dear captain prized so much, the one the Earl of Essex— Oh listen! Angelina, that must have been my lovely Queen Anne teapot!"

"What on earth is it?" shrieked the postmaster's wife, who was a nervous little body.

"An animal, my dear; oh *such* a creature. It came in from the woods—rushed in! Angelina, dear child, was in the garden, and I fled and shut the door, and it's been—" A deafening crash from within sent up her hands in a gesture of horror.

"Is it a wild cat, I wonder?" screamed Maria Lawson. "Where's Tom Bates; he's got a gun."

"I believe I'll peep in and see it," ventured Miss Stebbins, who was seldom daunted. "I ain't afraid."

"That all comes o' her foolish notion o' always havin' the blinds down—a body can't see in," grunted Mrs. Morrison, who, stout and breathless, had just arrived. "What kind o' a lookin' thing was it, anyhow, Mrs. Allingham?"

"Oh, my beautiful collection; my beautiful collection! Oh, it was a terrible animal, my dear—a monster!"

Here Miss Stebbins stepped back hastily from the door.

"It couldn't a' been a bear—could it?" she gasped.

"I don't know—oh, I don't know; I think it must be—oh, oh *listen!*"

The strange animal was evidently careering round the parlor smashing every one of the smashable articles in the place. "Oh, mother, dear, never mind," whispered Angelina, tearfully, putting her arms around her mother, "It won't matter so *very* much if they are spoiled. If we could only get the animal out—" Mrs. Allingham turned and gave her daughter such a look of unutterable reproach that the girl turned away with quivering lips. Poor Angelina, the collection had stood between her and all her girlish rights.

"I'll run for somebody," cried Maria Lawson, hopefully. "Maybe some o' the men 'll be comin' home from the mill—"

But at that moment a heavy hay waggon came rattling down the road, and turned in at the gate across the street. The driver stared in amazement and some consternation at the group of frightened women in the garden. And then, before her mother could stop her, Angelina had darted out upon the road. In her distress, she forgot all about her mother's disapproval, the neighbors' prying eyes, everything, but that her lover was there, strong and capable.

"Oh, Frank!" she cried, running up to him, "there is something in the house—a beast."

But Frank did not wait for further explanation ; he leaped from the waggon, and with two strides had reached the house. Angelina had uttered a cry of apprehension as he dashed inside; but the next moment he returned, unhurt, and holding at arm's length the ravening beast that had been causing such havoc.

It was Lord Aberdeen, wriggling and kicking, his head stuck fast in a priceless urn! This vessel had been one of Mrs. Allingham's especial treasures, and had been covered with a little drapery of brown silk. With this enveloping his body, and the urn making him twice his natural size, Lord Aberdeen certainly presented a terrifying spectacle, and resembled no animal that ever was on sea or land. He had stuck his head into the urn in his usual insatiable spirit of investigation, and finding ingress easier than egress, had gone tearing blindly about the place, leaving destruction in his wake.

Frank gave his lordship's helmet a jerk that liberated the struggling captive. With a yowl of relief, he leaped over the fence and dashed into the pine woods.

THE women all declared afterwards that the young man's conduct towards Mrs. Allingham was admirable, but he went away in a great hurry, not even stopping to speak to Angelina. Miss Stebbins' married sister happened to be having a cup of tea with Mrs. Henderson when he arrived, and she told all Silver Creek afterwards that he rolled round the barn-floor and yelled and laughed till old Jake thought he had gone out of his mind, and came running in for help.

But he had plenty of cause for mirth, for events soon proved that Lord Aberdeen's last overwhelming misdemeanor had been a great blessing to the lovers. Whether Mrs. Allingham was grateful to the young man for his timely rescue; whether she recognized the poetic justice that brought the forbidden lover once more over her threshold; or whether the demolition of nearly half the signs of the Allingham glory took all the spirit from her, the neighbors could not decide. But certain it was that Angelina drove to town with Frank the very next Saturday to buy a new drape for the injured urn, and Mrs. Allingham called upon Mrs. Henderson in their absence.

MRS. ALLINGHAM lives alone in Calamity Hall now, Lord Aberdeen has been banished, and Angelina has moved across the street. Young Mrs. Laird makes a fine housekeeper, to the surprise of all Silver Creek, and Frank shows no signs of a desire to move into the hay-mow.

The mistress of Calamity Hall still cherishes what is left of her collection, but she has had it all safely locked away out of sight since the day little Regie cut his darling finger on a Turkish sword when Grandma Henderson brought him over on a visit.

So the village does not look toward the little white house with apprehension any more. The neighbors have quite settled down to the comfortable assurance that Lord Aberdeen's escapade was the final crash in Mrs. Allingham's stormy life, the end of the chapter of accidents, and that Calamity Hall has at last reached a stage of peace.

THE MESSAGE OF CHRISTMAS

By Ericson James

CHRISTMAS is the season which commemorates the birth of the Christ-child, who freely gave Himself for a world. And we, in feeble imitation, observe Christmas by open expression of the love and high esteem in which we hold that small and more intimate circle we fondly call our own. Not always in the giving of gifts, perhaps, is the true Christmas spirit most manifested ; in the happy greeting of friend to friend, in the warm hand-grip of good fellowship, in the message to the loved ones in a far land, we have the truer expression of the spirit of the Christmas-time. It is a season for the forgiving of old and long-nursed grudges, for the cleansing of our hearts from malice and all uncharitableness, for the scattering abroad, as best we may, of sunshine, and happiness, and clean mirth.

It is so little we can do, at best. Our circle is so small, and our poor human limitations so confining. If we can but cherish, in our own little domain, the spirit of love and of reverence, if we but have patience and trust and serenity for those around us, we shall have done something towards obeying the Divine command. And if, besides, we are permitted to lend comfort or strength, or a new courage to some of our fellows, we have the more reason to rejoice. For never doubt that day will come when we shall need that same succor. He misses life's chiefest teaching who learns not how best to live with his kind. Even for our own gain must we seek to learn the old lessons of forgiveness, of trust, of patient love. Only he who needs no forgiveness can afford to be unforgiving. Only he who needs not that love and that trust which minister to the hunger common to all human hearts, can afford to withhold love and trust from his kind. So this Christmas-time should see more charity in our judgments, more of sympathy and humility in our hearts.

Painfully, slowly, and with much stumbling, as of half-bewildered children, we still strive to understand the Divine lessons of justice, of charity, of good-neighborhood. Nearly two thousand years have passed since the first Christmas message was hymned by the heavenly choir, and still sorrow and death are abroad in the earth, and the sound of weeping arises from every land. Yet we like to believe that even by sorrow and toil and strife, through the long processes of the years, the world grows better, and that little by little we are ever nearing the Land of Our Desire. We know that we shall never quite reach it, but the pathway is not unbeautiful, and the environs are very pleasant. Meanwhile our part is to make straight the ways, and take away the stumbling-block from our neighbor's path. And in this glad Christmas season the old old message which thrills through all the dim centuries—the refrain of the angel-song, first heard over the hills about Bethlehem in Judea, should find lodgment in every human heart:—

"Glory to God in the highest,
On earth, peace, good-will toward men."

THE SEÑOR

By Theodore Roberts, Author of "Hemming the Adventurer"

CHAPTER XIII

Mr. Wells Takes the Centre of the Stage

DURING Da Santo's stay in Westrock Mr. Wells had been kept silent by the judicious administration of five-dollar gold pieces; but in the disturbance and pain of departure the exile had entirely forgotten Mr. Wells' awkward secret. So the ex-messenger decided to take the matter in his own hands, since there was no longer any profit in leaving Da Santo to mind his own affairs. There might be profit in the disclosure, if rightly managed. He was a shrewd old fellow, and from the first had guessed Da Santo's reason for wanting to shield Mr. Robley; and later a suspicion of the real state of Da Santo's love affair had come to him.

"I reckon they'll have to git a new superintendent for their Sunday School when I'm done with the present incumbent!—unless he planks down something handsome," he soliloquized.

His plan was to take what he knew straight to the offender, and offer him silence at so much per month. He had witnesses—oh, yes; his old woman and his sister. They'd remember every word that he'd told them ten years ago! He was so enraptured with his scheme that he celebrated it by a purchase of whiskey; and this he consumed with his supper, after he had changed his clothes, preparatory to calling on Mr. Robley.

WHEN he at last set ou, this plans were sadly mixed in his head, and a great recklessness had the mastery of his caution. Instead of going to Mr. Robley's residence he turned in at the gate of Captain Morris' cottage.

When the maid opened the door, in answer to his ring, he asked for the Captain.

"Tell him it's Wells, Mr. Beauchamp's coachman—on very particular business," he said.

The old Captain stumped out, and glared from under his black shade.

"What d'ye want?" he asked.

"A word in your ear, sir," replied Wells.

"I can't see if you are drunk or not," remarked the Captain, coolly, "but, to judge from the smell—"

Wells interrupted him:

"I ain't your orderly, sir," he said, "and I come to you for your own good. I know who stole that money ten years ago—and it warn't your son, neither."

"Come in. Come in," exclaimed the Captain, and pushed open the sitting-room door.

Wells told the story in his own way, which included his family history, a detailed statement of his wife's health for the last ten years, and many moving references to his poverty.

The Captain brooded over the story, with his fingertips together on a level with his chin, and his blinking eyes on the coachman's face.

"Well, well," he said, at last, "so Robley is a thief—and Da Santo is Herbert—and Herbert is a wealthy man. Sly dog—that youngster of mine."

Instead of feeling hurt at the deception which had been played upon him, and which had been called forth by his own uncharitableness, he was proud of it. He stood up and rang the bell; and when the maid came he ordered glasses and water, and produced a decanter. Drinking with his daughter's coachman! The servant was horror-struck.

CAPTAIN MORRIS knew that Mr. Robley never went to the bank before ten-thirty—so at sharp ten of the morning following Wells' visit he set out for the respected banker's residence. He was greeted affably, and in turn was very agreeable.

"I hope you will forgive me for bringing my business to your house—an Englishman's house is his castle—but it saves me quite a walk," he said.

"Don't mention it, sir. Come along to my snuggery. if you'll be so kind," replied Robley.

He led the old man into a small, heavily furnished room off the back hall, and left the door half open. The Captain was a modest holder of the bank's stock, and Robley thought the old soldier wanted to air his harmless views on the money market. They sat down; the Captain in an arm-chair near the door, and Mr. Robley on a couch facing him.

Just then Mary came along the back hall. She had been in the kitchen, watching the cook; for of late many house-wifely longings had awakened in her.

She heard the Captain's voice, and something hard and angry in it caught her attention. She paused at the half open door and looked in.

"Ten years ago," said the Captain, "when you were cashier of the bank, you pocketed five thousand dollars. You took it in hundred-dollar bills, and carried it away in your overcoat pocket."

Unseen, and faint at heart, the girl turned her gaze to her father's face. She saw it go white and haggard in a second. She heard him cry out, like a rat cornered by a terrier. Then she saw him spring toward his accuser.

"You can't prove it—you old blackguard," he cried.

"Perhaps not—but it will interest the community to hear Wells' account of it," retorted old Morris, quietly.

Mary stole away and went upstairs to her room.

Mr. Robley did not get to the bank that morning until after eleven.

MARY avoided her father that day, and in the evening slipped quietly away and called upon old Wells in his cottage at the edge of the town. The old fellow was not at all pleased to see her. He feared that she had come with the unprofitable bribery of tears. But he was wrong.

"Did the Senor know—what—what you told Captain Morris—about my father?" she asked.

"He did, Miss," replied Wells.

"Did he believe it?"

"Yes, Miss."

"And he never told anyone?"

"Not he," said the old fellow, grinning. "*He* didn't want to believe it at all, and he called me a liar, Miss. Then he paid me not to tell."

"And you broke your promise," she cried, with fine scorn in her voice.

"Oh! I didn't rightly promise anything," replied

(*Continued on page 102*)

ABOUT thirty thousand persons occupied the bluffs and hillsides of the Don Valley on Thanksgiving Day to witness the manœuvres of the Toronto Garrison, the 38th Dufferin Rifles of Brantford, and the 91st Highlanders of Hamilton. This annual military spectacle has a distinct educational importance. Two armies are drawn up in mimic battle. One attacks the city, the other defends it. After the battle is over there is a "March-past" and review, with bands playing and colors flying. This year there were over 4,000 troops in line; they were reviewed by Major-General Percy Lake, Chief of Staff of the Canadian Militia, and Colonel Otter.

MAJOR-GENERAL LAKE

THANKSGIVING DAY MANŒUVRES BY THE TORONTO GARRISON AND VISITING REGIMENTS

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA

THERE is an amusing little incident related in connection with the first days of the dramatic career of Ethel Barrymore and Maude Adams, two of America's favorite actresses, both of whom are this season starring in Barrie plays. When Miss Adams was John Drew's first leading lady in "Rosemary" Miss Barrymore had the less important part of the maid-servant. They roomed together in a side street near the theatre. One night towards the end of the performance a friend of Miss Adams' called to take her home, and as they were leaving the theatre a messenger rushed in with a note from Miss Barrymore, who having finished her part had left the theatre some time previous. The note was written in apparent haste and anxiety, the words scrawled being "Come this minute, or it will be too late."

Miss Adams fairly flew around to her room, where she was received by Miss Barrymore with open arms and a sigh of relief. It was the day, expressed in stage language, that "the ghost walks," and having received her months' salary, Miss Barrymore had rashly invested in two quarts of ice cream, which was melting by the minute.

MAUDE ADAMS and "Peter Pan" have captured New York. Capacity audiences for the first fortnight with tremendous enthusiasm on every occasion, and expressions of the fullest delight from everybody show that it is another genuine Adams-Barre triumph such as "The Little Minister," was. Miss Adams is, of course, the magnet that draws, her wonderful charm being more potent than ever, and her versatile and vivacious art delighting and enchanting as it always has. The Barrie play, however, is one of the decided novelties of many seasons, and has a varied beauty and allurement that is all its own. Its fairies, Indians and pirates that appeal with more irresistible force to grownups than they do to little ones, and its joyful, youthful hero, personated by Miss Adams, form a combination that unites the glories and attractions of both the story-book and the stage. This explains the marvellous novelty of "Peter Pan." It has won the heart of New York, and especially the women folk, for there are more requests for extra matinees even at this early stage of its career than there were for "The Little Minister."

"MAN and Superman," in which Fay Davis and Clara Bloodgood appear, is probably the cleverest play at the present time. However, as Fay Davis has really a subordinate part to that played by Robert Lorraine, hitherto a minor actor, and not a very successful one, it is probable that she will soon resume her former state as a star in "All-of-a-Sudden Peggy."

MISS GERTRUDE YSOLDE COOPER is an accomplished young Canadian vocalist for whom many are predicting a great future, and who it is said will soon be a candidate for Grand Opera. Miss Cooper began in Toronto under Mrs. Ryan Burke, after which she went to New York to continue her studies. This season she had an engagement with the Boston Symphony Orchestra, the most important musical body on the continent. She has risen rapidly, and her present prominence is but a presage of greater success which she will undoubtedly yet attain as a vocalist.

CANADIAN musical talent is attracting attention in old London recently. Miss Kathleen Parlow, the young Canadian violinist, lately gave an orchestral concert at the Queen's Hall, where a magnificent audience gathered to do her honor. Miss Parlow was born in Calgary, Alberta, in 1890, and has studied under Y. Conrad and Henry Holmes in San Francisco. She is only fourteen years of age, tall and delicate-looking. At an age usually termed the "colt stage," she is exceedingly graceful and self-possessed. There is an amazing tenderness in her

MISS GERTRUDE YSOLDE COOPER, A CANADIAN VOCALIST

playing, which at once brought her in touch with her immense audience. At the concert held lately in the Queen's Hall, which is supposed to represent the centre of Musical London, Lord Strathcona was among the many Canadians who were present.

Another Canadian who has been delighting English audiences is Miss Edith Miller of Portage la Prairie. Miss Miller has an exceedingly rich voice, and sings with a finish and excellence which has won her great praise.

ONE of the most talked of plays in New York just now is Alfred Sutro's "The Walls of Jericho," which is packing the Savoy Theatre at every performance,

WILLIAM COLLIER

MISS ETHEL BARRYMORE

WILLIAM GILLETTE

and which has given James K. Hackett his greatest success since "The Crisis," and Mrs. Hackett (Mary Mannering) the best medium she has had since she starred in "The Stubbornness of Geraldine."

In these luxurious days of the theatre so much care is expended on the setting of the play and the selection of the company that the play itself is at times a minor consideration, with the consequence that the whole thing is a weak production. But in the case of "The Walls of Jericho," the play seems to have taken hold of the people.

JOHN DREW is one of the lucky stars who found this season an effective play in "Delancey," a piece by Augustus Thomas. The success with which it has been received is due to the polished comedy work which Mr. Drew displays as the hero quite as much as it is to Mr. Thomas' clever lines. But all the credit is not due to Mr. Drew, as his leading lady, Miss Margaret Dale, whose portrait we show, does extremely effective work.

William Collier has concluded his London engagement, and will shortly re-appear in New York. Last May Mr. Collier went abroad, and appeared in London in Richard Harding Davis' farce "The Dictator;" following this with equal success in the play, "On the Quiet," by Augustus Thomas.

WILLIAM GILLETTE, one of America's most original and finished of playrights, is attracting great numbers in old London, where he appears in his old success "Sherlock Holmes." He began the season in "Clarice" with Marie Doro as leading lady, but English critics wrote in such severe terms of the play that it was withdrawn from the boards. In Sherlock Holmes, however, his performance has proved an almost sensational success. His return to America is planned for about the first of the year.

MISS MARGARET DALE

MISS FAY DAVIS

MISS KATHLEEN PARLOW

THE SENOR—Continued from Page 98

Wells; "and, anyhow, what does it matter to him now?"

She understood. She understood many things now. With the bitter tears smarting at her lids she turned away. When she went to bed that night a letter lay on her writing-table. It was addressed to Senor Da Santo, Civil and Military Polo Club, Bahia.

CAPTAIN MORRIS told Wells' story, and his own experience with Robley, to Dick Beauchamp and Vivia. They were amazed and furious. Dick was for visiting the bank with a riding-whip; but Vivia restrained him.

"I tell you," said Dick, "that if we don't thrash him we'll get no satisfaction at all. We can prove nothing. Wells' word is not worth a—continental—except when he is talking about horses."

"Oh! Wells is an honest old man," cried Vivia.

"A worthy fellow," said the Captain.

"He's a good hand 'round horses," replied Dick, "but as for being honest—except with oats and hay—why, I wouldn't trust him any farther than I could heave him over my shoulder. If you don't want me to go 'round and give Robley a touch of the supple-jack, you'd better lie low—and write to Bert. It's his affair, anyway."

"Poor Mary," sighed Vivia; and leaving the men to growl and exchange advice, she ran over to her friend's house. One glance at the girl's face told her that there was no need of concealment.

"I heard it all," cried Mary. "I heard the Captain accuse him."

Later she told of her unkindness to Da Santo.

"I have written to him," she said, "but will he ever understand how—how despicable I feel myself to be? I admire him, oh, so much! If I loved him I could explain everything, and he would forgive me. Friendship is a dangerous thing—to play with."

"He will understand," said Vivia. So they dried their tears.

Later in the day—it was the day following Captain Morris' visit to Mr. Robley—Ned Harrison called for Mary, with the black mare. As soon as they were off he pressed her hand under the buffalo robe.

"You have been crying," he said.

Of course she told him the whole story—about her father, Da Santo, Wells, and the letter she had written. The young man listened in silence, with his eyes on the bobbing head of the good mare. The tale of Robley's knavery did not impress him greatly. He had never liked the fellow, anyway; and his indifference had fairly grown to dislike of late, for it was because of her father that Mary had urged him to keep their engagement a secret for a little while. That had pricked Harrison's pride, though he had not let Mary see it; for, though he knew he was not worthy of her, by any standard under heaven, he felt that he was quite good enough to be old Robley's son-in-law.

BY the time the story was finished the black mare had flashed them clear of the town. Ned drew the girl's hand from her muff and pressed it to his lips.

"I am sorry, dearest," he said; and they drove another mile in silence. Now he held the reins with his right hand—he had slipped the glove from his left, and her right hand was not in her muff; and yet, to a casual observer from the roadside, they might have been the merest acquaintances.

"It seems queer," he said presently, "that you should have chosen me."

She looked at him for a moment with clouded eyes, as if trying to free her mind from some nagging thought. Then the light came into them, and she smiled.

"I had no choice," she replied, "for it was you I loved."

"If I had a character like Da Santo in a story, and another like myself," he said, "and they were cantering after the same girl, I wouldn't have the face to put the big, rich, generous, distinguished chap into the little beggar's dust. It would be absurd."

"Romances are written by rule," she replied, "but they are lived by inspiration."

"Thank God for that," he said, "for neither my income nor my leg could face any rule; and there is not a novelist in the world who would let dear old Da Santo's unselfishness go unrewarded."

"Don't," she cried, softly, "He will forget. You loved me for months before he ever saw me—except as a little girl."

"How do you know that?" he asked.

The color was back in her cheeks now, and her eyes were clear of the shadow.

"Do you remember the afternoon last May, when you tripped over Mrs. Rowland's foot and upset the cup of tea?" she asked.

He nodded, smiling.

"Well," she continued, "it was because you were looking at me that you came to grief. I believe you loved me even then."

"I did," he responded.

"And I loved you," she said. "Oh! how I wanted to shake that old woman for glaring at you. It wasn't your fault that she had corns."

"If I had only known," he murmured.

They looked about them, and saw only the snow, the sky, the dark trees and the gray fences.

"I don't care if it isn't fashionable," she said

"Two of Kipling's people kissed from their saddles," he replied.

CHAPTER XIV

Dishonesty the Best Policy

MR. ROBLEY was not one to stand still when in danger. At an early date he honored Wells with a visit. For half an hour they were closeted together; and when the banker left Wells displayed a smiling face to his women-folk.

"Did you ever hear me say that I saw Mr. Robley pocket five thousand dollars of the bank's money?" he asked.

"Oh! yes, indeed, we have," they replied.

"Then you must have been dreaming," he said—"and you'd better forget your dream. Dreams is unprofitable things."

"Goodness me!" exclaimed Mrs. Wells, "but you've got a business head, an' no mistake. You'd oughter be an alderman."

"I'm thinking of it," he replied, with an honest smile on his wrinkled face. "Anyway, I'll buy a new carpet for the sitting-room—and, maybe, both of you'd like silk dresses."

"Sam was allers a good provider," said the wife to the sister.

When Mr. Robley got back to his house he found young Harrison waiting for him. This was about four o'clock of a Saturday afternoon.

Harrison indulged in no preliminaries.

"I have come, sir, to tell you that I love your daughter," he said.

The banker was not in a sympathetic mood. He had found Wells a hard bargainer. He felt no interest in Harrison or his work, and despised his poverty. He looked coldly at the quick-tempered poet.

"Then you are guilty of an impertinence," he said.

The nature of the reply was not altogether unexpected by the lover. But for all that it proved vastly disconcerting. The blood, which had so lately suffused his face, now backed tumultuously into his heart. He choked, and swallowed hard.

"And now I'll wish you a very good afternoon and a pleasant drive home," said Robley.

Harrison's temper got the better of the lump in his throat.

"I know I am looking high," he said, "for Mary is too good for any man—despite the fact that she is your daughter."

"How dare you?" cried the other. "How dare you speak so to me in my own house? You penniless little —cripple!"

Harrison limped forward, and glared up into the banker's face. He was trembling now, but there was no sign of embarrassment about him.

"You must beg my pardon for that," he cried.

Robley gave back a step, and came in violent collision with a bookcase.

Harrison closed in.

"Quick!" he cried, again, "Beg my pardon, or I'll beat you."

The banker sprang, and tried to throw his tormentor to the floor. But height and girth are not everything; and a trick of the hands, learned at school, is worth much avoirdupois. Harrison, beside himself with rage, landed his left and his right, and his left again.

MARY waited in the drawing-room. Presently Harrison returned to her.

"He called me a penniless cripple," he said.

She caught his hands in hers.

"Dear, do not look like that," she cried, fearfully. "What does it matter what others call you?"

The white-heat of his anger still shone in his face.

"But it does matter," he said, stubbornly, "and I'd not be fit to look at you if I let people call me whatever suits their caddish tongues. If you love your father more than you love me, now is the time to let me know—for I have just given him a thrashing. I hit him three times. I hit him once for Da Santo, and twice for us."

They looked at each other; and now a light of appeal shone in his eyes, and defiance in hers.

"You struck my father—three times," she said.

"Yes," he replied, quietly. "Once for my friend, once for the woman I love, and once for my own self-respect. I see, now, that it was not worth while—that it would have been more pleasant to have let him call me a penniless cripple as often as he wanted to—then I might have come limping to you for comfort."

HE turned away from her; and presently she heard the front door close behind him. For a long time she stood where he had left her. It seemed to her that the light had faded suddenly from the long windows. A servant showed a frightened face at the door.

"The master wants to speak to you, Miss," she said, hoarsely.

Mary went quickly to her father's room. She found him seated by the writing table. His lower lip was swollen. There was a red lump over his right eye. His usual fresh color was gone, leaving his complexion red and mottled. On brow and mouth, and in the opaque eyes, lurked something never before suspected by her—something mean, yet terrifying.

"I have been—assaulted—in my own house," he exclaimed, indicating his bruises with podgy, fluttering fingers.

The girl paused on the threshold, undecided. A veil was gone from before her eyes, and now she read the heart and soul of the man whom she had always honored. And what mean things they were—the heart and the soul that had hidden so long from her understanding, in that big, soft body. She shuddered.

"Where is he now?" asked the man.

"He has gone home," she said, with an effort.

He laughed mirthlessly. "I shall telephone to the police station now," he said, and made as if to rise from his chair. But the girl stepped quickly into the room, and closed the door behind her.

"I think," she said, "that the less you have to do with the police station, the better—for yourself."

"What!" he gasped.

"You need not try to frighten me," she retorted, calmly, "for I'm neither an old cripple, like Captain Morris, nor a young cripple, like Mr. Harrison—nor yet can I be bribed with money, like Wells."

This last was a chance shot, and had come to her as an inspiration while she was looking at the utter meanness in his soul, where it had come, for the first time in her knowledge, to the very surface of his eyes.

He sank back in his chair.

CHAPTER XV

God Save the King

VIVIA BEAUCHAMP was alone in the library when Mary Robley hurried in. It was dusk, and the only light in the room was that of the open fire.

"Will you drive me out to see Ned?" she asked. "I must see him—now—before dinner."

"Yes. I'll run and ask Dick to harness Beatrice to the single pung. We have dispensed with the services of Mr. Wells."

Vivia was soon back in the library, with her fur coat already on.

"Poor Dick," she laughed. "He has straw sticking in his hair already; but he makes a most obliging coachman."

"Now tell me what the new trouble is."

Mary told her at some length. The tragedy was too much for even Vivia's spirits, and when the sleigh bells jingled outside she hurried her friend from the room.

"Be careful about turning out," said Dick, "and don't let her stand without her blanket!"

While he tucked the furs about their feet, Vivia whispered a brief explanation in his ear.

Beatrice proved to be in a flighty mood, and Vivia's hand ached by the time Harrison's cottage was reached. Harrison, having heard the bells on the avenue, was waiting for them in the snow. He hitched the skittish mare, threw a blanket over her, and then helped the ladies to alight. He gave a hand to Vivia first, and as soon as she was out she turned to admire the new moon above the distant spruces. Then he leaned toward Mary. She slipped her hand into his. Vivia continued to gaze at the fragment of pearl in the sky. Harrison noticed, with an

(*Concluded on page 108*)

THE WORLD OF PRINT

DEFERRED DIVIDEND POLICY

(From the Chicago Record-Herald.)

DEFERRED dividend investment policies have been issued for the last ten years to a very large extent on account of the demand by the public, which has greatly forced the insurance man to push this kind of policy; not on account of the larger returns in commission it gives them, but because the public demands that class of policy, and it would be indeed a poor business man who would not try to supply the demands of his customers.

The deferred dividend policy is a good means to induce saving, by the one who otherwise would not do so. In my experience of twenty-two years I have found ninety-nine men out of one hundred belonging to this class. My own personal experience has induced me to change my policies to the twenty-year-dividend plan, as I find it a sure way and inducement to save some part of my income, which otherwise would have been spent anyway. This holds good in a very large majority of cases.

HOW ELEPHANTS WORK

(From the Chicago News.)

ELEPHANTS make good workers, but they will not work over hours. A traveller in India says: "The elephants round us were dragging the logs to the mill to be sawed. They were harnessed for this with a broad breast band and heavy chains. A native looped the chains round the logs, and the elephant started off with them and deposited them on the trolley. Others were picking up the sawed planks with their trunks, and carrying them across the yard to be piled. A mahout sat on the neck of every elephant, and if the animal picked up too small a plank the mahout would hint with his iron spike, that two might go to that load. Then, grunting, the elephant would pick up the second, with infinite delicacy of balance, turn, march over and deposit them beside the pile, always returning for another load so long as there were any planks ready. When there were none, he would take his ease in the sun and wait. Or, perhaps, there were heavy logs to be pushed from one place to another, and if pushing would do with his trunk curled against the log, no elephant would give himself the trouble of picking it up, any more than a housemaid would pick up a chair on casters.

"Presently, with one accord, all the elephants dropped work and moved in the direction of the sheds. 'That means it's 11 o'clock,' said the foreman. 'Dinner hour, Not for King Edward himself could we get them to do a stroke of work from now till 3. It's their off time. At 3 they begin and work till dusk, and they start about 6 in the morning; but they don't understand overtime.'"

WHAT FAT FOLKS SHOULD AVOID

(By Prof. Boyd Laynard, England's leading authority on Hygiene.)

ALSO to be avoided: Cake, muffins, custards, pastry, sweet dishes, puddings, chocolate, cider, liqueurs, malt liquors. If wines are taken claret is the most suitable.

Grapes, melons, raspberries, strawberries, and tomatoes are permitted, but the following are to be strictly avoided, as their tendency is to increase fat: Apples, apricots, bananas, blackberries, cherries, oranges, peaches, pears and plums.

Coffee is less suitable than tea.

Coarse whole-wheat bread may be eaten sparingly.

For aged people the chart prescribes that digestible and plainly cooked food only must be eaten. The amount of animal food should be gradually limited as age increases. Gentle exercise should be taken.

As to the physically weak of all ages, they must strive after two things: To keep all the strength now possessed and endeavor to gain more. The first can be accomplished by avoiding all undue mental and physical excitement, late hours, excessive indulgence in tobacco, alcoholic beverages, indigestible food. The second can be attained as follows: A judicious selection of suitable food, the strengthening of the muscular and respiratory systems by fresh air and proper exercise, the maintenance of the health of the skin by frequent bathing.

Nearly every case of consumption, says the author of "The Chart," can be distinctly traced to the sufferer living under wrong hygienic conditions. Regarding the treatment:

"Every consumptive, or those with tendency to consumption, should be careful to select a house with a southern aspect. Abundance of fresh air, both day and night, is of the highest importance. Every room should be ventilated to the fullest extent, even in the coldest weather (care must be taken, however, to avoid draughts). As much time as possible must be spent in the open air, and suitable exercise taken. Frequent change of air is beneficial. A long sea voyage in the early stage of the disease is often found to be a cure. Regular hours for meals, exercise and sleep should be adopted. The diet must be carefully selected. The nervous system ought never to be over-fatigued, and patients must try to maintain tranquility of mind."

ONE-THIRD FOR A RESERVE FUND

(Mrs. Esler in the American Journal)

"WHAT constitutes extravagance?" I have been asked by those to whom I have preached it since my own changed fortune. I revert to my proposition that one-third of an assured income should go for actual necessities. By necessities I mean grocer's, butcher's and baker's bills, servants' wages, gas bills, rent, if one does not own one's house, or taxes if one does; needful furniture and household utensils, the clothing that is indispensable, everything that is included under the head of indispensables.

Another third should be spent for what I call amusement. It should be spent for cabs, for theatre tickets, for books and music and for pretty gowns—all the things that come under the head of luxuries. This may seem a heavy item, say, in the income of a man who earns ten thousand a year, yet it will pay, for it prevents the family from becoming bored and keeps it together. We spare no effort to keep my boy amused. I would regard it as the greatest possible calamity if he should ever become bored at home. And the remaining third should be rigorously put aside for the rainy day that seems almost inevitable, and finds so many of us playing like careless butterflies in the sun.

TEN BEST RULES FOR HEALTH

(A Prize Letter).

1—EAT only simple food, intelligently prepared. By far the greater majority of human ills are due to errors in diet, because the ignorance that prevails in regard to the preparation of food is more profound and widespread than in any other department of life. Consult the best authority on dietetics, and learn what to avoid and what to accept. It is a distinct science.

2—Drink only pure water. It should not be iced. Use no liquids at meals because it dilutes the digestive fluids. At convenient intervals drink pure water to the amount of two quarts each twenty-four hours. Both habits may be acquired, without trouble, because they are normal conditions.

3—Exercise plentifully in the open air. After bad food, the next greater cause of disease is lack of exercise. Specific cases require specific treatment always, but it is safe to say that a walk of three miles each day, in all weathers, is the least amount upon which health can be maintained. This necessitates easy comfortable clothing.

4—Sleep abundantly. Sleep and water are nature's own remedies. Few people can do with less than eight hours' sleep, but nine is better. If possible, sleep out of doors all the year round. This alone has restored to vigorous health many consumptives given up to die by physicians. A balcony or an open piazza is excellent, but if neither are possible, have every window open to its widest extent, and the bed as close as it can be brought to them. Have only woollen coverings, and with plenty of these, neither snow nor rain can do any harm.

5—Bathe the entire body each day. Preferably the water should be cold to give the

tonic effect, but many persons are not robust enough to experience the warm reaction. Such persons should use warm water, finishing off with a cold spray or shower.

6—Practise deep breathing. Wonderful results can be obtained from faithful and persistent work at this. A person with fully developed lung capacity not only purifies his blood several times per minute, but renders himself practically unsinkable in water, even if he knows nothing of swimming.

7—Have some regular work that is congenial. There should be a properly balanced proportion of both mental and physical effort, suited to the individual. This may only be determined by skilled judgment in each instance.

8—Avoid all drugs and medicines, except, of course, in cases of real illness, when they should be given by a properly qualified physician. This rule applies even to the common laxatives, sleeping powders and digestive tablets so widely used. Water and exercise render laxatives unnecessary. Exercise solely, will cure sleeplessness, and proper food is easily digested.

9—Be happy. Have as much wholesome fun as possible. Try to see the funny side of things, it keeps one young. Cultivate a habit of thinking cheerful thoughts, speaking only kindness, and lending a helping hand. Simplify everything.

10—Avoid strong emotion. A fit of anger has caused instant death, and it always seriously affects the digestion. Don't hurry. Don't worry. Never despair.

ONE FORM OF THE REST CURE

(From the Chicago Record-Herald).

MOST city men are going to retire to the country some time if you may believe what they say, and they don't propose to wait for a fortune either. All they want is the assurance of a fair living. The unanimity of sentiment is remarkable, and so is the cause from which it springs, an infinite weariness that seems well nigh universal in city life, and that is felt not in old age merely, but by active, energetic business and professional men in their prime. It is anything to get away from noise and close confinement, and the strenuous competition that produces ceaseless friction.

There is something rather pathetic in the progress of the disease, and when it is so bad as to induce an investment in farm property, the pathos is very apt to increase. The city work is now contemplated as a passing phase of existence, useful only as it may contribute to the upbuilding of the country estate, and the citizen of the world becomes as simple as a child. He would consult the authorities, and having purchased land for an orange ranch in California bethinks himself to write the editor of one of the farmers' weeklies on the coast for a statement of the profits that he is going to make when his trees are grown. Of course he has had a statement already from the promoter who sold him the land which was worth $25 an acre, for $100, but he has been a little unsettled by the comment of pessimists, and wants confirmation. The editor, however, is a person of vast experience in such cases and the wisest of oracles. He intimates that California is a large state, and that there may be differences of soil in an acre lot. Oranges do well in some localities and not at all well in others. Sometimes the market is good and sometimes it is bad. Evidently this oracle is admirably equipped to head a safe and sane ticket, but there is a real compassion in his heart, and he suggests that long-distance orange culture has its disquieting aspects. Can't the anxious inquirer personally conduct operations?

Unfortunately it is not often that he can, because he has to keep right on earning enough at the old trade to make up the deficit, and only recently we saw one of his letters which was written twelve years after he had begun the rest cure, and which showed that he was still inquiring, if not learning. He said that his place had never come anywhere near paying expenses, and indicated that his susceptibilities had been shocked by certain unexpected and disagreeable developments. The promoter, who it is to be hoped has reformed by this time, had laid particular stress upon the fine quality of the oranges in the particular district where his land was, and also upon their marvellous propensity to ripen early when prices promised independence and the delights of foreign travel. But, as a matter of fact, they were among the last on the market, and no better than punk.

This is really very pathetic, but let us not forget the benefits in the annually renewed hopes and the satisfaction of knowing that the private sanitarium was pretty near ready for occupancy at any time. Who would say that there is no rest in a twelve-year pipe dream?

SWIMMING CURE PRESCRIBED FOR FAT MEN

(From Modern Medicine)

"EXERCISE accelerates the movement of the blood, and thus stimulates the consumption of tissue in the muscles and other parts, while the low temperature, acting through the temperature nerves, stimulates heat production. A person taking active exercise in water at the temperature of ordinary sea water in summer-time, burns up his tissues three or four times as fast as one who is sitting quietly in the shade, fanning himself to keep cool. The rational diet, that is, the cutting off of a large part of the carbohydrate foodstuffs (starch and sugar), combined with swimming for one or two hours daily, may reduce the flesh of a corpulent person to healthy proportions."

A very fat person, we are told, can swim easily, since he need only take a little pains to keep his balance, and he can easily float on the water. The fat acts like a life-preserver; and if he cannot swim he can walk or lie in shallow water and make active movements with his arms and legs. To quote further:

"If conveniences for swimming are not accessible, an ordinary bathtub may answer the same purpose. The bath may begin with water at a temperature of 102 degrees. The patient sits in the bathtub, which is filled within six inches of the top, and makes active movements with his arms and legs, rubbing the legs and the trunk with his hands until he finds himself perspiring freely. The cold water is then turned on so that the temperature of the bath may be gradually reduced to 75 degrees or even 70 degrees. Just at the close of the bath a lower temperature of 65 degrees or 60 degrees may be permitted for a few seconds as a means of producing a good reaction; or the bath may be terminated by a cool shower bath of ten or fifteen seconds. The duration of the bath may be 15 to 30 minutes if reaction is good, but the bather should never remain in until shivering or decided chilliness is produced. Cold hands or feet after the bath is an indication of defective reaction from too long contact with the cold water."

VALUE OF EDUCATION

(From the Philistine)

HARVARD is making a big appeal for two million dollars more endowment. She already has nearly twenty millions. Harvard knows no other way to get money than to beg for it. No college does. The spirit of mendicancy pervades every college just as in the good old days of the monks. Beggars all!

There are four thousand young men at Harvard, average weight one hundred and forty-two pounds. Why not set them to work at some productive employment for four or five hours daily? Would they not be better off morally, physically, mentally?

They ought to earn at least a dollar a day each. That is four thousand dollars a day—over a million dollars a year.

As it is, nineteen out of twenty of those four thousand strong, hearty young men do not produce a dollar—they are made exempt from useful labor for four years—that is a part of their education. They are remittance men.

President Hadley, of Yale, in an unguarded moment once said: "The boy who gets the most out of college is the boy who works his way through!"

The value of an education lies in getting it. If too much is done for the youth he will do nothing for himself.

Very many parents reveal good sense until it comes to this matter of education. Education is growth, evolution, development—they think it is something you can impart or bestow.

The late George M. Pullman was a graduate of the University of Hard Knocks. Pullman succeeded in everything but the boy business.

I once heard him say: "I intend to give my boys every educational advantage that money can buy."

And he did.

But there are some things money cannot secure, and one is education. Every factor that goes into the making a strong, excellent and self-reliant man, this man often cuts out and eliminates when it comes to educating his children.

Occasionally, he knows better, but Society, which is made up of those forty thousand people who daily cross London Bridge, has its way, and this man who has fought opposition and obstacle is swept off his feet by approbation, and succumbs to Society tittle-tattle that stands for Conspicuous Waste and Conspicuous Leisure.

So Reginald is made exempt from all useful effort, and is sent to college, where mendicancy is considered honorable.

And the curious part is that Reginald often succeeds in spite of the handicap, and actually evolves into a useful citizen.

There are men that even prosperity cannot keep down.

But, on the other hand, all admit this, that a certain amount of useful physical work for every college student would not injure his thinking apparatus, and might save him from various dangerous and deteriorating influences.

If all indoor gymnasiums were absolutely abolished in every college in Christendom, and workshops inaugurated, where the labor of every pupil was varied so as to bring all his muscles into play, it would be the greatest godsend to humanity that has come about for two thousand years.

President Eliot knows this perfectly well, but he deals with the products of Papas and Mammas who hold work in abhorrence.

To change this barbaric sentiment that places a premium on idleness is the task that awaits enlightenment—civilization can't.

For the man who can show the world that work becomes labor only when you get too much of one kind—that work when done in freedom is only play—who can merge work and play and make of head, heart and hand a community of interests—for this man deathless fame with her laurel wreath awaits.

TELEPHONE DEVELOPMENT IN THE UNITED STATES

(F. W. Coburn in The Atlantic Monthly.)

THE telephone-using capacity of civilized man is only beginning to be appreciated. Not longer ago than 1889 it was held that when, at some time in the remote future, there should be three telephones to every one hundred people in the United States, the limit of saturation would have been reached. Of course a somewhat more liberal use than this of the convenient instrument was expected in the cities, large and small, but no one foresaw either the extension which has taken place of farmers' lines and ranchmen's lines into the remotest districts of the land, or the universal popularity which the utility has of late years taken on in the great cities.

Yet so rapid since 1900 has been the expansion of the network of local, tolls, and long-distance lines over the entire surface of the United States that a revision of all former calculations has become necessary. In the eyes of men who are to raise and spend millions upon further increase of telephone facilities, a forecast of conditions in which every fifth individual will be a telephone-user no longer seems chimerical; the millions needed for such a purpose are actually being raised and invested by cool-headed business men, in the belief that an era of universal telephony is near at hand.

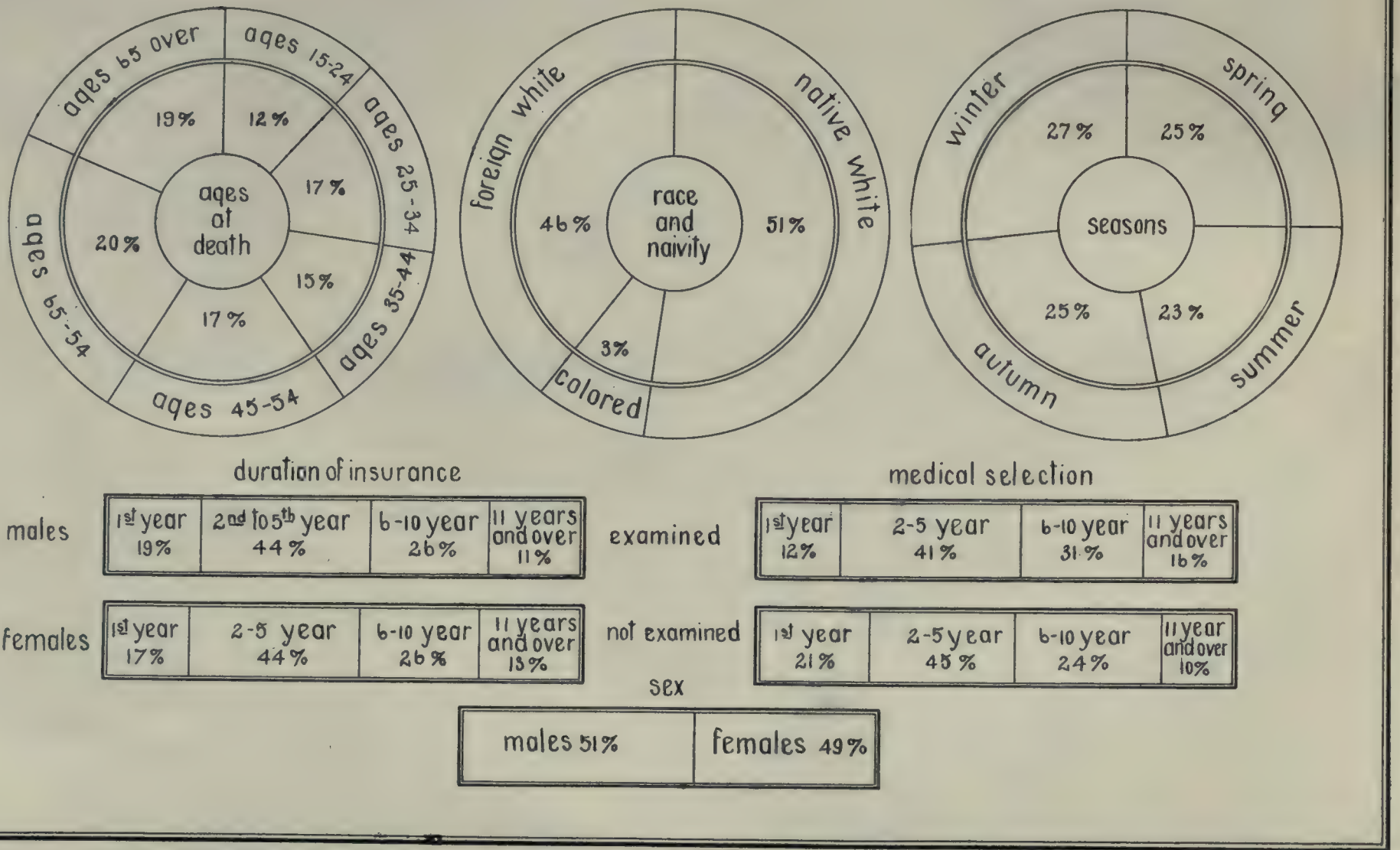
Indeed, the forecasted development, though it fortunately cannot come about all at once—since to provide for it adequately would be impossible in existing conditions of industry and finance—is already not so far away in some sections of this country. Once a community, like a family, has acquired the telephone habit, its members are never satisfied to revert to primitive conditions. The tendency of the percentages is everywhere upward, with the far West in the lead. Most of the big towns on the Pacific coast have long since passed ten per cent. The cities of the East, South, and Central West, though still falling a little below the class of the California communities, are in the midst of an equally noteworthy expansion. They are today, as they always have been, far better users of the telephone than are the European cities of corresponding size and importance. New York affords the stock example. In the metropolis a decade ago about 10,000 instruments were in use. There were on October 1, 1904, 136,391 subscribers in the boroughs of Manhattan and the Bronx. In London, which has a population of 6,500,000, only 62,580 telephones were in operation at that date; in Paris, with a population of 2,600,000, 45,714 instruments; in Berlin, out of an aggregate population of about 1,800,000 there were 61,885 subscribers. The total number of instruments in Greater New York on January 1, 1905, was 176,683. New York, therefore, although it is a little behind Boston and Chicago in percentage development, is actually the first city of the world in the number of stations operated, and—such is the growth of the traffic—the local engineering force predicts that practically every family not in destitute circumstances in the metropolis will, before many more years have passed, subscribe to the service, just as now almost every place of business must.

Abundance of amusing as well as statistical proof of the approach of such an era of universal telephony as is implied in twenty per cent. development is not hard to find. Newspapers give publicity to all sorts of ingenious schemes for utilizing Mr. Bell's invention in heretofore unheard-of ways. The instrument has come to be of assistance in about all the vocations and avocations of the everday world. Not only has it annihilated time and space on the superficial earth, but the Norwegian fishermen drop into the ocean depths a line with telephonic attachment by which the swish of the approaching herring, codfish, or mackerel is communicated to the anxious listeners above. In some of the most delicate operations of hospital surgery the telephone proves helpful, and in ordinary medical practice the country mother raises the baby to the transmitter in other that the physician in the village may determine whether or not the cough is croupy. Concerts have been transmitted more or less successfully over the wires, and Sunday morning preaching effectively conveyed. After a recent revival, in which scores of eager "seekers" had put in their requests for prayers, the evangelist handed his secretary a list of names with their telephone numbers and with the instruction: "Just call up each one of these sisters and brothers to-morrow morning, and ask them how it goes with their souls. Tell them to keep on with their prayers, and inform them that I am praying for them right along."

Love, too, finds, naturally enough, a telephone way. Engagements, and even marriages, have been brought about over the wire by persons acquainted with each other only vocally. Indeed, a California writer has lately complained that in the progressive and telephone-saturated communities of the Coast the old-fashioned love letter has become quite out of date. There is no longer any occasion for amatory correspondence. An engaged girl whose lover lives in a town distant a score of miles, confides that during the two years of their courtship not a solitary letter has passed between them. "We just call each other up a dozen times a day and say all our nice things that way." These young people, it may be said parenthetically in defense of the telephoue habit, will, if anything goes amiss and their affairs are subjected to court-room discussion, at least not be liable to the mortification of having their love-letters produced before a tittering audience. Even weddings have been telephonically conducted. Recently in Philadelphia an attractive young widow gave herself in marriage to a second husband who at the time lay critically ill with a malignant disease at the Municipal Hospital. Four miles away from the pesthouse a magistrate pronounced over the telephone the nuptial-knotting words while the bride sat by the bridegroom's cot. Contagion fortunately cannot be conveyed by the electric currents of the telephone circuit.

Elements of mortality industrial experience.

ages 15 and over.



The above Chart is taken from the splendid Exhibit of The Prudential Insurance Company of America at the World's Fair.

THE SENOR—Concluded from Page 103

exquisite pang at his heart, that Mary's face was wet with tears.

"Am I forgiven?" he breathed against her ear.

"And I came to ask you," she whispered.

"My children," said Vivia, "I think I shall go inside and warm my fingers and toes."

DURING the homeward drive, and after they had discussed the things that lay nearest Mary's heart, Vivia told her friend the reason of Wells' dismissal. It seems that Beauchamp had gone to the stable, a few hours ago, to question the coachman about the story he had carried to the captain, and that Wells had roundly denied ever having accused Mr. Robley of the theft. So Dick had lost his temper and, without more ado, had kicked the aged and invaluable feeder of horses off the premises.

"And I can't understand it," concluded Vivia, "for Wells has such an honest old face, and is so good to his wife and sister."

"An honest face is a very convenient thing," replied Mary, bitterly—"especially when it has a financial value."

THANKS to Mr. Robley's generosity to that other model of family virtue, Mr. Wells, and thanks to letters from Da Santo to his father, the public, despite its long ears, heard nothing of the truth of that remarkable story of the five thousand dollars. The public continued its existence in blissful ignorance of the volcanic fires that had come so near to blowing a hole in its upper crust. But a few little happenings stimulated its imagination to the following effect:—

Firstly—Mr. Robley was so disgusted with his daughter's choice of a penniless adventurer and scribbler like young Harrison, when she might have had the wealthy Senor Da Santo (whom Mr. Robley loved as a son), that the grieved and injured parent had decided to take a trip to Colorado for his health.

Secondly—Wells, the good old man who had been Mr. Beauchamp's coachman for years, had resigned his position because his master's drunkenness, and his mistress' frivolity, had not coincided with his ideas of Christian behavior.

And lastly—Da Santo, the unknown Brazilian, had flirted so outrageously with Mrs. Beauchamp—and she with him—that her father, the dear old captain, had suffered a return of his gout and acute rheumatism.

Oh, delightful public, I bow to you! I, too, have known your charity!

NED HARRISON'S book found a generous publisher, after it had appeared in serial form—so generous, in fact, that he and Mary decided to marry in June; but when the book appeared, those tender verses that I have already mentioned were not printed in the front of it. Instead, it bore this simple inscription:

TO THE SENOR
WHO SHIELDED THE HEARTS OF HIS FRIENDS
AT THE EXPENSE OF HIS OWN.

A few out of the thousands who read the book wondered at the dedication. One romantic lady wrote to the publisher and enquired its meaning. The Westrock Reading Club could make nothing of it, though the president said that she was sure it meant that strange Brazilian, for she had been told, on good authority, that he and Mr. Harrison used to spend hours together drinking and carousing.

Mary liked the new dedication even better than the old one; and when Dick read it he looked at Vivia and said, huskily:

"Great heavens!—and that is the man you once suspected of running away with five thousand dollars."

Old Mrs. Morris has the dedication to that ungodly work of fiction cut out, and pasted in the front of her New Testament. She is a quiet old lady, but she does her own thinking, and can see the heart of a man or a deed where noisier folk comprehend nothing but the complexion or the result.

LATEST WINTER STYLES

Patterns of *any* design shown in our Fashion Department will be sent to any address in Canada, upon receipt of 10 cents for each pattern. In ordering patterns, send name and address, and tell the number of the pattern required, giving bust measure of waists and coats, and waist measure of skirts. for adults, or age for children.
Address:—Pattern Department, THE NATIONAL MONTHLY AND CANADIAN HOME, 241 Roncesvalles Ave., Toronto.

THE fashions this month are exceedingly attractive. They offer a variety of styles, while delicate, dainty colors have been decreed correct.

The coats are shown in every length, from the short Eton, to the redingote reaching to the bottom of the skirt.

Skirts maintain the sensible vogue of comfortable walking length, or just touching, for the house. Sleeves show more variation than any other part of the gown, and several novel ideas are shown in our illustrations.

In trimmings there is the inevitable touch of velvet, and the almost equally inevitable touch of lace on the bodice. Military braids for the coats are greatly in favor, while fancy buttons, of all descriptions are utilized.

In hats, there is no end to the variety. Almost every hat is cocked up to suit the face of the wearer. In this as in the other garments, the delicate colors predominate. And, by-the-way, speaking of hats reminds us of the new idea in hat-pins which has just been brought out, and which is bound to be a favorite with the ladies. It consists of a long strong curved metal hairpin which is attached by the means of a small pin to the inside of the hat, and is easily adjusted. During the windy days ahead of us, this new invention will prove a blessing to the women fortunate enough to possess one.

SHIRT WAIST SUIT

Blouse—5166.
Skirt—5164.

NOTHING makes more attractive afternoon gowns than the soft wool, and silk and wool materials that are so numerous. Illustrated is an exceedingly graceful model. The design is a simple yet effective one, and can be treated in various ways. In this instance the yoke with the front extensions is simply finished with an oriental banding. For a woman of medium size will be required: For the waist, 4½ yards of material 21 or 27, 2⅛ yards 44 inches wide; for the skirt, 12¼ yards 21, 9⅜ yards 27, or 6⅞ yards 44 inches wide.

SHIRT WAIST SUIT

Shirt Waist—5196.
Skirt—5189.

SIMPLE afternoon gowns, made in shir waist style are always desirable additions to the wardrobe, for they are thoroughly

satisfactory from every point of view. In addition to being eminently fashionable, they are serviceable and very generally becoming. The waist is desirable for silk, for wool and for washable fabrics, and the skirt for suitings as well as for the materials of in-door wear. Material required for the medium size is: For the waist, 3¾ yards 21 or 27, or 2⅛ yards 44 inches wide; for the skirt, 8¾ yards 27, 5 yards 44 or 4½ yards 52 inches wide if material has figure or nap. 6½ yards 27, 3¾ yards 44 or 3 yards 52 inches wide if it has not.

Afternoon Gown

Waist—5193
Skirt—4930

CASHMERE gowns, such as this one, are much in vogue for afternoon wear, and are always graceful and charmingly attractive. The material is soft and lends itself to both shirrings and tucks with marked success, while it always takes satisfactory folds and lines. In this instance the trimming is banding of velvet, and the chemisette is of lace. Again, buttons are greatly used as trimming, and the little gold ones shown make a particularly attractive effect on the background of soft wood brown. The waist includes one of the little capes that make such novel features of the season, and which is exceedingly attractive and becoming. For a woman of medium size will be required: For the waist, 4¼ yards of material 21 or 2¼ yards 44 inches wide, with ½ yard of all-over lace; for the skirt, 9 yards 21, or 4½ yards 44 inches wide.

Reception Gown

Waist—4965
Skirt—4937

NONE of the new shades of the season is lovelier than the one known as tea rose, and in no material does it appear to better advantage than in the louisine silk illustrated. In this case, the chemisette and the cuffs are of lace, while the collar matches the gown, and is finished only with a banding, but the model is one that can be varied in a number of ways. Chemisettes of embroidered muslin are greatly liked, and the collar can either be of velvet or of some contrasting silk, while for the gown itself everything that is soft enough to be shirred successfully is appropriate. For a woman of medium size will be required: For the waist, 4½ yards of material 21 or 2 yards 44 inches wide; for the skirt, 15 yards 21 or 7½ yards 44 inches wide.

Smart Walking Suit

Blouse Coat—4923
Skirt—5178

MANY of the smartest walking suits of the season are made with the little blouse coats that always are so becoming and satisfactory to the wearer. Illustrated is one that is combined with one of the very latest seven-gored plaited skirts, and that is made of Venetian cloth in one of the new sage greens, with trimming of fancy banding, but which appropriately can be utilized for any seasonable suiting. Broadcloth is always elegant; velvet and velveteen are greatly in vogue. Material required for the medium size is: For the coat, 2⅛ yards 44 or 1¾ yards 52 inches wide; for the skirt, 6¼ yards 44, or 5 yards 52 inches wide.

Winter Suit

Empire Coat—5181
Circular Skirt—5090

THE suit made with Empire coat and skirt is one of the novelties of the season that is admirably well adopted to cold weather, and is both smart and comfortable. This one is made of broadcloth, with trimming of moire silk cut into banding, but is appropriate for all the season's suitings, while again the

Coat 4923—32-40 bust
Skirt 5178—22-30 waist

Cape Waist 5193—32-40 bust
Five Gored Skirt 4930—22-30 waist

Eton Jacket 5104—32-40 bust
Umbrella Skirt 5175—22-30 waist

Empire Coat 5181—52-40 bust
Circular Skirt 5090—22-30 waist

5195 Shirred Blouse Waist, 32 to 40 bust.

5196 Tucked Shirt Waist, 32 to 42 bust.

5203 Surplice Shirt Waist, 32 to 42 bust.

coat makes a most satisfactory one for general wear, in which case it can be made from any cloaking material. For a woman of medium size will be required: For the coat, 4¾ yards of material 44 or 4 yards 52 inches wide; for the skirt, 4¼ yards 44 or 2¾ yards 52 inches wide.

Velvet Costume
Eton Jacket—5104
Umbrella Skirt—5175

ILLUSTRATED is an attractive model, combining one of the favorite little Eton coats with a plain umbrella skirt, which is trimmed with a banding of fur. In this case, the color is the new one known as damson, the material is velvet, and the fur is chinchilla—also exceedingly fashionable, and the list of fur edgings is a long and familiar one. For a woman of medium size will be required: For the Eton, 3¼ yards 21 or 1¾ yards 44 or 52 inches wide; for the skirt, 9 yards 21 4¼ yards 44 or 52 inches wide.

5190 Girl's Empire Coat, 6 to 12 yrs.

Afternoon Gown
Blouse—5172
Skirt—5063

THE afternoon gowns of the season are exceedingly charming and attractive, and are made from a variety of pretty soft silks and silk and wool mixtures. This one is eminently graceful at the same time that it is quite simple, and is made of duchess crepe, with lining of velvet ribbon and chemisette of embroidered muslin, but is quite appropriate

Design By May Manton.
Child's Bonnet 4252.

for all seasonable materials. For a woman of medium size will be required: For the waist, 4½ yards of material 21, 3¾ yards 27 or 2½ yards 44 inches wide, with ½ yard 18 inches wide for chemisette; for the skirt, 10⅝ yards 21, 9¼ yards 27, or 5⅜ yards 44 inches wide.

Shirred Blouse—5195

SUCH a pretty simple waist as this one finds innumerable uses, and is a well-deserved favorite. The two box plaits at the front meet over the closing, and allow of

5198 Girl's Tucked Coat, 4 to 10 years.

effective trimming with buttons, while the shirrings make soft becoming folds. Any soft wool or silk material is suitable. The quantity of material required for the medium size is; 4⅝ yards 21, 4 yards 27, or 2¼ yards 44 inches wide.

Tucked Shirt Waist—5196

THE shirt waist in silk, flannel, or all other light-weight wools, is held essential to the winter wardrobe just as the one in washable material is to that of the summer. Illustrated is one of the newest of all models which is suited to all materials mentioned, but which, as shown, is made of fancy taffeta. The quantity of material required for the medium size is: 3¾ yards 21 or 27, or 2¼ yards 44 inches wide.

Surplice Shirt Waist—5203

THE surplice shirt waist makes one of the latest developments of that altogether useful, desirable and satisfactory garment. This one is made with most becoming tucks at both front and back, and is adapted both to the shirt waist dress and to separate use, but in the case of the model is made of one of the new claret red flannels with skirt to match, the chemisette being of tucked and inserted muslin. The effect is exceedingly charming and attractive, while the waist has the advantage of allowing of frequent change of chemisettes, which fact in itself means a sense of daintiness and personal comfort not to be obtained in any other way. The quantity of material required for the medium size is: 3¾ yards 21, 3½ yards 27, or 2⅛ yards 44 inches wide, with ¾ yards any width for the chemisette.

Princesse Skirt, 5194

THE favor of the princesse skirt has become an established fact. Made in round length it is much worn for formal occasions, and while in walking length it is exceedingly smart with a jaunty Eton or with short coat worn as a street costume. This one is so designed that it either can be tucked or shirred, and so becomes suited both to the filmy materials and to such heavier ones as are in vogue. As shown, it is shirred and made of dove gray chiffon messaline, with trimmings of embroidery executed in Kensington style, and is dainty in the extreme; but chiffon, net, lace and all the thin silks are charming so treated, and can be trimmed in various ways. When tucked it is equally suited to the round and the walking length, and is exceedingly graceful and handsome in the light weight or chiffon broadcloths and velvets, drap d'été or thin similar material. The quantity of material required for the medium size is 10 yards 21 or 27, or 5¾ yards 44 inches wide when material has up or down; 9¼ yards 21, 7 yards 27, 4 yards 44 when it has not, 5 yards of banding.

Girls' Tucked Coat—5198

SUCH a long coat as this one always can be relied upon to make a satisfactory cold weather garment. It is warm, comfortable and smart in one, and withal so simple that its making involves little time and little labor. Velvet and velveteen are both fashionable, and when made from these materials the coat becomes an exceedingly dressy one, while cheviot, Scotch mixtures and the like, render it suited to the hard usage of school. The quantity of material required for the medium size (8 years) is: 4 yards 27, 2½ yards 44, or 2⅛ yards 52 inches wide.

Girl's Empire Coat—5190

EMPIRE models appear to be steadily gaining in favor week by week, and are never more attractive than when worn by little girls, to whom they are always becoming. In the illustration is shown an exceedingly smart, yet quite simple coat, which is adapted to all seasonable materials, and which includes the very best features of the style without being in any way exaggerated. In this instance dark red Melton is finished with a simple black silk banding, but all cloaking cloths can be utilized, and both velvet and velveteen are exceedingly fashonable this season. The quantity of material required for the medium size (10 years) is: 5¾ yards 27, 3 yards 44, or 2⅞ yards 52 inches wide.

Blouse 5172—32-40 bust
Skirt 5063—22-30 waist

Waist 4965—32-40 bust
Skirt 4937—22-30 waist

Waist 5196—32-40 bust
Skirt 5189—22-30 waist

Blouse 5166—32-40 bust
Skirt 5164—22-30 waist

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5194 Princesse Skirt. 22 to 30 waist.

GIRL'S SHIRRED PRINCESSE DRESS—5205

THE vogue of the princesse dress is as much to be noted among the styles for little girls as among those of their elders, and exceedingly charming are some of the results. This one is eminently simple, girlish and attractive, and includes all the essential characteristics, while it is so designed that there is nothing like severity in its outlines. As illustrated, it is made with the open square neck and elbow sleeves that are so well liked for dancing school, parties and the like, but the addition of yoke and cuffs makes it suited to afternoon wear. In this instance the material is pale pink chiffon veiling trimmed with ecru lace, but the list of possible and satisfactory things is long. The quantity of material required for the medium size (12 years) is: 7¼ yards 21, 5½ yards 27, or 3¾ yards 44 inches wide, with ¾ yards of all-over lace and 7½ yards of lace edging to make as illustrated: 3 yards additional 21, 2½ yards 27, or 1½ yards 44 inches wide if bertha and frill are of the material.

5205 Girl's Shirred Princesse Dress, 8 to 14 years.

GIRL'S COSTUME—5170

SCHOOL girl's dresses are among the garments which are constantly in need of renewal. Here is one that is so simple as to be quite certain to appeal to even the busiest of mothers, while it is essentially stylish and consequently sure to be satisfactory to the young wearer herself. In the illustration it is made of dark red henrietta with bands of taffeta, held by little gold buttons. For a girl of 12 years will be required: 6½ yards of material 27, 3¾ yards 44 inches wide.

6170 Girl's Costume, 8 to 14 years.

CHILD'S BONNET—4252

BONNETS make the best of all head-coverings for the small children during the cold weather, and are always charmingly attractive and becoming. This one can, with propriety be made of velvet, silk, of the soft chiffon broadcloth, of white plush or, indeed, of any seasonable material. It frames the small face most becomingly, and can be edged with the fur, as illustrated, or finished in any way that may be liked. There is a ruche that rests closely against the head, and there are ties which bow under the chin; these last can be of silk, or of ribbon, as may be preferred. For a child of 4 years will be required: 1¼ yards of material 21, or ⅞ yards 44 inches wide, with 2 yards of fur for edging, and ⅜ yards of silk for lining.

SPECIAL MENUS FOR CHRISTMAS

— I —

BREAKFAST

Apples Baked with Dates Cream
Wheatlets
Omelet Graham Muffins
Coffee

LUNCHEON

Escalloped Oysters. Toasted Muffins
Celery Cheese Biscuits
Fruit Jelly
Tea

DINNER

Cream of Celery Soup
Roast Turkey Giblet Gravy
Cranberry Sauce Olives
Creamed Cauliflower
Sweet Potatoes Mashed Potatoes
Lettuce and Cabbage Salad
Plum Pudding Hard Sauce
Fruit
Nuts and Raisins
Cafe Noir

— II —

BREAKFAST

Dried Apricots Stewed
Cornmeal Porridge Cream
Creamed Chicken with Toast
French Fried Potatoes
Coffee

DINNER

Cream Tomato Soup
Roast Turkey Oyster Stuffing
Brussels Sprouts Creamed Potatoes
Cranberry Jelly
Lettuce Celery and Olive Salad
Plum Pudding Hard Sauce
Ice Cream
Nuts and Raisins Cafe Noir

SUPPER

Oyster Soup
Sliced Oranges
Thin Bread and Butter
Scotch Shortcake
Mince Pie
Tea

— III —

BREAKFAST

Oranges and Bananas
Breakfast Cereal Cream
Creamed Sweetbreads
Toast Marmalade
Coffee

LUNCHEON

Cornmeal-and-Rice Waffles
Puree of Chestnuts with Whipped Cream
Christmas Cake
Tea

DINNER

Oysters on the Half-snell
Clear Soup Bread Sticks
Roast Turkey, or Roast Goose
Mashed Potatoes Peas
Cranberry Jelly Celery Salad
Plum Pudding Hard Sauce
Orange and Pineapple Sherbet
Nuts and Raisins
Cafe Noir

RECIPES FOR THE CHRISTMAS SEASON

ENGLISH PLUM PUDDING

Grate half a pound of stale bread (nearly three cups), chop fine half a pound of beef suet. Add to the suet two cups of seedless raisins, one cup of currants, half a cup of thinly-sliced citron, the grated rind of an orange or lemon, and one cup of sugar. Mix together thoroughly with the hand, then add the bread, three-fourths a teaspoon of cinnamon, one-fourth a teaspoon of cloves, and one-third a teaspoon of mace. When well mixed again add the well-beaten yolks of four eggs, with half a cup of milk, and lastly the stiffly beaten whites of the eggs. Steam six hours in a two-quart mold well buttered.

HARD SAUCE

Cream three-fourths a cup of butter, and add gradually two cups of fruit sugar. When all the sugar is added, beat into it the stiffly beaten whites of two eggs. Flavor to suit the taste.

BAKED APPLES WITH DATES

Remove the cores from the apples. Pare the apples and put in an enamelled baking dish. Fill the cavities in the apples with stoned dates. Sprinkle with granulated sugar, and bake in a quick oven until tender. Serve hot or cold with cream.

ALMOND CAKE

Beat the yolks of four eggs until light and thick. Beat in gradually, one cup of sugar, one-third a cup of grated chocolate, half a cup of blanched and powdered almonds, and three-quarters a cup of grated and sifted breadcrumbs mixed with one teaspoon of baking powder. Finish by folding in the whites of four eggs beaten dry. Bake in layer cake tins. Put jelly between the layers and frost the top.

CORNMEAL AND RICE WAFFLES

Sift together half a cup of cornmeal, half a cup of flour, one teaspoon of salt, and two teaspoons of baking powder. Add one cup of cold boiled rice (the grains should be distinct), then gradually mix with the yolks of two eggs, beaten and diluted with one cup and a half of milk; lastly, add two tablespoons of melted butter and the whites of two eggs beaten until dry. Cook on waffle irons.

PUREE OF CHESTNUTS

Shell and blanch one pound of Italian chestnuts, cook in boiling water until tender, drain and pass through a puree sieve; add half a cup of sugar and a little hot cream; cook two or three minutes, remove from the fire, and flavor with one teaspoon of vanilla; stir in half a cup of candied cherries cut into pieces, and form into a mound. To a cup of thick cream add one-fourth a cup of milk, half a teaspoon of vanilla, and one-third a cup of sugar, and beat solid. With a part of the cream cover the mound of chestnuts. Decorate with candied cherries and serve very cold.

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CAULIFLOWER SALAD

Dress a well-washed head of lettuce with oil (if desired), vinegar, salt and pepper; arrange on a dish with part of a head of cauliflower broken into flowerets, and serve with mayonnaise dressing.

IMPERIAL STICKS

Cut stale bread in one-eighth inch slices, remove the crusts, spread with butter, and cut slices in narrow strips; bake until delicately browned.

GRAPE JUICE FRAPPE

Boil one quart of water and two cups of sugar ten minutes. Strain into the can of the freezer, and when cold add one pint and a half of grape juice and the juice of two lemons. Pack the freezer with ice and rock salt in equal proportions. When the mixture is half frozen, remove the dasher and set aside until serving time. Scrape the frozen mixture from the sides of the can, and beat thoroughly before serving in sherbet glasses.

COCOANUT JUMBLES

Cream half a cup of butter, add a cup of sugar, gradually, one tablespoon of milk, two eggs well beaten, but not separated; one cup of cocoanut, freshly grated (or prepared cocoanut may be used), and two cups of flour sifted, with two teaspoons of baking-powder. When well mixed, add more flour if necessary, to make a dough that may be rolled out thin. Cut the dough into rings. Sprinkle the tops of the cakes with a mixture of granulated sugar and cocoanut, and bake in a quick oven.

ORANGE SHERBET.

Take equal parts of orange juice and sugar, and twice as much water as orange juice. Make a syrup with the water and sugar, remove from the fire and cool. Add the orange juice. Fold in the stiffly beaten whites of eggs, using about one white for each cup of water. (Gelatine may be used instead of eggs, if desired, in the proportion of two teaspoons of gelatine to each cup of liquid). Freeze.

OYSTER BISQUE

Take one pint of oysters, one pint of milk, salt, pepper, celery salt, a little parsley, three-quarters of a cup of bread-crumbs, two tablespoons butter. Cook the bread-crumbs, milk and oyster liquor together; while cooking, separate the muscles from the oysters. Chop the muscles up; add them to the liquor. Let cook a few minutes, then rub through a sieve. Bring the soup to a boiling point. Add the oysters. Cook till the oyster jills frill.

CURRIED SALMON

To one cup of canned salmon add one cup of white sauce (made from one cup of milk, two tablespoons of flour, and two of butter). Flavor with one teaspoon of curry, shake of pepreka and salt. Heat, add two hard-boiled eggs cut in small pieces.

IVORY JELLY

Blend four teaspoons of gelatine with one-half cup of cold water, add one cup of hot milk, two-thirds of a cup of sugar, vanilla, one and one-half cups of cream.

ORANGE SPONGE

Make an orange jelly; while it is thickening beat with Dover egg-beater. Add the stiffly beaten egg-whites. Pour into a mold.

SHEPPARDS' PIE

Take one pound of minced beef, three cups of cold mashed potatoes, salt, pepper, onion juice, tomato catsup or worcester sauce. Mix lightly together the beef and two cupfuls of potatoes; add the seasoning to suit the taste, about one-quarter to one half cup catsup being sufficient. Turn into a baking dish. Pour over this one-quarter to one-half cup of gravy. Cover the top with mashed potatoes. Bake in the oven. Serve hot.

PRUNE SOUFFLE

Cook one pound prunes until soft. Remove stones. Mash the prunes, adding a quarter of a cup of sugar while they are warm. Beat the whites of four eggs stiff, and fold into the prunes. Bake in the oven one-half hour in a buttered baking dish. Make a soft custard sauce with the yolks.

EGG TIMBALS

Blend one egg and one-quarter of a cup of milk, or stock, seasoning. Pour into a buttered cup. Put the cup in a pan half full of water. Cook in moderate oven.

FRENCH PANCAKES

Take four eggs, one cup of milk, one-half cup of flour, one-quarter of a cup of sugar; salt. Add the salt to the yolks, beat till a lemon-color; add milk, sugar, flour; stir in the stiffly-beaten whites. Pour a thin layer on buttered frying pan; cook on one side only. Spread with jam, etc. Roll and serve with sauce.

ORANGE SAUCE

Cream two tablespoons of butter and two tablespoons of sugar; add two eggs well beaten and four tablespoons of water. Cook till thickening. Then add one-quarter of a cup of orange juice.

GOOD PASTRY

The proportions for a good pastry are one-half pound of butter, one-half pound of lard, to one quart of flour and a cup of ice-water. Mix the lard and flour until fine as dust, then add the water; sprinkle with flour, roll out and add the butter in small pieces.

SUGGESTIONS FOR CHRISTMAS GIFTS

THE "Christmas present" problem is one which demands our constant and careful thought at this season, and it is to assist would-be-givers to solve this problem that this article has been prepared. It is to be presumed that those who produce Christmas gifts of their own handiwork have been deep in the mysteries long ere this, thus most of our suggestions will be in regard to articles which may be purchased in the shops, nevertheless maybe a few suggestions for articles that are easily and quickly prepared, may not come amiss.

First in importance in all households at this season are the children and their toys. For little girls, pretty dressed dolls (with clothes that are not sewn on) head the list. A new and complete outfit for an old favorite whose trousseau is in need of being replenished, would be appreciated; a doll's bed fitted with the necessary bedclothes, or a diminutive set of table linen, including centre-piece and wee d'oyleys, and a doll's tea cosy. Then there are bedroom slippers and little dressing gowns, easily made and greatly appreciated. Prettily fitted work-baskets, with thimble, scissors, etc., would appeal to the doll's dressmakers. Amongst bought articles there is every variety of furniture, dishes, books, jewellery, furs, paint-boxes and many things more.

THE small boys will hardly appreciate home-made articles, as their hearts turn to engines, boats, mechanical toys, rocking horses, skates, bicycles, toy soldiers, magic lanterns, sleighs, drums, bugles, building blocks, tool chests, trains and tracks, and books of adventure.

For the wee people there are knitted balls stuffed with cotton batting, or cloth dolls, little crocheted jackets or shoes, dainty bibs, a crocheted Afghan for the carriage, little gold pins, napkin rings, spoons or silver mugs.

FOR the men there is a great variety—and here is a word for the girls. Provide something for the father of which the chief value lies in the labor and love bestowed on it. A photograph case, which will hold the wife's picture, and as many photographs as he has children, will be greatly prized. See that each photograph is in its place. Or give him something he would not buy for himself, a comfortable smoking jacket, a new cane, or penknife. Many men are fond of perfume, but will not buy it for themselves. For all men there are small things, such as stamp or court plaster cases, handkerchiefs (legibly marked), neckties, gloves, mufflers, sleeve buttons, key rings, tie pins, watch fobs. In the fashionable burnt leather work, cuff or collar boxes, tobacco pouches, pocket books, shaving cases, containing sheets of soft tissue paper and picture frames, are appropriate and pleasing gifts. Pipe racks of various styles are easily made, and very acceptable to the smoker. Sofa cushions are good. In making a pin-cushion fer a boy's room, make it of a small silk Union Jack, with frills of red, white and blue ribbon.

FOR the ladies, young or old, there are innumerable suggestions to be offered. A dainty handkerchief, a little piece of lace-work, or any of the fanciful collars now so much in vogue, will be appreciated; turn-over collars of embroidery or drawn work, as well as long sachets of silk or embroidered linen to hold these turn-overs. For evening wear, there are pretty fascinators, and long white knitted woollen sleeves, knitted on four coarse needles. For comfort there are bedroom slippers, dressing gowns, silk kimonas, or slumber socks. Silk work bags are easily made. All women love silver toilet articles, pretty fans, wrist bags, card cases, gloves, stick pins, or fancy pieces of china; for instance, quaint candle sticks. Then there are furs, evening wraps, party bags, clocks, slippers, books, stationery bearing the monogram. More particularly for the mothers might be added, shopping-bags, table linen, china, silver or glassware, pretty laces, desks, embroidered centre-pieces, tea coseys, sofa pillows, lamps, and pretty tissue-paper shades. Don't forget, too, that the mother will appreciate, quite as much as the young girl, a dainty piece of jewellery, a pretty silk blouse, or stylish lace collar.

For those in your home who have served you faithfully, provide gifts which will have no suggestion of their work. They appreciate pretty things as thoroughly as do members of the family, and should, on Christmas day, be made to feel that they are something beyond mere household drudges. Don't give your maid a cap or an apron, but something to be used in her leisure hours.

MORE AMALGAMATION

TWO Toronto institutions, which have both taken an active part in the financial life of the city, are to join forces. The York County Loan and Savings Company is calling a special meeting of its shareholders to consider an agreement, transferring its assets and undertaking to the Dominion Permanent Loan Company.

The encouragement of thrift in Canadian families is a worthy object, and while securing this, the working of a society like the York County Loan shows at the same time the immense importance of accumulated savings. The York County Loan began in 1891 as a local building society, extending its operations after Mr. Joseph Phillips became president and general manager, until it is now not only doing an active local business, but is the largest society of its kind in Canada. It was incorporated as a mutual society, issuing terminating or withdrawable shares, each shareholder having the privilege of withdrawing his shares after a specified time. On this plan the company has done an aggressive and successful business all over the Dominion. But of late years the Legislature has, besides denying the right to issue withdrawal shares to new companies, narrowed the powers of companies already issuing such shares.

At the same time, as is well known in Toronto, the York County Loan was engaging extensively in real estate in the western part of the city. Its investments in this direction, and the outlay for desired development of its property, formed an additional reason, together with the attitude of the Legislature, for a change in the basis of the Company. Accordingly the directors invited the shareholders to convert their withdrawal shares into permanent capital. A total sum of $1,760,000 remained on the company's books at the end of 1904, after $1,400,000 had been withdrawn during that year. The shareholders responded to this call by, to some extent, making the suggested change; but the process was not speedy enough to provide both for the payment of the current withdrawals, and for the desired real estate developments.

In view of these facts, the Board of Directors considered it to be in the best interests of the shareholders to accept the terms provided by the amalgamation sections of the Loan Corporations Act, by which the company's assets could be transferred. Accordingly an agreement was reached with the Dominion Permanent Loan Company, which company consents to pay entire value for the York County assets in its own permanent shares; or, if the shareholder chooses, in a debenture or deposit receipt. This agreement is now to be submitted to a general meeting of the York County shareholders, as before it can pass it must be ratified by them and approved by the Governor-in-Council. Leading shareholders, who, it is understood, have already been consulted, heartily endorse the plan proposed.

The two companies to be thus amalgamated will have united assets of more than four and a half millions, and the amalgamation will result in economy of management that will be of benefit to the shareholders of both companies.

The officers of the York County Loan are Mr. Joseph Phillips, president and managing director; Mr. E. J. Burt, vice-president; Mr. Stewart Linn, secretary-treasurer. Hon. J. R. Stratton is president of the Dominion Permanent Loan, and Mr F. M. Holland, managing director, with offices at 12 King street west, in this city.

The purchasing company was incorporated in 1890, and had a paid-up permanent capital of over a million dollars at the end of last year, with total assets of over $3,250,000. It has never issued terminating shares.

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THE

NATIONAL MONTHLY

AND CANADIAN HOME

VOL. XI. TORONTO, JANUARY, 1906 No. 1.

Entered according to Act of the Parliament of Canada in the year one thousand nine hundred and five, by THE NATIONAL MONTHLY PUBLISHING CO of Toronto, at the Department of Agriculture.

CONTENTS

THE NATION'S PROGRESS - - —*Illustrated*
HIS MOTHER OR HIS SWEETHEART —*Complete Story*
WORLD AFFAIRS - - - —*Illustrated*
THE ROMANCE OF SELINA KING —*Complete Story*
CALGARY OF THE WONDERFUL WEST —*Illustrated*
BURNING THE BRUSH - - —*Serial Story*
MUSIC AND THE DRAMA - - —*Illustrated*
WORLD OF PRINT
—*Selected Articles from the World's Periodicals*
FASHION DEPARTMENT - - —*Illustrated*
JANUARY MENU AND RECIPES

THE NATIONAL MONTHLY AND CANADIAN HOME
AN ILLUSTRATED MONTHLY MAGAZINE
PUBLISHED BY THE NATIONAL MONTHLY PUBLISHING COMPANY
241 RONCESVALLES - TORONTO, CANADA
SUBSCRIPTION PRICE, ONE YEAR, $1.50. SINGLE COPIES, 15C.
Subscribers ordering change of address must give both old and new address in full | Advertising rates sent on application
Advertisers desiring change of advertisement must send copy not later than the tenth of the previous month.

THE NEW YEAR

THE dawning of a New Year is always an occasion for retrospection. We look back over the year that has passed, over the events that have transpired during the short twelve months, and sometimes we marvel that so much could have been crowded into so short a period of time.

We find that our outlook has been broadened; we have new interests, new friends, new opinions, we seem to live almost in a new land, so great are the changes sometimes, and we are wont to wonder what the months of the new year have in store for us—And not only for each individual, but as Canadians we scan the events of the past year and strive to conceive some idea of what another twelve months will accomplish in this country.

We may grow, perhaps, a little weary of the repetition —for we see it everywhere—of staggering facts about the advance and growth of the country, of the rapidity with which the wide West is being filled up, of the incalculable wealth of our hills, our valleys and our broad plains—And yet, do we in our hearts weary of the repetition? Do we not rather feel a great pride and loyalty for our country?

Canada is like a great, strapping, bright-eyed, rosy-cheeked young lad, full of life and energy, full of the optimism of youth, of the confidence which of itself wins success, and who is in reality—though already splendid in his healthy growth and youthful accomplishments—only beginning to realize what grand opportunities he holds in his hand, which will make of him not only a man among men, but one of *the* men commanding respect and admiration from his fellow beings.

SIR CHARLES RIVERS-WILSON, a man of wide experience in public life, who has been connected with many large financial enterprises in England, and who is the president of the Grand Trunk, paints a glowing picture of the growth of the Dominion, and refers to Canada as a country offering the best possibilities for the investment of capital.

Such words simply confirm our own opinions. There are such infinitely great opportunities in Canada that it is impossible to comprehend all, and the best of it is we are a new country, with our wealth still before, not behind us.

IT has been said, very truly, by a prominent citizen of the United States, that the United States was the country of the nineteenth century, and it is equally true, as the same man said, that Canada is, and will be, the country of the twentieth century.

FOR the new year THE NATIONAL MONTHLY AND CANADIAN HOME has many good things in store in the line of excellent stories and articles by Canadian men and women. Readers amongst the ladies will be interested to know that it is our intention to add very materially to the departments which are of particular value on matters of the household.

A CANADIAN magazine has an important place to fill in the country, and an important mission to perform in keeping the readers not only informed of the happenings in our own land, but up to the time in general reading matter, this requiring the greatest care in the selection of reading matter. It becomes not only the personal enterprise of the publisher, but an enterprise which has an influence on the nation, in that it effects the minds of the public. With this thought in our mind we aim each month to give to our readers material of a national as well as an entertaining character.

It is interesting to Canadians to know how the name Canada was acquired. Though the country, according to the earliest official records, was discovered by John and Sebastian Cabot, who, sailing under commission from King Henry VII of England, landed in 1497 in Cape Breton, Nova Scotia, the name Canada does not appear in reports until seen in the record by Jacques Cartier, of 1536-7. The word comes from an Indian word meaning "village," and was used by the Indians when Cartier asked them where they lived.

"Kanata," they said, as much as to say, "our village," "over yonder," pointing at the same time towards their homes.

THE NATION'S PROGRESS

SOME MORE EVIDENCE

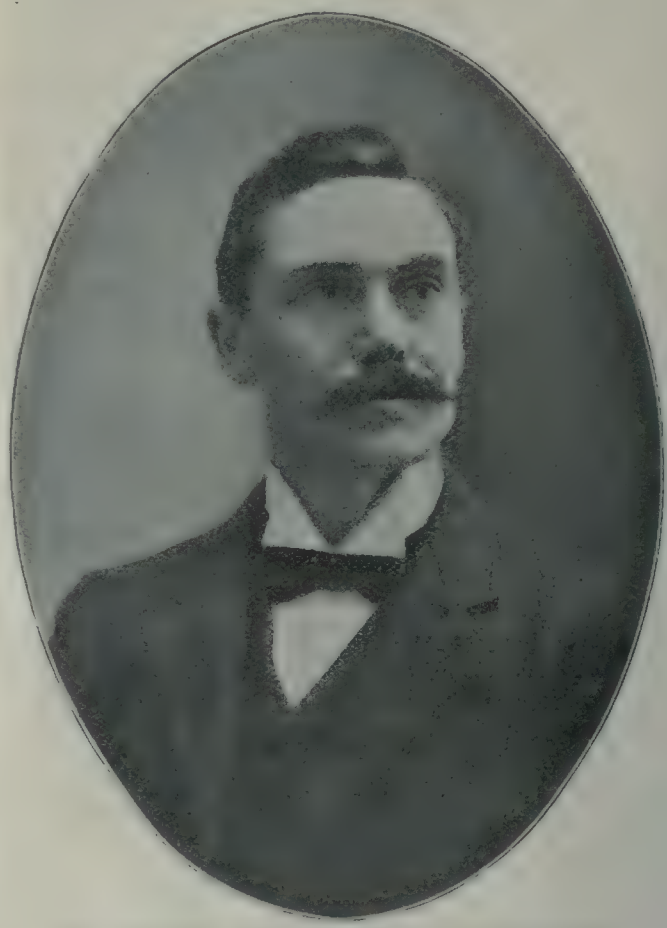
WE take a persistent delight in recording the phenomenal growth of Canadian wealth and prosperity. As an index to this, the bank statement just issued offers convincing proof. We condense from it the following :—"The unusual size of Canada's crops and the trade activity existent all over the Dominion, is reflected in the Government chartered bank statement just issued at Ottawa. It shows the condition of our thirty-three chartered banks on October 31st. The first point to remark is the remarkable expansion during October in the circulation of bank notes. This was, of course, seasonable, and due to the requirements of the Western crop movement. The amount of these bank notes in circulation on October 31st was $76,890,000, but the highest point reached during the month was $78,464,000, as against $69,831,000 on September 30, 1905, and $72,226,000 on October 31, 1904. Thus it took over $6,000,000 more to handle this autumn's business than it did last fall. During October our bank deposits grew to the extent of $13,000,000 in Canada, and fell off $3,000,000 at the branches in the States. Deposits of Canadian banks at home and abroad on October 31, 1905, exceeded those on October 31, 1904, by $69,000,000. During the month call loans by the Canadian banks increased $2,000,000 in Canada, and these institutions extended their loans abroad by $4,000,000. Current loans in Canada grew $7,000,000 during the month, and $2,000,000 "elsewhere." Canadian call loans on October 31, 1905, exceeded those of October 31, 1904, by $12,000,000, and during the year our banks increased this class of loans abroad by $18,000,000. Likewise the year shows an increase of $34,000,000 in current loans in Canada, and of $10,000,000 abroad. We add the total figures of the statement, which are :—

	Oct. 31, '05	Sept. 30, '05	Oct. 31, '04	Oct. 31, '03
Capital authorized	$100,646,666	$100,646,666	$100,546,666	$ 97,046,666
Total liabilities....	658,645,830	643,923,351	582,905,579	520,740 325
Total assets	811,800,039	795,235,045	726,963,269	660,520,201

Figures do not lie, and in face of this statement, who can doubt our steady and ever increasing prosperity? Verily this is Canada's century.

SASKATCHEWAN, TOO

LAST month we chronicled the political landslide in Alberta by which Premier Rutherford was sustained by 24 out of 25 members in the new Legislature. We now have to record that in the twin Province of Saskatchewan Premier Scott has also been successful by a majority of about six over F. W. G. Haultain, former Premier of the Territories. Complete returns are not yet available. This is not surprising when we consider that some Saskatchewan constituencies border on the Arctic Circle. It seems a pity that the intimate knowledge of the Northwest won by Mr. Haultain by many years of hard and intelligent effort for the upbuilding of the West should not be the directing influence in the new Government. However, his services will be of great value even as leader of the Opposition, and no doubt the changing fortunes of our party system will yet see his work rewarded by recognition at the hands of the electors of Saskatchewan.



HON. WALTER SCOTT, FIRST PREMIER OF THE NEW PROVINCE OF SASKATCHEWAN

THE CANADIAN TARIFF

THE Tariff Commission has completed its sittings for this year. The two sides of the question were presented in detail by the manufacturers and the farmers. The manufacturers appear, in some quarters, to have prejudiced their position, by invariably asking for increased duties, until some have thought their attitude a wholly selfish one. The farmers, on the whole, have presented their arguments with great skill and force, through the Provincial Farmers' Association, a small but influential body of men with an able newspaper organ. From the standpoint of the consumer, and omitting many cogent facts, their arguments for a general reduction of the tariff seemed sound, or at least appeal to that section of the community who desire to pay lower prices for the goods they buy. The farmers, however, appear to forget that a large revenue is necessary to Canada, and the building of the Grand Trunk Pacific, for which the Canadian Government must find large amounts of ready money, will make that necessity stronger. More than that, however, it is still a fact that our industries and manufacturing establishments, generally speaking, are as yet unable to meet the great competition from the United States, and that, were the tariff barriers down, we would be flooded with American and German manufactures, underselling our own, and gradually undermining the fine structure of commercial prosperity which has arisen in Canada under a protective tariff. An era of over produc-

tion in the United States has made their manufacturers desperately anxious for some kind of reciprocity, or better still, a lowering of the Canadian tariff, already much lower than they maintain against us. Such a mistake would also stop the large movement of American capital which some of the more astute American manufacturers are investing here, erecting manufacturing establishments in Canada, employing a large number of hands, and generally assisting to our material prosperity. It seems unlikely that the Government will do more than maintain the present British preference, and perhaps revise and improve the present scale of duties, so that in some particulars it will press less heavily upon the consumer, while still maintaining a strong and adequate measure of protection to such manufactures as need it.

THE FARMERS ARE WEALTHY

"THE farms and stock of Ontario have passed the billion dollar mark in value," said President Creelman, of the Ontario Agricultural College, recently in an address on "The New Agriculture." Mr. Creelman said that by using their brains more, and taking better advantage of their opportunities, the farmers of Ontario, who are better situated than any others in the world, have doubled their output during the past ten years. Mr. Creelman stated that while not so much grain as formerly is being grown in Ontario at present, this province is holding up her end pretty well. To show how true Mr. Creelman's words were, we append a few figures taken from the Ontario Crop Report which gives the following estimates of the yield in the various products this year, compared with last:

	Bushels. 1905	Bushels. 1904
Fall wheat	17,933,961	9,160,623
Spring wheat	3,582,627	3,471,103
Barley	24,265,394	24,567,825
Oats	105,563,572	102,173,443
Peas	7,100,021	6,629,866
Beans	846,443	912,849
Rye	1,714,951	2,001,826
Buckwheat	2,199,652	2,066,234
Potatoes	14,366,049	15,479,122
Carrots	1,846,659	2,022,945
Mangel Wurtzels	33,216,930	33,595,440
Turnips	57,654,086	64,861,703
Corn for husking	20,922,919	20,241,014
Corn for fodder (tons)	2,284,812	2,023,340
Hay and clover (tons)	5,847,494	8,673,525

WE ARE STRONG IN ENGLAND

"CANADA never stood so well as she does to-day in England, whether in regard to other colonial securities, or in regard to securities in general." This is the encouraging word brought back From England by Mr. B. E. Walker, general manager of the Canadian Bank of Commerce. Mr. Walker said that he found England undoubtedly prosperous, manufacturers are employed, and ordinarily people would be contented, but there is at the same time this great army of unemployed, which seem to be made up of the unskilled, and the visitor is apt to wonder whether this is due to the tendency of trades unions not to encourage the development of special skill. This activity and the recent wars have made money high in England. Never was there as much interest taken in the colonies as at the present time,

THE CANADIAN GOVERNMENT'S TARIFF COMMISSION IN SESSION AT MONTREAL

From left to right—Sec. Bain; Hon. Wm. Patterson, Minister of Customs; Sir Richard Cartwright, Minister of Trade and Commerce; Hon. W. S. Fielding, Minister of Finance; and Hon. L. P. Brodeur, Minister of Inland Revenue

Bags of Cobalt Silver Waiting to be Shipped

and the length of time the new Government remains in office seems to depend upon the attitude they adopt toward the colonies and imperialism. This is agreeable news, especially from Mr. Walker, who is one of the keenest and shrewdest judges of commercial and financial conditions in Canadian affairs.

LABOR IN CANADA

PROBABLY never before have such satisfactory conditions prevailed in the Canadian labor world. And the outlook appears exceptionally bright. In giving our reasons for this stand we would lay emphasis upon the effects of the open season, which has permitted work in out-of-door occupations to be continued to an unusually late period. Notwithstanding this the volume of work in sight is larger than ever. The movement of the Western crops has given employment to large numbers of men, and the increased activity in the mining and lumbering camps has had a stimulating effect upon the labor market. This is true in an even greater degree of the extensive operations in railway construction now in progress. The general buoyancy of trade and the good crop returns have resulted in largely increased orders to manufacturing concerns, with a corresponding demand for labor and good wages. There are certain trades which are also always affected adversely by the approach of winter, but there are others, of course, which feel the benefit of the coming hard weather. *The Labor Gazette* says that "the activity of industry and labor was, on the whole, evenly distributed throughout Canada, but was most pronounced in Ontario and the western Provinces, British Columbia alone excepted, on account of the setting in of the rainy season."

ENGLISH IMMIGRATION

"One hundred thousand British immigrants will probably come to Canada next year, and I hope to see the day when the total immigration into this country will reach 250,000 annually," said Mr. W. T. R. Preston, Dominion Immigration Agent in Great Britain, who is visiting this country. He also stated that they were now meeting with considerable competition from Australian immigration agents, who were using very roseate literature, including the report of the Royal Commission of Western Australia, a publication which was grossly unfair to this country, and represented their Province as possessed of all the facilities for settlers achieving success in life, while Canada was hampered by many serious drawbacks. Regarding the Salvation Army immigration work, he said: "I am very much interested in their undertakings. It is the biggest feature in immigration outside of the Government that England has ever seen. They carry on their work on business and philanthropic principles, and will completely change for the better the current of thousands of lives." "There has been some complaint of England being drained of her agricultural workmen," said the interviewer. "Yes, but there is absolutely nothing in this. We could take half a million every year for twenty years, and it would not materially affect the general labor market. I attended Lord Tennyson's committee meeting, dealing with Rider Haggard's scheme, and the opinion was strongly expressed that this emigration was a means of relieving the distress in great Britain. There is too much of the paternal feeling in England. Much help is given, and a certain class comes to depend on this and becomes a regular charge on the country. By coming out here they have to shift for themselves, which is often just what they need." Regarding the charge that undesirable immigrants were sent out, Mr. Preston said that there were very few cases of this with the regular booking agents. A great many cases had been investigated and the charge proved groundless."

THE TEMISKAMING RAILWAY PAYS

THE earnings of the Temiskaming and Northern Ontario Railway, the Ontario Government's railway, continue to increase, to the great comfort and peace

of mind of the Provincial Treasurer. The net earnings on the 113 miles of railroad comprised in the first division from North Bay to New Liskeard for the last seven months, that is, from April 1 to October 31, have averaged $12,000 per month, which is sufficient to pay 3 per cent. interest on the cost of the part of the road under consideration, which is all at present in the hands of the Government. The earnings have shown a steady increase, and for the last month for which they are made up, namely, October, the net earnings were $16,000. Lumber is a heavy item in the receipts, but the remarkable fact about this new road is that from Jan. 16, 1905, when the Government took it over, till the present time, the passenger earnings have been 43 per cent. of the total earnings. The showing is considered all the more remarkable from the fact that during the whole season of navigation the road as far as Haileybury and New Liskeard is paralleled by a steamboat route. There seems to be no reason why a Government owned railway should not pay. Why can the Intercolonial not be managed on a plain business basis so that the annual deficit will be turned into an annual surplus?

THE CHAMBERLAIN IDEA

MR. ALFRED MOSELY, who is well known because of his two commissions, sent at his expense to examine into the industrial and educational progress of America, is a visitor in Canada. He comes now as one of Mr. Chamberlain's commissioners to see what the state of feeling in Canada is.

Mr. Mosely said: "Mr. Chamberlain's view is to consolidate the Empire by closer commercial relations, and, if possible, to stimulate the growth of your North-West provinces by giving a preference on colonial wheat. His object is two-fold. That by creating there a large agricultural population, these provinces will be in a position to purchase increased quantities of manufactured goods, partially of Canadian manufacture, and those you do not manufacture yourselves to be supplied by Britain, in preference to importing them from Germany and elsewhere, as at present; in other words, the preference is to work with a double-edged object, that of purchasing wheat from yourselves, and of sending back those goods which you require, and do not produce yourselves."

Mr. Mosely's attention was called to the report that some people believed that Mr. Chamberlain's plan would reduce Canada to a purely agricultural community. "An entire mis-statement or illusion," said Mr. Mosely. "Mr. Chamberlain's aim and object is to increase the prosperity of the colonies, and any scheme which had as its object the stifling of the growth of the industries, either of Canada or any other part of the Empire, would be doomed to failure. The position of the Canadian Manufacturers' Association, the members of which have thoroughly analyzed Mr. Chamberlain's proposals, is the sufficient answer to any fears of curtailing Canada's ambitions as a manufacturing country. In fact, from the natural resources which you have, we look forward to your being able to export to us articles that we can advantageously purchase from ourselves instead of importing from other parts of the world. Referring to Mr. Chamberlain's programme generally, it may be summed up in a phrase, 'There is no finality to anything in this world.' Conditions change, and with them must change the fiscal policy of England and other countries. Those who were formerly our best customers are now our competitors, and we must trim our sails to altered times."

We trust that this explanation of the tariff reform scheme of the great English statesman will make clearer to our readers this much discussed topic.

MR. ALFRED MOSELY,
ONE OF CHAMBERLAIN'S COMMISSIONERS, NOW VISITING CANADA

BANK CLEARINGS ONE BILLION

TORONTO'S progress financially is well illustrated by the remarkable increase in bank clearings this year. Monthly statements issued by the manager of the Toronto Clearing House indicate that the clearings to the end of November amounted to $983,766,369. That is already in advance of the total clearings last year. On the basis of the clearings so far this month, the manager gives as a conservative estimate, the colossal figures, $1,042,000,000 as the approximate clearings for 1905. This is an increase of nearly $200,000,000 over last year. These are the figures:—

1905	$1,035,000,000
1904	842,097,066
1903	808,748,260

The figures for the various cities for the eleven months of the two years are as follows:

	1905	1904
Montreal	$1,206,278,193	$ 958,268,509
Toronto	983,766,369	751,056,896
Winnipeg	327,640,296	258,631,122
Ottawa	110,696,466	94,745,360
Halifax	81,730,216	81,785,356
Vancouver	80,092,046	68,339,946
Quebec	78,601,645	66,421,257
Hamilton	61,809,180	52,877,731
St. John, N.B	48,350,701	46,965,593
London	45,493,627	41,177,171
Victoria	33,707,240	30,367,430
Total Canada	$3,025,409,601	$2,450,636,371

It will be noticed that the figures for Toronto for 1905 are more than $75,000,000 ahead of the figures for Montreal for 1904.

AN INSURANCE INVESTIGATION

THERE seems to be a well-founded belief that a general investigation into insurance methods in Canada will be ordered by the next session of the Federal Government. A well known insurance official of Montreal said in this connection, that it was the general impression that such an investigation would take place, but that just now it was a question whether the present was a suitable time for it. If it were a year previous or a year hence it would be welcomed, for he believed the Canadian companies would come out with flying colors. He did not believe that the evils which had been revealed in New York had their counterpart at all in Canada. Just now, however, owing to the scandals in connection with the New York companies, he thought the public would be prejudiced, and not in a position to give a cool and deliberate judgment such as might be expected under ordinary circumstances. As a result of this prejudice he believed that an investigation at this time would be injurious to the business, not because of anything it would reveal, but because of the blue spectacles which the public are at present wearing. Anything that could be distorted into further inflaming the public mind would probably result in the passing of legislation, especially as regards the insurance companies' powers of investment, which would be extremely injurious to the companies and also to their policy-holders. However, if an investigation should be brought on here it should be in an endeavor to get the actual facts and the truth in a calm and consistent manner, and not endeavor to make out every man a crook or a fool.

We endorse the statement that such an investigation, if held, should be fair and impartial and not conducted in a spirit which may produce panic conditions. As we have often stated, we do not believe that Canadian insurance companies need fear such an investigation. and while it may be necessary to restore public confidence, which has been disturbed by revelations in New York, it would result beneficially to all parties, the companies, policyholders and the general public.

INTERESTED SPECTATORS AT NORTH WEST MOUNTED POLICE GAMES AT REGINA. THE PICTURE SHOWS SIR WILFRID LAURIER, EARL GREY, LADY GREY, LADY LAURIER, AND OTHER WELL KNOWN PEOPLE

MIGRATION OF MEN AND MONEY

AN American Government expert of the Department of Commerce and Labor has been investigating the migration of men and money from the United States into Canada. The result of his enquiry is interesting not only to his own Government, who are somewhat concerned at the growth of the movement, but also to Canadians. What this country wants, as we all know, is more population and more capital to develop our resources. It also offers another aspect of the workings of the Canadian tariff referred to elsewhere in this Department.

An estimate prepared by a Montreal manager of American investments in that city places the minimum at $25,000,000 during the last five years. There are no data from which the total investment in Canada can be established with reasonable accuracy. In 1885 the capital engaged in manufacturing in the Dominion was $137,400,000. In nine years it has trebled, rising to $441,000,000. The phenomenal increase can be explained only by assuming a great influx of American capital.

The migration of capital is due to the resolve by American manufacturers that Canadian tariff laws shall not keep them out of the profitable markets of the Dominion. Its populatian is only five and a half millions, but its consumptive capacity is great. Canadian imports last year were $259,000,000, or $47 per capita. It is worth while to control Canadian trade. If it cannot be held by reciprocity treaties, which seem impossible of procurement, there is another way in which it can be done.

One or more important concerns in every manufacturing city in the United States have established branch plants in Canada, equipped with machinery made in the States. Nearly a score of the great Chicago manufacturing houses have done this. They would prefer in most instances to make their goods there and ship them across the boundary. The tariff wall stands in the way of that. They simply take a part of their capital and put it into Cauadian plants. Then they get the benefit of Canadian protection. It gives them a great advantage over other American manufacturers who are not equally enterprising.

On the other hand, this movement is causing some disturbance on the other side. A Chicago despatch says: "Reports just gathered show that 132 of the leading concerns of the country have been obliged, chiefly on account of tariff restrictions, to establish branch plants in Canada. The resulting loss financially is estimated at upwards of $50,000,000. (This has been invested in Canada.)

The agitation which the Illinois manufacturers are about to start is expected to assume the form of a national appeal to Congress. The remedy most in favor provides for reciprocity legislation which will permit of a freer exchange of American and Canadian manufactured products.

ERICSON JAMES

HIS MOTHER OR HIS SWEETHEART

By Evelene A. Spencer

IT was a hot Sunday in July. The church door and windows stood wide open, and the soft summer wind waved the green paper blinds to and fro with sleepy rhythm. The big flies and an occasional bee buzzed in, and finding all in semi-darkness, soon darted for the open door, and the piles of freshly cut clover and hay which lay in the meadows surrounding the little church.

The preacher waxed eloquent notwithstanding the heat, for he was a "local," and did not get a chance to preach very often.

Ann Evans sat in the choir and waved a big palm leaf fan to and fro, and smiled to herself as she noted the number of men and women who had first got beyond listening, then beyond appearances, and were now openly nodding their heads in drowsy unconsciousness. Ann stole a glance at the pew where Tom Burns and his mother sat, and the hot color mounted to her face, for Tom was looking right at her, and in a very unusual way, too.

Some others had been sharp enough to see it, too, and when the service was over one girl whispered to another: "Can they be engaged at last?"

"No," replied the other, "His mother will never consent to Tom's marrying any girl."

"More fool she to waste her time on him. Why, Ann Evans must be near thirty, and has never had any beau but Tom Burns. Pity he hadn't me to deal with, I'd bring him to time, mother or no mother," and with a laugh they passed outside the church door.

It was perfectly natural for Tom Burns to join Ann Evans and walk home with her. Tom had taken Sunday tea at Evans' for many years. He talked of crops with Mr. Evans, of horses with the boys, and the price of butter and eggs with Mrs. Evans, but his eyes followed Ann's every movement with interest, and she knew it.

ANN had known and liked Tom when she was a little girl; she had loved him with all the fervency of a woman's heart for nearly ten years; she had refused other men, and blindly waited for him to speak. She knew that he loved her, although he had never said anything which she could have construed as such, but words were not necessary, Ann and Tom fully understood each other; he knew that she would never marry him without his mother's full approval, and accordingly, to his code of honor, love-making was impossible without the proffer of marriage which should accompany it; and so he, too, waited on year by year, trusting, hoping, but always longing for the time to come when he could go and tell her all about it.

This Sunday evening he seemed different; Ann felt it from the time she met his eye in church, and Mr. and Mrs. Evans commented on it in the privacy of their bedroom that night.

"I would not be a bit surprised if Tom's at last had it out with his mother, and is thinking of marryin' Ann," began Mrs. Evans.

"Well, I was thinkin' the same thing," replied her husband, "and I suppose it's about time; although," with a sigh, "I don't see how you'll ever manage without Ann. I've always been glad she never married early like the other girls, she has been a help and comfort to us all her life."

"I'm afraid you're a selfish old man," amiably from his wife, who knew and understood all, "but I look beyond all that, and will be a thankful woman when I see my daughter married to Tom Burns. There was no use proddin' her, she never would look at anyone else, nor ever say a word to urge Tom on either. I saw that years ago, and have waited for the Lord to adjust it all in good time. Belinda Burns was never the woman to listen to anything she did not want to hear. She was always set up and high-handed, and seein' that the place is all hers, Tom and her have to settle all that before he can bring in a wife. Judgin' from to-day, he seems to have put the first spoke in the wheel, and we'll soon see the finish."

EARLY Monday morning Mrs. Burns was on her way down to Centreville. She was a large, fine-looking woman of fifty years of age, with a very determined eye, and a firm mouth. She slapped the horse's back with the reins impatiently, and clicked vigorously with her mouth to try and accelerate his speed, then she fell to thinking again. Evidently her thoughts were not pleasant ones, for she frowned and compressed her lips, and suddenly became aware of the slow rate at which she was travelling, and seizing the whip, proceeded to tickle the horse's back, after the manner of a humane-minded woman. The horse pricked up his ears aud broke into a steady trot, which he kept up until he drove up to Mrs. Amelia Watkins' door.

"How are you, sister," cried Mrs. Watkins, who had heard the wheels stop, and bounded out.

Mrs. Burns drove slowly through the gate and into the back yard, followed by her sister. The two women unharnessed the horse and started for the house. As Mrs. Burns removed her bonnet, she said, "I suppose you're wonderin' what has brought me to town so soon again."

"Well, yes, I was kind of wonderin', Belinda, knowin' that it is not much like you to do much visitin', or come to town any oftener than you can help."

"That's true, Mealy, I never was much of a gadder. No one could say that of me, anyway. Whatever my faults is, I stay at home and 'tend to my own business. Perhaps if I wasn't so fond of home it 'ud be better for me now," she added in an unsteady voice.

"Why, Belinda, has anything happened?—you don't seem quite yourself," asked Mrs. Watkins, anxiously and eagerly too, for Mrs. Watkins lived on news as well as her daily bread.

Mrs. Burns required no pumping to disgorge her news, as her sister well knew. "Ask Belinda a straight question and she'ull give you a straight answer," she was proud of saying. "You don't have to beat around the bush with her."

"What would you think, Mealy, of Tom askin' me yesterday if I had any objection to him gettin' married?"

"Well, well," ejaculated Mrs. Watkins, secretly pleased to learn that her nephew had done what she had counselled him to do for the last three years.

"Yes he did," resumed Mrs. Burns; then she paused, as if lost in the memory of what had taken place. Mrs. Watkins waited a few moments, and then prompted: "And what did you say to him, Belinda?"

"I said very little. Such a question as that needed thinking over before I could answer it. It came on so suddent like—that is, I never suspected Tom was on for

the marryin' any more now than he ever was—and I was kind of took unawares, so I said, 'Well, Tom, I must think about this,' and I decided to come down here and talk it all over with you, bein' my own sister, and Tom's aunt, and the only one left belonging to us."

Mrs. Watkins listened with surprise; it was not like Belinda to take things so quietly; and still less her way to offer to consult or ask anyone's advice. Belinda had always been high-handed, and run things on her own judgment only. Mrs. Watkins had expected that when it came to Tom's marriage her sister would put her foot down and refuse to consider it until Tom had openly declined to submit to her authority any longer, had done some threatening, or had declared war to the knife.

"Well, sister," began Mrs. Watkins, slowly, "there's no use denyin' that Tom has reached the years of manhood. He has always been a most obedient boy; he has worked and been a help to you from time he was a lad of twelve; and he has always listened to you and been guided by you, and never stopped to question anything you told him to do. Now he is a man—thirty years of age—and folleyin' the nature the Lord has put in him, he is lonesome, and wants to take a wife, and what are you goin' to do about it?"

MRS. BURNS drew a deep breath, and expelled it in a long sigh. "Mealy, I am goin' to talk to you now as I never thought to talk to any livin' bein'. Some folks like to talk about what's goin' on in their heads—you're like that, Mealy, and I suppose you take comfort in it; others keep their thoughts to themselves, and although they pass remarks, and seemingly mix in with people, they have a life to themselves, in their own heads, that no one suspects them of; now, I'm that kind. Tom's father and me never did much talkin' except about the work of the place. Now, do you suppose I could live on that? No; but I liked to think and plan and do, and so never missed the talkin'."

She paused a moment, and Mrs. Watkins said: "Yes, you've always kept your thinkin' pretty well to yourself. Even me, your own sister, has often been kept in the dark on things I'd ought to know."

"Well, Mealy, it is my nature, and I do not mean any slight by it. It's the same way with Tom. I have often thought that the day 'ud come when Tom 'ud want to marry, but I have put it away, for I did not want to think of it. Tom is my only child, and in my own way I love him as well as any mother could love her son. I've worked for Tom and I've planned for him—but not for Tom's wife. I'd do anything in this world for Tom, but I've always hated the notion of a daughter-in-law. A strange woman steps in and I step down."

"Oh, Mealy, *it is that steppin' down that's goin' to break my heart.* God Almighty has made us women suffer ever since Eve listened to that serpent in the garden of Eden. For thirty years I've worked and toiled and planned for that boy of mine. When I married and went home with Tom's father he took me into a log cabin on a little clearin' of fifty odd acres, and there my life's work began. What have I accomplished? From the boundary line to beyond the church, from the main road to beyond the railway, in all two hundred acres, cleared, in fine grain and pasture land, with wood enough to last many generations; a fine new brick house with a sink, and water piped into the kitchen, besides all the outside buildin's, barns, stables of the best; not a cent in debt, and money in the bank. Who has done it all? I have. For the Burns before my Tom were the pityablest managers as far back as anyone could remember."

"And now, what? Tom asks me to step down and let a young woman come in and manage things her way. The Lord forgive me, Mealy, for questionin' His way, but, oh, it is a hard one. First she takes my boy, and he's hers, for 'a man shall leave father and mother and cleave unto his wife,' then she steps into the home I've worked for and loved, the gardens I've planted and the buildin's I've planned, and they're hers; and I have to step down and out. My boy's gone, my home's gone, and I am left desolate." Her voice sank into a whisper, then ceased.

She sat staring in front of her with unseeing eyes for a few moments, and then went on: "I wonder now, how a man 'ud feel who has spent his life buildin' up some business, and when he gets to fifty years of age he has to step down and let his daughter's husband step in and manage; perhaps some whippersnapper of a chap who knows nothing about it, but because he married the daughter he's entitled to it? But the Lord has made it easier for the men, what they have earned and built up is theirs as long as the breath of life is in them, and what becomes of it after need not concern them."

"I suppose it's nature," said Mrs. Watkins after a pause, "Eve likely had to step down to Cain's wife, although I don't remember ever hearing about him havin' one; but if he had you may be sure that was the way of it. Men is men, and women is women, and there is no use for a woman to be settin' herself up like a man, for down she'll come as sure as she's born. God made Adam first, and, accordin' to Scripture, was very well satisfied with him, too; He didn't lay out to create any women, but it seemed to come to Him as an afterthought, just like when you were buildin' your house; you took a notion that a verandah along the front 'ud be an improvement; you didn't build the house to show off the verandah, but built the verandah to kind of chime in with the good appearance of the house. Now, it's just the same with women. We were created to kind of chime in with the men, and not to be thought anything of by ourselves, and the sooner in life that we make up our minds to this the better for us; it'll save us lots of worriment all through. Now, I'm goin' to get us a bite of dinner, and after we get something in our insides we'll feel more like facin' things."

Mrs. Watkins bustled around, and soon had an appetising meal on the table, which Mrs. Burns ate in silence, while her sister talked of other things not bearing on the subject so vital to them both.

"NOW," said Mrs. Watkins, after all had been cleared away, "let us go back to Tom again. I suppose you know who he has in mind?"

"Of course, Tom has never looked at but the one girl in his life. He used to carry Ann Evans' lunch basket to school, and help her over fences when he was only a young lad."

"Ann is a good girl," put in Mrs. Watkins, "and comes of decent stock, and there is no better housekeeper in all the township. If a woman has to step down, I'm sure it had ought to be easier to do it for a girl like Ann Evans than for some good-lookin' drab who'd soon have the place at sixes and sevens."

"Yes," rejoined Mrs. Burns wearily, "It had ought to be easier, I'll allow."

"Perhaps," cautiously, "you and Ann might come to some arrangement that you would not have to leave the place."

"Mealy," sternly from her sister, "you ought to know me well enough not to talk about "arrangements." What arrangements could be made, I'd like to know, for me to be playin' second fiddle in a place I've lived in for

over thirty years; for me to be bargainin' for this and askin' for that, where I've been mistress and beholden to no one all these years. No; when Tom brings the wife in I go out; it 'ud be folly for Tom to build another house on the place, and what 'ud I do with that big one and Tom gone? No; Tom's father never made but the one will, and that was when Tom was a little lad. He left it all to me, knowin' in his heart that it was me that had made all there was to leave. He knew, too, that I'd do the right thing by the boy; and so I will. Tom and Ann can have the place with the new house, buildin's and stock, and one hundred acres; that's as much as any young pair should have to begin life. The rent of the other hundred 'ull be mine along with the bank money. If Tom wants to keep it I'll rent it to him, if not, there'll be plenty glad to get it."

"And where 'ull you go?" asked Mrs. Watkins eagerly.

"I was just comin' to that. I'll come and buy myself a house here in town. It 'ull be be a different life to me, and not so much to my likin', but it's all there is to do, for I believe in young married folks bein' left to themselves without outside interference. I'll try to take comfort in Tom's bein' happy, and bye-and-bye, perhaps, there'll be children, and that 'ull be very satisfyin' to me. Dear knows, I may even cultivate a likin' for talkin', Mealy, I feel so turned upside down that I hardly know what's what any more. Mebby I have been too set in my ways and myself; mebby the Lord has thought so, and is takin' this way of humblin' me; mebby I'll be happier when it's all over, and I feel I've done the right thing by Tom. Now, Mealy, I've been over it all with you; I had to talk about it or go mad. I'm feeling better now, and Ann Evans never was the upsettin' kind, and perhaps we'll get on well; I hope so for Tom's sake."

AS Mrs. Burns drove up to her gate that afternoon Tom hastened out to meet her. Tom had been in an anxious frame of mind all day, and was glad to see his mother back, and eager to hear what she had to say. He helped her out of the buggy, and was about to unharness the horse, when Mrs. Burns laid her hand on his arm, saying: "Don't put the horse in, Tom, for I want you to drive over to Evans' and bring Ann home with you, I want to have a talk with her."

Tom looked at his mother in surprise; "Want to have a talk with Ann?" he repeated slowly; "Mother, has this anything to do with what I spoke of yesterday? For if it has it's only right that I should know why you want to see Ann. Mother, I love Ann Evans, I have loved her for many years; I am like you; I don't talk much of what is nearest my heart, and loving Ann as I do I am bound to shield her from all unpleasantness. I've waited and said nothing, for I wanted to do what was right by both her and you. Lately it has come to me that I have not been doing right by Ann; that I have been a sort of dog-in-the-manger. I have not asked her myself, and I have helped to keep her from settling in life with some other man all these years. It is this that made me say what I did yesterday; and now, mother, before I bring Ann here I want to know what you are going to say to her. For if it is to be family quarrels Ann is not to be brought into it."

He stood facing his mother, looking at her with her own determined eyes and firm mouth. The mother's eyes softened, and her firm mouth became tremulous as she said: "Tom, can't you trust your mother? Have I ever deceived you yet? Go and bring Ann to me."

"Mother," said Tom, putting his arms around her neck boyishly, "Mother, I do trust you, I'll show you how much; I'll go and bring Ann, and I'll say nothing to her until you've had your say first; I'll leave it all to you and abide by it." He kissed her, bounded into the buggy and drove off.

MRS. BURNS went into the house and set about getting tea. She opened up her best dining-room, got out her finest linen, her best cutlery and china, and set the table. She brought forth the best she possessed—the daintiest of provisions, and the costliest of tea—tea such as people only drink at weddings or funerals. Even tea can assume the dignity of the occasion; so thought Mrs. Burns, as she measured out the requisite quantity, and its fine bouquet pierced her nostrils. When she had finished all, and stood surveying the splendor, she murmured: "In the course of nature it had to be, and I'd have been one of the first to object to Tom's developin' into one of them dry, pinched lookin' old bachelors; and havin' to be, where could he have found one more after my own heart than Ann Evans?" She paused and gazed at the bright knives, the shining china, glistening glassware, and the snowy, well polished linen.

"Ann Evans 'ull appreciate all this," she went on exultingly to herself, "Ann knows what things are and how to care for them. Ann 'ull see everything on this table, and know the management necessary to keep them lookin' like this." Her eyes were quite soft now. "Dear knows, it isn't goin' to be half as hard as I thought."

She heard the sound of wheels coming up the drive, and deftly felt her lace cap and smoothed down her black silk apron, then walked slowly towards the front door, and opened it just as Tom had helped Ann out. Ann came up the steps with cheeks aglow and shining eyes; she hardly understood it all, and could only surmise, half in fear, and half in doubt, as to what it could all mean.

"How are you, Ann? It is real kind of you to come to tea on such short notice. Come into the bedroom and lay off your hat, and Tom 'ull be into tea presently."

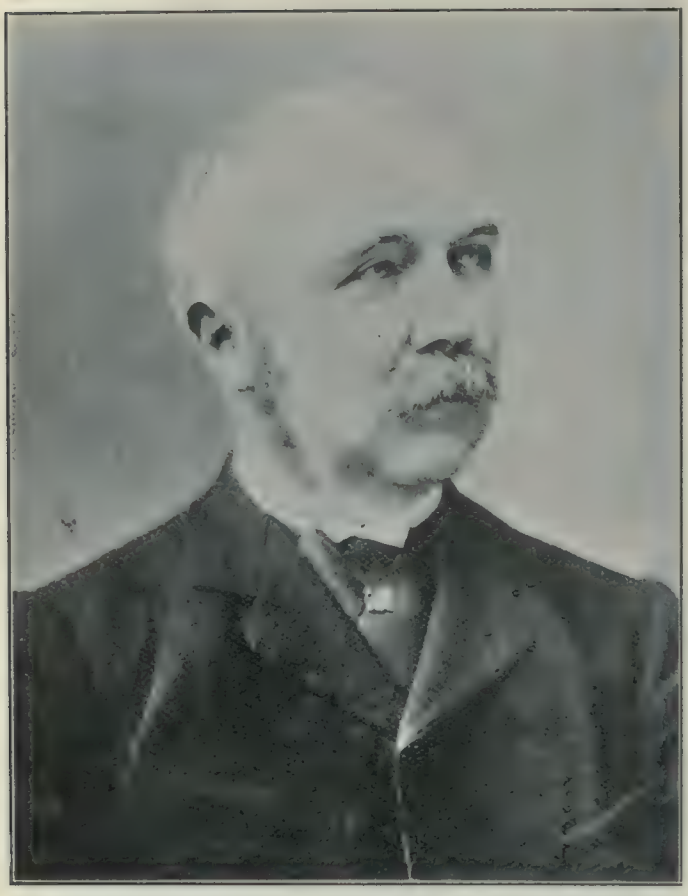
Ann sat on one side of the table, Tom across from her, and Mrs. Burns at the head behind the rare, fragrant tea. Ann took in the display and wondered what it all meant. She had often taken tea with Mrs. Burns, but had never known her to bring out all her best things just for a neighborly cup of tea. By common consent of the housekeepers around, such dignity of state was only brought forth for the preacher, for the school inspector or travelling delegate, provided he were accompanied by his wife, who could understand these things—or for a bride and groom. The best in everyone's house was always for the happy pair who made their tour with a horse and buggy, visiting their respective relations and friends. Ann mentally ran over these questions in her mind, and when she came to the last she blushed. Tom saw her, and asked if her tea was too hot; Mrs. Burns proffered more cream, but Ann said: "The tea is just to my liking; it is the finest tea I ever tasted, what kind is it, Mrs. Burns?"

Mrs. Burns was pleased, for she had felt that Ann would appreciate that tea, so she told her all about it, and became very chatty for her, while the meal was in progress. When they got up from the table Ann began to gather up the plates, when she was stopped by Mrs. Burns with: "We'll leave these for the present, come into the parlor."

Ann marvelled still more, for it was not Mrs. Burns' way to leave her table and best dishes lying, especially as it was still in fly season. The women walked into the parlor, followed by Tom.

(*Concluded on page 15*)

WORLD AFFAIRS



THE RT. HONORABLE SIR HENRY CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN, G.C.B., P.C., NEW PRIME MINISTER OF ENGLAND

NEW BRITISH CABINET

THE most important event in international politics to be recorded is the resignation of the Balfour Cabinet in Great Britain, and the succession of a Liberal Ministry under the leadership of Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman—of whom we present a portrait. The Unionist Government had been slowly tottering to its downfall, and while they had a clear majority of 70 in the House of Commons, the temper of the country was clearly against them, and the Premier was only forestalling certain disaster. The new cabinet is surprisingly strong, considering the disrupted state of the British Liberal party. The names of Herbert Henry Asquith, Sir Edward Grey, and Richard Burdon Haldane alone, it is said, will give great weight to the Ministry, and ensure that there will be no revival of Gladstonian Home Rule, despite the fact that the Cabinet contains a preponderance of those favorable to Home Rule. The Conservative organs point out that the most enthusiastic Home Ruler, Mr. John Morley, has been sent to the India Office, where he will have little influence on internal politics. The omission of Lord Roseberry is naturally the subject of much comment, but it is noticeable that his son-in-law, the Earl of Crewe, is in the Cabinet. The chief cause for congratulation is that Sir Edward Grey is Secretary for Foreign Affairs. He is pledged to a continuance of the strong and intelligent Foreign policy so ably begun and carried on by Lord Lansdowne. Sir Edward Grey is a connection of Lord Grey, Governor-General of Canada, and probably the most brilliant man in the new Cabinet. The chief danger to the Liberal Ministry lies in the uninspired kind of leadership of Campbell-Bannerman, and in the possible dependence for a majority on the Irish party.

THE PERSONNEL

The new Liberal Ministry, as officially announced, thus compares with the retiring Conservative administration :—

	New	*Old*
Prime Minister	Sir H. Campbell-Bannerman	A. J. Balfour
Chancellor of Exchequer	H. H. Asquith	Austen Chamberlain
Lord Chancellor	Sir R. T. Reid	Earl of Halsbury
Home Secretary	H. J. Gladstone	A. Akers-Douglas
Foreign Secretary	Sir E. Grey	Lord Lansdowne
Colonial Secretary	Earl of Elgin	Alfred Lyttleton
War Secretary	R. B. Haldane	H. O. Arnold-Foster
Indian Secretary	John Morley	G. St. J. Brodrick
First Lord of Admiralty	Lord Tweedmouth	Lord Cawdor
Pres. Board of Trade	D. Lloyd-George	G. W. Balfour
Pres. Local Govt. Board	John Burns	W. H. Long
Pres. Board of Agriculture	Lord Carrington	Lord Onslow
Postmaster-General	S. C. Buxton	Lord Stanley
Irish Secretary	James Bryce	Geo. Wyndham
President of Council	Earl of Crewe	Lord Londonderry
Lord Privy Seal	Marquis of Ripon	Marquis of Salisbury
Pres. Board of Education	Augustine Birrell	Lord Londonderry
Chancellor of Duchy of Lancaster	Sir H. H. Fowler	Sir W. H. Walrond*
Secretary for Scotland	John Sinclair	A. G. Murray
Viceroy of Ireland	Earl of Aberdeen	Earl of Dudley
Lord Chancellor of Ireland	Samuel Walker	Lord Ashbourne
Commissioner of Works	L. V. Harcourt	Lord Windsor

*Not in the Balfour Cabinet, although of the Ministry.

It is a strong Cabinet in composition, but the future alone can show how far promise will be succeeded by performance. Many of the old guard have passed either into silence or retirement during the ten years which began with the resignation of Lord Roseberry's Ministry in June, 1895, and it will be some time before a future Disraeli can liken the Ministerial bench to a row of extinct volcanoes. But it is a good thing for the country that there should be new departures in government by men who are not fettered by convention nor encased in official traditions. New problems need new minds and new methods, and there is much in the existing social and political conditions of the United Kingdom which requires different handling from that given in the past.

BRITISH POLITICS

THE causes which chiefly led to the downfall of the Unionist Government are interesting. At the last general election in Britain the Conservative Government was sustained by a majority of over one hundred, mainly because the nation wanted to strengthen the hands of the Government during the trying days of the Boer War. Now the terrible drain of the war is felt in heavy taxes. The fiscal reform programme of Mr. Chamberlain caused fatal divisions in the Unionist ranks, and the defection of many of its ablest leaders, including the Duke of Devonshire. Then again the Education Act alienated many others who did not desire to have the schools placed under the control of the Church, the working of the Liquor Act, the Chinese labor question in the Transvaal, the helpless attitude of the Government towards the

unemployed, and its weak and vacillating policy towards all questions of domestic reform have hastened its downfall. The foreign policy has been beyond criticism, even the Liberals having endorsed it. The Japanese alliance, the Anglo-French *entente cordiale*, the thwarting of Germany, and the strengthening of the bonds of friendship with almost all other nations have made a safe chart for the Liberals to follow. But, as a government's chief duty lies at home, its domestlc policy killed the Balfour Cabinet. It is not likely that the new Liberal Cabinet, though made up of some able men, can long survive, and when the fall does come it will not surprise many if Mr. Chamberlain has the place of honor in the next Cabinet, and he is then free to carry out his great scheme of fiscal reform, which means so much to the Empire as a whole, and Canada especially.

WHERE CHAOS REIGNS

THE struggle between the Russian autocracy and the people shows no sign of settlement, and the situation grows graver with each day of delay. Count Witte is still attempting to hold a middle course, but the belief gains ground that the fall of the Cabinet is imminent, and that the Emperor will adopt the reactionary policy. The spirit of mutiny is reported to be spreading rapidly among the troops. Hard fighting has again occurred at Kieff. Many regiments in Poland are disaffected and the peasant agitation is assuming greater proportions. As an indication of the state of public feeling, the reception of the news of Gen. Sakharoff's assassination is interesting. Public opinion believes the crime was justified and has tacitly approved the crime. In the meantime many military officers have been thoroughly frightened and are asking leave to resign. The army is becoming demoralized, the strikers are becoming emboldened by the vacillating policy of the authorities and famine is driving the peasants to fresh acts of violence. The entire country is in an uproar and in many quarters it is believed that more bloodshed is impending. Insubordination is rampant in many sections of the Empire, mutinies of troops have occurred at Reval, Harbin, Warsaw, Kieff and many other places. Disaffection has even spread to the capital itself, where the Alexander Nevsky regiment refuses to do police duty. The arrest of President Krustaleff of the Executive Committee of the workmen's delegates has aroused the greatest indignation among the revolutionaries, who threaten a general strike unless their leader is at once released. Krustaleff has been the brains of the revolutionary movement.

Reports from Harbin confirm reports that the Manchurian army has revolted and it is said that the mutinous soldiers have killed several officers of high rank. They bombarded and sacked the city and later attacked Irkutsk, which they sacked and burned, leaving the town in ruins. In Harbin the rebels created dreadful slaughter, and in Irkutsk the damage was no less appalling. The appalling massacres of the Jews are the most revolting feature of the situation. In our last issue we mentioned this matter briefly. Since then the situation has grown steadily worse. Foreign residents and many Russians, with their families, are fleeing. Apparently only a baptism of blood and fire will pave the way for Russian liberty.

ABOLITION OF THE CONCORDAT

THE French Senate has adopted, by a vote of 181 to 102, the measure for the complete separation of Church and state. Former Premier Combes participated in the debate, contending that the measure assured neutrality of religion, moral liberation and social pacification.

This is the final parliamentary stage of the bill which has been promulgated in the official journal, and it will become immediately effective. The council of state will devote three months to the framing of the administrative details of the new regime. The action of the Vatican regarding the law has not been definitely announced. The French clergy, while opposing the measure, appear to be disposed to conform to the new system. The public worship budget for 1906 will be reduced from $8,400,000 to nearly $6,800,000 consequent on the gradual diminution of the salaries paid by the State to the clergy. The fundamental principles of the bill insure entire liberty of conscience respecting religion, with restrictions concerning the exercise of religion, which are intended to preserve public order. In the future the State will be entirely free from connection with all religious sects. The bill for the separation of Church and State passed the Chamber of Deputies July 3rd, by the decisive vote of 341 to 233. Its final passage marks the culmination of the strained relations which have long existed between the French Government and the Vatican. It sweeps away a system which dates from 1801, when the famous Concordat was signed by Pius XII. and Napoleon. This gave religion a governmental status, the churches being government property, with a clergy paid by the State, and the entire church administration being under the direction of the government. The new system abolishes all laws and regulations under the Concordat, and terminates the authority of the Concordat itself. It is, to say the least, doubtful how the new

THE RT. HONORABLE JOSEPH CHAMBERLAIN
From his best photograph

scheme will work. Much disturbance and some injustice appear inevitable, but in the end it is likely that both Church and State may find their new position immeasurably superior to the old.

THE SULTAN BACKS DOWN

THE Unspeakable Turk has consented, under the compulsion which we outlined in last month's NATIONAL MAGAZINE, to carry out the long promised Macedonian reforms. A communication to this effect was handed by the Porte to the Austrian Ambassador, and the question which has been the subject of negotiations for eleven months was closed. The international fleet will promptly be withdrawn. This practically means that the Sultan relinquishes control over his European provinces. The turbulent Balkan states which are forever in an uproar will take fresh courage and prosecute more diligently their schemes for absolute freedom from all trace of Turkish misrule. It is not impossible that when Russia is once more a country with a real government, that the powers may consent to her onward march to Constantinople and that the great Ottoman Empire, which has for centuries been a festering ulcer in a civilized world, may fall to pieces and the different parts be apportioned among the greater nations. Turkey has existed so long only because of the Oriental cunning backed by Germany, and the jealousies of the Powers as to the division of the spoils.

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT'S MESSAGE

THE remarkable message of President Roosevelt to Congress covers a vaster programme of reforms than any previous Presidential utterance. Its chief features are: Control the corporations; stop railroad rebates; secure Federal supervision over railway rates; make life safe upon the railroads; study the problem of women and children in the labor field; end the insurance scandals by Federal control; enforce the law of common honesty; end corporation contributions to political funds; study the principle of a maximum and minimum tariff; a disquisition upon peace and the need of being the "strong man armed"; stop all immigration over the borders of Canada and Mexico, except in the cases of natives of those countries; the value of the Monroe Doctrine to the smaller nations on the continent; save Niagara Falls even if they have to be put under Federal control. It is the most weighty message since the time of Lincoln. Indeed, in its very breadth lies its weakness No President, not even the energetic Roosevelt, and no National Assembly could carry such a programme to satisfactory completion in less than a decade. The first three items alone will tax the strength of the Executive, particularly in view of the strong opposition which the Senate offers, and the influence of the corporations. No doubt some of the reforms advocated will be successfully carried out, but it would be unwise to hope for too much. The message reveals the character of the writer; his energy, his dogged honesty, his benevolence and his wide interest in the welfare of the American people.

CHINA FOR THE CHINESE

FOLLOWING up our article of last month, regarding China and the Powers, we print a despatch from the Shanghai correspondent of the London (Eng.) *Times*, giving a long description of what he calls the unmistakable movement of Chinese opinion, as the effect of the defeat of Russia by Japan, in the direction of the policy of "China for the Chinese," and a deliberate and organized resistance to all foreign influence. He believes that the movement is genuine and widespread, and thinks that it behooves the commercial powers to take united action promptly. Among the causes contributing to this spirit

LADY BEATRICE POLE-CAREW, SAID TO BE THE MOST BEAUTIFUL WOMAN IN THE BRITISH EMPIRE

Report says that Lady Carew and her husband, a distinguished British Army Officer, Major-General Pole-Carew, are planning to visit Canada and the United States in the near future

the correspondent enumerates the following: First, the assumption that the Anglo-Japanese alliance guarantees the integrity of Chinese territory. Second, the impolitic action of the Unites States, which, failing to perceive that the boycott against American goods was merely a manifestation of the anti-foreign feeling, adopted an attitude of conciliation which Asiatics naturally misconstrued. Thirdly, the influence throughout the provinces of half-educated students who have returned from Tokio imbued with the idea that China is capable forthwith of following Japan's example; and, fourth, the withdrawal of the British fleet and the reduction of the allied garrisons. Among the results of the situation thus created, the following are most noticeable: The apparently sincere efforts by the provincial authorities to bring their military forces into a state of efficiency; the determination, equally conspicuous in Pekin and the provinces, to grant no further concessions to foreigners and to endeavor to recover control of those already granted; the circulation of mischievous anti-foreign literature; the persistent agitation of the native press, and public meetings for the maintenance of China's sovereign rights against foreign nations.

ERICSON JAMES

THE ROMANCE OF SELINA KING

By Erin Grahame

FOR more years than she cared to remember Selina King had been the most patronized milliner in Sheldon, and was, indeed, the authority on hats for the whole community. She preserved her independence of Grant & Co., the enterprising firm which had signally failed to secure Miss Selina as head milliner, and had sent to Toronto for Miss Belmer, whom they advertised as "A lady who has studied her art in the best establishments of Paris."

But Miss Selina saw with calmness the advent of the Parisian student of headgear, for hers was the assurance of genius. No one else could transform wire and chiffon into such marvels of grace and beauty as could Miss Selina, and she had a kindly, tender way of receiving a battered old bonnet of two years' wearing, and saying brightly, "Well, I'll see if something can't be made of this, Mrs. Brown. The ribbon looks as if it could be freshened up."

Poor Mrs. Brown, whose economies were heartrending, but who had a true woman's love for finery beneath her rusty garments, could hardly believe her eyes when she saw the new shape with revived ribbons and a bunch of violets nestling coyly at the left side, and the bill only one dollar and a half.

Miss Selina's fame had gone abroad through the country, and more than once she had received flattering offers from city firms, for commercial travellers had long admired the hat-making skill of the little woman, whose brown eyes were as bright as the iridescent trimming of which she was so fond. But she had remained firm in her allegiance to Sheldon and the little white cottage with green blinds, which half-witted Sophie Waggs kept as spotless as a pan of new milk.

Millie King, her only brother's daughter, lived with Miss Selina, and was going to the Sheldon High School, and her aunt cherished hopes that her neice would "learn the business." She often said: "Now, remember, Millie, that there's a way of doing it that just belongs to you like a taste for music, or a head for figures. You certainly seem to have the right twist to a ribbon, and next year we'll see if you haven't a knack for covering shapes. There's some that can never get things smooth. There's Sarah Hunter, now. That girl fairly drives me wild. She would have made even that man Job say words that he'd be sorry for."

MISS Selina's consternation may be imagined when, one freezing February night, as she and Millie sat before the sitting-room coal-stove and enjoyed "Northern spies," the latter suddenly said: "Aunt Selina, do you know that I believe I'll get married, after all, instead of learning the millinery next spring."

"Millie King, are you clean crazy? Why, you're only sixteen, and don't know anything about the ways of a house, let alone the queer ways of a man. If I just catch you flirting with Tom Pringle, or any other boy at that school, you'll go straight back to your father and the farm, although your step-mother is a woman I never could stand."

"I'm not flirting with anyone," said Millie demurely, "there isn't a boy in the school with any style except Harold Jordan, and he's going away to Montreal next month to be in his uncle's railroad office. But I've thought it all out, and some day or other I'm going to get married to someone who will take me away from Sheldon. I intend," concluded Millie with solemnity, "to see the world."

Her aunt gazed at her in alarm, for Millie was usually a retiring young person, but she had the King will, which meant accomplishment of purpose.

"You've been reading some fool love stories in my fashion magazines," she said in dismay.

"No, I haven't. In fact, Aunt Selina," said this sage of sixteen, "I don't believe much in love. It seems to get people into a great deal of trouble. But if I marry a man who can afford to buy me hats it will be much easier than trimming them for other people."

Her aunt was more puzzled than ever; sentimentality would be bad enough, but this cold-blooded commercialism was remarkably ungirlish.

"Of course," continued Millie, "you have done just splendid by not getting married, and you're putting money in the bank every week. It's much better than being the wife of a poor man like Mr. Brown, or a drunkard like Jack Sloane. But I've made up my mind that if a rich man comes along I'd rather have him than trim hats."

"Millicent King, you've no business to talk about such things for years yet. And I'd like to know where you'll meet the rich man in Sheldon. Old Richard Miles is the only one I know that hasn't a wife, and he's a perfect miser, and swears something awful. Besides, there's insanity in the family; and dear knows what he'd do if he went mad in a hurry some day. There's ten o'clock! You go along to bed, and don't think any more of a millionaire dropping in to marry you."

BUT long after Millie had fallen asleep, to dream of the man who would save her from a future of hat-trimming, her aunt Selina sat before the scarlet glow of the coals, and thought of a summer's day more than sixteen years ago, when her talent for millinery had not yet burst into full flower, and she had thought of spending her days not in the little white cottage, but in the old brown house where Richard White's father had lived before him.

The old brown house was in a sad condition now, for Jack Sloane had moved there years ago, and between Jack's drunken attacks on walls and furniture and the severe usage floors and bannisters received from Jack's large and noisy family, the White homestead was in a condition that Selina King hated to think of.

She had kept so quiet about it all that even her mother did not dream that when Richard White went away to the West he took the brightest part of Selina's girlhood with him. She was one of those women who are considered ambitious, if not hard, but who are incapable of bestowing their best gifts upon more than one.

No one in Sheldon knew that the capable little woman with keen brown eyes had given her heart long ago to shy, awkward Richard White, whose "folks" had disappeared entirely from the town, leaving a few graves in the old plot, to which Miss Selina could give much secret care, since it adjoined the King corner, where there was a weeping willow.

Selina, in her school-days, had been noted for a certain trimness, that had caught the eye and fancy of the head

milliner at Forbes' "Emporium," and before she was eighteen Selina had given promise of rare skill. So well did she please the head milliner, Mrs. Rolph, that the elder lady determined to "set up for herself," and take Selina as partner.

Success had followed their small undertaking, and on Mrs. Rolph's death, the young milliner was quite equal to assuming charge of the "hats and fancy goods." Selina had not lacked for admirers, for hers was an attractive face, with a challenge for those who could not match her alertness; but even those who considered that her rose-adorned hat covered the prettiest head in the choir, stood in awe of her quick retorts, and seldom reached the openly sentimental stages.

From very ancient days a tenor voice has found an easy way to the feminine heart, and Richard White had a voice with which he was able to express the feelings to which his tongue was not equal. Finally, in a glorious springtime many years ago, Richard had decided on taking the momentous step of asking Selina if he might see her home from church. To his amazement her reply of "Certainly, Mr. White," came in most subdued tones, and he found himself actually taking the lead in the conversation and discoursing almost fluently on the slight rainfall they had had that April. He later found his way to an exceedingly slippery chair in the parlor of the white cottage.

After that he found it easier to approach the chief soprano, and he at last summoned courage to call for her to go to choir practice on Friday evening. This was almost a conclusive step, and by the time July came Richard was only waiting for a favorable opportunity to tell Selina that she was in his eyes the fairest of women, and the only one whom he wished to see managing the affairs of the old brown house.

BUT Selina, as is the way of womanhood, feeling secure of her lover, was in no hurry to have the decisive moment come, and preferred the gentle dallyings of wooing to the final surrender of courtship. Her mother was a gentle, easy-going woman, who was so lost in admiration of her daughter's executive ability that she gave little heed to the various young men who had escorted Selina home "after the service."

So Selina, unwarned and unheeding, went on playing with the feelings of the unfortunate Richard, who confided to the minister one evening that he never could understand women, nor what they meant by being as sweet as honey one day, and as sour as vinegar the next. "I suppose you mean Selina," said the good man with a smile; "well, the sweetness is worth waiting for."

THE day of the Sunday-school picnic had come, and Richard was to drive Selina out to the grove on the banks of the Maitland River, but in the morning she sent him word that she would rather go with the others in the picnic van.

He read the note gloomily, and had almost resolved not to go when he remembered that Selina was to go for a row with him on the river in the evening. He appeared rather late to find Selina looking after the wants of her Sunday-school class, and closely attended by Joe Merton, who had just opened a new stationer's shop in Sheldon, and was possessed of a degree of assurance which Richard found embarrassing and disgusting.

Selina was dressed in white, and wore a fragrant cluster of spicy pinks in her belt. She was feeling somewhat alarmed by Richard's lateness, but when he appeared she decided that he must be taught a lesson. At last, the hungry children were fed, and Richard approached his flushed sweetheart.

"I have the boat ready," he said; "we can be out for an hour, for I drove down, and we can go back later than the rest."

"I'm tired looking after those tables," said Selina, briefly, "so I've decided not to go on the river, and I've just promised to drive back with Mr. Merton. You ought to have been here earlier."

The last reproach was too much for Richard's patience and endurance, and he showed the dangerous temper of a gentle nature. His face was pale to the lips as he said: "You have broken your word to me twice today."

"You ought to have been here earlier. Here!" with a laughing glance, "you may have these flowers." She held out the fading cluster of pinks, which seemed to the man a symbol of her feeling. With a gesture of rage he snatched the flowers and crushed them into a spicy ball before he threw them from him. Selina's smile turned to indignation, but her eyes fell before the quiet fury in his.

Mr. Merton found her anything but a cheerful companion, and she spent the night in vain conjectures as to whether she had gone too far.

THREE days afterwards she listened without a quiver, when Mrs. Rolph talked to a customer about how suddenly Richard White had picked up that morning and left for British Columbia.

Surely he would write or had left a message! But Richard had gone utterly from Sheldon life, and no one but the minister suspected the reason for his sudden departure, and Selina was so taken up that summer with Mr. Merton and preparations for an unusual number of September weddings, that Sheldon gave no thought to her feelings on the subject of Richard's flight.

But it all came back to her now as she shivered and spread out her hands to the warmth, while an unusually stormy blast shrieked at the porch door and made the shutters creak. She saw the grove in the twilight, the white wrath on the stern young face, and could almost smell the fragrance of those crushed flowers as Richard threw them passionately away.

"And to hear that child Millie talk of marrying as if it were just like that picnic! Well, it's a long time ago, and it's time I gave up thinking of it. I suppose Richard was married out there, though it's strange I never heard."

THE next week Sheldon was thrown into a state of excitement by the sudden death of old Richard Miles, who was possessed of considerable wealth for Sheldon, and who had been known as the stingiest old bachelor in the county.

"Miss King, what do you suppose has happened?" said Mrs. Brown, bursting into the shop and neglecting to shake the snow from her coat before laying her arms across the show-case, "do you remember Richard White who went away out West about sixteen years ago?"

"Of course I do," said Miss Selina, hiding her shaking hands beneath some folds of black crape, "he sang in our choir. What has happened him?"

"Why, if old Richard Miles hasn't gone and left every cent to him. It seems the old man was once in love with

Richard's mother, and liked the boy. Lawyer Wilson has found out where Richard is, and has telegraphed, and he says Richard is coming next week. It's a good thing that there were no near relatives, as there won't be any one to quarrel over the property. Did you ever hear if he'd married?"

"I don't know," said Selina brusquely, "but its likely that he did, and that there's a lot of children to spend the money on."

"Dear me!" said Mrs Brown wistfully, "they say there's about fifty thousand dollars. It seems as if some people get everything, and the rest of us have to put up with the leavings. Now, if he'd only left us two thousand!"

But she found Miss King strangely uninterested in the subject, and made her way to more envious listeners, who speculated on what Richard White had been doing, and what he was likely to do with the Miles thousands.

THE next Sunday morning, just as the choir arose to sing the first hymn, there was a general turning of heads as a stalwart bareheaded stranger was shown to one of the front pews.

Selina's heart gave an unprecedented leap, for, in spite of the change which sixteen years had brought, she would have known Richard White's eyes and walk anywhere. She was mute during the singing of "My Faith Looks up to Thee," and her voice shook terribly during her solo in the anthem. She longed for, yet dreaded, the conclusion of the service, and hardly knew what to think when the leader said that they must practise the evening anthem for a quarter of an hour after the congregation had gone. She was hurrying along towards the cottage when she heard the sound of a firm step in the snow behind her, and her face straightway became the color of the white world around her.

"Miss King, you are surely going to speak to an old friend! Why, I'm almost out of breath."

"I'm sure I'm very glad to see you. You—you are so much broader."

"I've changed in a good many ways," he said, with a twinkle in his gray eyes, "but if you'll only ask me in to dinner, I'll show you that I still appreciate Sheldon fare."

Miss Selina hesitated, but, as she did so, he coolly opened the gate and followed her to the door. She felt thankful that there was a chicken, and that Hester Thorne had brought her some Devonshire cream the night before.

Millie was much impressed by the big and prosperous-looking stranger who seemed to dwarf the little dining-room, and whose stories of mountains and mines made her unwilling to proceed to Sunday-school.

AFTER her departure a sudden silence fell upon the two friends who were left in the old parlor, and Miss Selina nervously fingered her mother's amethyst brooch which clasped her embroidered collar.

"I could almost imagine I had never been away," said Richard, at last. "This room looks as if nothing had been changed. You don't know what it's like to a man who has knocked about for sixteen years to come back and find you and the cottage looking as if I had gone away yesterday."

"But we've both changed," said Selina, hurriedly.

"You don't look as if I'd been away so long, my dear."

Selina became flushed. He really had no right to talk like that, especially after he'd gone away without a word.

"And you didn't marry Mr. Merton," continued her guest.

"We were never engaged," said Selina, with dignity.

Richard had walked to the window, and was looking at the March garden.

"Selina, do you remember the flowers I threw away?"

"You were very rude."

"Perhaps, and very foolish. But what were you? For years I wondered if you had ever cared the least bit. Then the life was rough and exciting—not the life for a woman – and I gave up all thoughts of anything but getting on. But down in my heart all the time there's been the thought of a girl who I supposed had forgotten long ago. For goodness sake, Selina, don't cry. I'm not used to it, and—"

Mr. Richard White stood gazing in dire distress upon a small woman's shaking form. Then his face grew determined, and he picked up the small woman in a summary fashion, in spite of her struggles, and held her firmly until her remarks became coherent.

"It was all your fault," she declared.

"Of course it was," he answered promptly, although he wondered how she had arrived at such a conclusion, "but it will be your fault if we're not married next week."

IT had taken Richard White a long while to return, but he brought with him a new firmness that regarded none of Miss Selina's protests about a trousseau, and by the next Sunday they were in Montreal, and Miss Selina was no longer an independent spinster.

Just before she set out on her journey, Millie said, wistfully: "And to think of you getting Richard Miles' money after all!"

"The money's all right, child," said the bride, shyly; "but, Milly, take my word for it, Richard means a good deal more."

HIS MOTHER OR HIS SWEETHEART

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 9

"ANN," began Mrs. Burns, abruptly, "Tom asked me a question yesterday, and now I'm goin' to give him his answer."

Tom looked at his mother, and then turned to Ann, as if to reassure her by his gaze. Ann smiled nervously as she caught Tom's glance, and dropped her eyes.

"Ann, come over here to me," went on Mrs. Burns, as Ann joined her tremblingly. "Ann, Tom wants to get married, and I'm goin' to have the pickin' out of the wife. Ann, child, what are you tremblin' for. You're not afraid of me? Tom, take her. And may the Lord in heaven deal with you as you do with her."

But Ann was quicker than Tom, and threw herself on Mrs. Burns' breast, murmuring: "Let me love you, too—mother."

"Of course I will," patting Ann's soft brown hair, "but I'll let Tom have the first chance. He has waited long and patient for this day, I know. I'll go out and see about the milkin'."

Ann and Tom stood facing each other. "Ann," said he, "You know how long I've loved you, and, as mother said, I've waited patiently until I could ask you to name the day. Do you think I can make you happy?"

"Tom," replied Ann, tremulously, "you know I've always cared for you, and now I'm going to love your mother as if she was my own. Tom, we don't know what it has cost her to give in as she has."

"Ann," Tom timidly slipped his arm around her, and drew her to him, "my Ann, now," as he kissed the lips he had hungered for all these years.

CALGARY OF THE WONDERFUL WEST

BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF THE WEST END OF CALGARY

J. EMERSON,
MAYOR OF CALGARY FOR 1905

THE first impression of the casual traveller who wends his way over the "last West," on arriving at Calgary, is generally one of agreeable disappointment. Calgary has for years been regarded as the heart and centre of the great ranching country of Western Canada, and those who have not had frequent opportunities of watching the development of the West, are apt to associate Calgary rather with the harum-scarum cowboy and bucking broncho, than with the commercial greatness which that city, by virtue of its position, has carved out for itself.

It is somewhat of a surprise to such visitors to find Calgary very much like any of the great eastern centres, brimful of keen, wide-awake business men, all imbued with that spirit of progressiveness and energy so characteristic of the Western man, and to find the city itself bearing such unmistakeable earmarks of solidity and permanency. Everything is so entirely different from what was expected that our visitor feels tempted to endorse the sentiment expressed by a leading member of the Montreal Board of Trade, now a member of parliament, who, on the occasion of the visit of "The Associated Chambers of Commerce of the Empire" at Calgary, gave vent to his disappointment over the absence of the "wild West" feature, and loudly proclaimed that "Calgary was getting entirely too civilized."

THIS critic voiced the opinion of those who have yet failed to comprehend the national significance of the great awakening of the sleeping giant in the far West. The pioneer is giving way to the modern, up-to-date farmer and live stock breeder. He has wrested the land from its wilderness state, and his task is done. Those who come after him cheerfully pay the premium he exacts for his land, and both parties are satisfied. In the past Alberta has been renowned chiefly for her fat steers. The new West will become still more famous for its golden wheat.

An agricultural revolution has taken place in Southern and Central Alberta, where winter wheat has now been found to thrive admirably. This cereal has been growing there for over twenty years in a small way, but the early pioneers never realized the golden opportunity within their grasp. When the American settler arrived on the scene, he quickly sized up the situation, with the result that the production of winter wheat in Southern and Central Alberta increased in two seasons from eighty-two thousand to two million bushels.

This year the value of Alberta's beef export will reach two million dollars, while the production of wheat will exceed this amount in value. This is an economic transformation of far reaching importance, and upon it rests the commercial greatness and prosperity of Calgary.

CLIMATICALLY, educationally and socially, Calgary stands without a rival in the West. Every religious denomination is represented in Calgary, and maintains places of worship. Within the last two years over $125,000 has been spent on new churches.

Educationally, Calgary is well abreast of the times with its public and high schools, college, convent and private schools, where a finished education can be obtained, second to none available in cities twice its size in Eastern Canada.

The city of Calgary is the financial and wholesale distributing centre of Alberta, and is the largest town in the Territories. It has a population of 12,000, which is rapidly increasing. It is situated at the confluence of the Bow and Elbow Rivers, about seventy miles east of the Rocky Mountains, and is the centre of Alberta, its wholesalers doing business well into the Province of British Columbia, and supplying many of the mining towns to the West.

The city is built principally of sandstone. Building

operations in 1904 involved an expenditure of over $750,000, and $550,000 worth of structures were contracted for during the first six months of 1905. Calgary is an important Mounted Police post, and has water works, electric light, eight banks, gas supply, wholesale houses, first-class hotels, several churches, two large hospitals, public and private schools and colleges, government creamery, and excellent stores.

The lumber mills of the Calgary district manufacture 6,750,000 feet of lumber annually, the city lumber yards doing an enormous trade in British Columbia lumber, while the planing mills employ eighty hands with a yearly pay roll of $50,000, and Calgary stone quarries supply sandstone as far east as Winnipeg. The Canadian Pacific Railway at Calgary employs an army of men, and has an annual pay roll in the city of about $1,000,000. There is also an abattoir, cold-storage, and power-house, with a killing capacity of 150 cattle per day, and a cold storage capacity for 4,000 carcasses.

A large soap factory is now under construction. The flour mills have a capacity of 160 barrels per day, and an elevator capacity of 160,000 bushels, and these are now being very materially added to. The machinery of the city is operated by electricity generated by water-power in the Bow River.

A large brewery is also located in Calgary, with a pay roll of $72,000 per annum, employing 100 hands, and a capacity of three carloads of beer daily. This establishment is one of the largest and best equipped on the American continent.

THE opening up of new coal mines, the Bankhead colliery, within some two or three miles of the Canadian Pacific main line, gives promises of being of incalculable advantage to Calgary. A branch line of railway has been constructed, and development operations are being actively prosecuted. This mine has now an output of 2,000 tons per day, if required—no expense having been spared in opening up this mine, hence coal is mined at a minimum of cost.

In addition to the C. P. R. mine, coal is produced at Blackfoot, Fish Creek, Sheep Creek and Knee Hills. A railway to the latter point is projected. The Knee Hill is an excellent domestic and steam coal, and will no doubt be placed on the market at a price not exceeding $5.00 per ton at Calgary.

Calgary is a general superintendents' headquarters on the main line of the Canadian Pacific Railway, and a junction of the lines connecting Edmonton and Macleod. A general distributing business is now being done to the whole of Alberta and the Kootenay district. A large number of Eastern houses in various lines of business represented at Winnipeg and Vancouver, have come to the conclusion that the Western field cannot be successfully covered from these two points, and having found it

View of a Portion of the Retail Section at Calgary

SCENE AT THE STOCK YARDS AT CALGARY

in their interest to open up in Calgary, they are now erecting extensive stone warehouses from which the area between Swift Current and Revelstoke and Edmonton and Kootenay Landing will in the future be supplied. At least one hundred and fifty commercial travellers make their headquarters at Calgary, and are daily engaged in bringing business to the city from the outside towns.

A readjustment of railway rates out of Calgary was made during 1903, which has had the effect of making Calgary the main distributing centre between Winnipeg and Vancouver.

An enormous immigration is now finding its way into Southern Alberta, and Calgary is situated half way between the thickly populated districts in the south and the older settled regions of Edmonton, and is, therefore, an ideal distributing point for Western Canada. The Grand Trunk Pacific system will make connections with Calgary, and render the splendid farming section along that line readily accessible from that point.

OUR IMMIGRATION

AN English journal, *The Daily Chronicle*, brings the news that "prosperous Canada" is attracting more British and less foreign immigration. It is stated officially, we are told, that during the present season 700 immigrants suffering from disease have been turned back at the Atlantic ports, although 60 per cent. of them were British. That certainly is a class of British immigrant that Canada does not want and will not have. However, it is a mere drop in the ocean, for during the season 65,000 British immigrants arrived in Canada, as against 50,000 last year. The foreign arrivals numbered 44,000, against 60,000 in 1904, though immigration from the United States "still continues unabated." One remarkable result of the prosperous season in Manitoba and the North West is, we are told, that three steamship companies announce cheap excursions to the Old Country, and this, coupled with cheap railway rates, will enable a very large number of British settlers in Western Canada to go home and spend the holiday season with their friends, and spread the gospel of prosperity in relation to the Dominion. There never was a better immigration agent than the prosperous and contented settler.

GERMANY'S FINANCES

CHANCELLOR VON BUELOW, opening the debate in the Reichstag on the Government's new measures for increasing and adjusting taxation so as to properly meet the Empire's increased requirements, said Imperial finances presented a troubled picture in comparison with those of Great Britain and France. Germany has been living from hand to mouth. The Empire until 1875 was free from debt. Now it owed $875,000,000, for which $25,000,000 in interest was required. The debts of the Empire and those of the confederated German States amounted to $3,750,000,000, or over $62 per capita. Taking up the matter of foreign relations, the Chancellor admitted that Germany must reckon with a deep-seated antipathy in Great Britain, but he greeted with satisfaction the recent signs of an improved feeling on the part of the British people toward Germany. He said he fain would see therein the beginning of the restoration of a mutual understanding, now interrupted, between the two great peoples of a similar civilization. The publication of the new German navy bill has been promptly followed by efforts to prepare the public mind of the Vaterland for the Imperial finances reform bill and for the heavy fresh taxation which the bill involves. *The North German Gazette* has given a sketch of the unsatisfactory state of the Imperial finances and of the pressing financial necessities which have hitherto been evaded, but which now require to be faced, as well as of those further demands upon the Imperial treasury for military, naval and other purposes.

BURNING THE BRUSH

By Maude Petitt

CHAPTER II

"He wants to catch the early train at Carlton's Corners; he'll have to drive on soon. It's like turnin' yeh out in the night. But it 'ud be worse in the morning. The boys wouldn't let you go. I've packed yer things."

Then Matches saw that the little old trunk that had stood in the room for years had been taken out while she slept. She noticed, too, that a new hat and coat and dress were waiting ready for her to put on, and even shoes and gloves. She slipped out of bed and began dressing without a word. The clothes were all too big for her, but they were glorious creations to see in Wiggin's Siding. But the next moment she had ceased to think of them. She rubbed her eyes again to see if it were a dream. This putting on of strange garments only mystified her further.

Then she sat down and Mrs. Thompson smoothed out her gold-red hair and began brushing and braiding. Her hands trembled and she kept up a queer snuffling cry.

"Oh, child, why don't you speak? Don't take it all so still like."

"I can't," she said, in a stony voice.

THE foundations had given suddenly away beneath her feet, poor child. To be awakened suddenly in the night and told that her name was not her own; her home was not her own; father and mother were not father and mother after all. No wonder she acted a little strangely. And it was night. Where was she going with a stranger while her brothers and little Becky were sleeping? And in that hour the childhood out of which she had been growing so fast lately fell from her like a garment. Her face took on the first look of womanhood.

"Who am I?" she asked at last.

"I don't know anything about yer folks, child. Yer name is Wayne Woodward. You won't be Matches any longer now where you're goin'. The man that's takin' you away brought you here when you was a baby. He's takin' you to yer uncle to be eddicated and made a city lady of, he says. Maybe yer folks is rich and maybe they ain't. You'll find out when you get there. He's takin' you to Detroit."

"Detroit! Detroit!" She had seen it in her geography. It was beside the little river whose name meant "straight."

"Better get her out here in time to get a bite to eat before she goes, mother," said Jim Thompson's voice at the door. There was a shake in his voice, too.

Mrs. Thompson sobbed and tied the last ribbon on the girl's hair.

"Now, child, you're going out into the world. You'll have to take care of yerself. Be careful where you go, and be good always."

The woman gave another sob "You'll find as you go through the world there's black and there's white, child. An' you never want to get the two mixed."

Then they went out into the kitchen, and Matches struggled to swallow the bread and butter, that tasted like lumps of lead, while the strange gentleman sat looking on. He smiled kindly upon her. and there was nothing in his appearance to make the child uneasy. In fact, his attentions would have given her a feeling of distinction at any other time. Then she put on her new coat and hat and went in to kiss the little ones good-bye in their sleep. Not till she touched the baby did she really realize that she was leaving them all.

"Oh, little papoose! Papoose! My little papoose!" She sobbed and pressed the little one to her till it screamed and they had to lead her away. She just said one word, "Bart!"

"No, Bart's in with the big boys. You mustn't go to him. There'll be a big to-do if they wake," said Mr. Thompson. Mrs. Thompson was sobbing in a chair, her apron over her eyes. "They'll take you away an' make a fine lady of you, Wayne. But you won't forget your poor old Mammy Thompson, will you, Matches?"

"No, Mammy, never! never! never! She seized the kitten from the basket by the fire as she went, then turned and ran back with it.

"It's Bart's kitten. I'll leave it for Bart."

Mr. Thompson held the lantern while the stranger put her into the buggy and untied the horse.

"Better take the lantern with you. It's dark since the moon went down. Wayne knows how to hold it for you to drive by."

Mr. Thompson handed him the lantern, then gave a great dry sob, and turned away without a word of farewell.

The buggy, that mysterious black buggy that gave no sound, and whose white horse stepped almost noiselessly, went on its way. In a few minutes they were on the hill-top. Wayne looked back. The light still shone in the plank house across from the mill. All the rest of Wiggin's Siding was dark. And the stars were shining among the clouds that gathered above. The horse broke suddenly into a brisk trot down the hill-slope; and that was the last Wayne saw of Wiggin's Siding for many a year.

"You'll find as you go through the world, child, there's black and there's white, and you never want to get the two mixed." Those words of plain old Mrs. Thompson's went with her.

CHAPTER III

THE sun streaming down through the car-windows next morning looked upon our young traveller sitting alone, crouched up very close against the window glass. Her escort, Mr. Peterson, was at the rear of the car discussing stocks with a broker. The girl seemed no longer a child. She looked to have grown taller in the night; her face had lengthened with serious thoughts, and her eyes had taken on that softened look of maturity that comes from the touch of first sorrow.

But no tears fell. So much was happening. So much was going to happen. Now was not the time to weep. She had never been on the train but once before. That was to a Sunday School picnic. And after all, in spite of the events of the night she had almost a feeling of exultation at times in this sweeping along over miles of country.

They had changed cars early in the morning, and now they were gliding along the Wabash through Western Ontario. Through the May orchards, the hills rippling with young wheat, and the sea-green of pasture lands

(*Continued on page 22*)

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA

MISS MILLICENT BRENNAN,
SOPRANO IN SAVAGE'S GRAND OPERA COMPANY

JOSEPH F. SHEEHAN,
IN SAVAGE'S GRAND OPERA COMPANY

THE play "The Toast of the Town," in which Viola Allen is starring this season, is the latest dramatic success of its author, versatile Clyde Fitch. It is a play which has aroused the interest of critics wherever it has appeared, for there is an element of uncertainty about it which makes everyone curious to learn the real meaning of the author in the finale, where Betty, thinking the duke, her husband, a theatrical manager whom she has sent for, enacts little scenes from some of the plays in which she has appeared. Everyone thinks at this period that Betty is demented, but her husband, overcome by the pathos of the scene, calls out to her. Betty recognizes him. goes to him, and the curtain falls, and the audience comes to the conclusion that Betty's mind is all right.

Still, Mr. Fitch, appreciating from wisdom born of experience, that the best means of sustaining interest is by arousing curiosity, refuses to explain the little uncertainty, and Betty's mental state remains an unsolved mystery.

Staging a play is not an easy task, and much depends on the manner in which the piece is first presented to the company. Last summer, just before rehearsals of "The Toast of the Town" began, Mr. Fitch read the play to Miss Allen, her father, and the other members of the Company, and each one was delighted with it, Miss Allen especially, and Miss Isabel Irving, who has scored a great success in the play, scarcely less so.

Mr. Fitch is now engaged in converting the play into the book, for an opera, of which Mme. Emma Eames will be the star, and for which Puccini is writing the music.

GRAND OPERA is coming to be regarded as one of the regular yearly events in Toronto and Montreal. The reproduction of "Parsifal" in English by Henry W. Savage, seen here last season, is considered one of the remarkable achievements in the world of music on this side of the Atlantic. However, not satisfied with past triumphs, Mr. Savage offered here this season another Wagner masterpiece, "The Valkyrie," as well as "Lohengrin," "Faust," and other grand opera pieces.

Amongst the favorites with the company this year are Miss Millicent Brennan, an actress with a charming personality, Miss Gertrude Rennyson, who was with the company last year, and who creates the role of Gilda in "Rigoletto," and Joseph Sheehan, of whom one of the directors of the company says: "We simply cannot do without him."

GEORGE ADE, author of "Talks in Slang," which brought him such popularity not long ago, is one of the best known dramatists of the present day. Though his play, "The Bad Samaritan," produced early this season, was an absolute and utter failure, and was withdrawn after a fortnight of hopeless defeat, yet his success in lighter comedy has been very marked.

"The Sultan of Sulu," one of the best and most profitable of musical comedies, was from his pen, "Peggy from Paris" was another, and "The Sho-Gun" was on the same line. Then followed "The County Chairman," which appeared in Toronto in December, with keen character sketches and deliciously crisp humor. "The College Widow" was a tremendous success, and established Mr. Ade's reputation as a master of comedies. It is said that George Ade suffers more from suspense while waiting for the verdict of an audience at a first night performance than any other American dramatist. He has a seat by

himself in the orchestra, and he says that even the feeling of triumph over a distinct success cannot make him forget the torment of the ordeal.

"Just out of College" is Mr. Ade's latest attempt.

NOT in many years, say the critics, has New York been so moved by emotional acting as by Margaret Anglin in "Zira," a modern version of "The New Magdalen." Long ago this same Margaret Anglin went from her home in Toronto and soon made a name for herself as Roxane in "Cyrano de Bergerac," and in "Mrs. Dane's Defense."

Now she has become a finished player, displaying a sincerity of expression that makes her work in a great scene something to be marvelled at.

In "Zira" she overwhelms her audience, who one moment are weeping in sympathy and the next moment rise in their places to shout approval. It has been long since New York audiences have been aroused to such enthusiasm by pure acting, and the only regret felt by Canadians is that they so rarely have an opportunity of seeing Miss Anglin on the stage in Canadian cities.

MISS MARIA HALL who delighted Toronto people during the past month, and who by-the-way, is to appear in Toronto again early in January, is the most brilliant of women violinists who have appeared in many years, and her performances in Vienna, London, New York and Boston, have captivated music lovers.

From her earliest childhood Miss Hall showed a great genius for the violin. As a child she used to play in harp and violin duets with her father in the streets of Bristol. The young musician was discovered by Max Messel of Birmingham. Her remarkable gifts being brought to the notice of music loving people in Bristol, means were provided by which she was sent to study in London where she made splendid progress. Herr Kubelik heard her play, and was so struck with her attainments that he advised her to enter the Conservatoire at Prague. Accordingly, Miss Hall went to Prague and became a pupil of Kubelik's old master.

MISS MARIE HALL, THE CLEVER YOUNG VIOLINIST

Absolutely without stage mannerisms, this young girl of twenty-two, with the serious face and sad eyes, so thrills her audience that not a sound can be heard in a vast hall crowded with people but the exquisite notes of her wonderful violin, until at the conclusion of a selection, when there is a spontaneous and uncontrollable burst of applause.

MISS VIOLA ALLEN AND HER COMPANY HEARING MR. FITCH READ "THE TOAST OF THE TOWN"

The performers in the front row from left to right are Harrison Hunter, C. Leslie Allen, Viola Allen, A. E. Anson, Isabel Irving, Harold de Becker, Mrs. Fanny Addison Pitt, Hassard Short, Alice Wilson, James Young

BURNING THE BRUSH—Continued from Page 19

dotted with colts and lambs and young things! Now the shriek of a whistle as they dashed over the cross-roads, now a sheet of water, now a patch of woodland, then a farmhouse, where a lot of children were grouped about the door, and the tears welled up in the young traveller's eyes again. She was thinking of Bart and little Papoose and the rest of the Thompsons.

But Mr. Peterson leaned over the seat-back just then.

"You will not be frightened if I go into the smoking-car for a half hour or so, will you, Miss Wayne?"

"Oh, no, not the least, thank you," she answered.

There was a dignity in her manner this morning, a certain polished tone of voice she had taken on. Mr. Peterson noticed it and touched his hat in a respectful way, but still he lingered a moment as though something about her mystified and fascinated him. The child had considerable of the theatrical in her nature. She was a young lady in her new clothes this morning out travelling with a gentleman by far the most dignified man in the car. Passengers eyed him respectfully. The colored porter served him obsequiously. She must play her part and keep back her tears. She was moreover an unusually clever child. She had an excellent store of good English. She had simply devoured her school-books till she was saturated with their vocabulary. Every book that came her way, even to the Bible, had been as faithfully studied. Fortunately she had but few books, and they were the best.

She had understood somehow that this polished language was not of Wiggin's Siding. She repressed it there. She was even trying of late to speak roughly like the people about her. But this immaculate stranger—it was his language. He was like the people she had lived with in books. And it seemed as though a more polished self within her, a self that she had been repressing all along, emerged now in response to his.

"I'll get you something to read before I go," he said.

"And may I ask what time we get to my uncle's? And—and what are they like where I'm going?"

"We'll be in Detroit before dark to-night, but I really don't know much about your uncle, Miss Wayne. He'll be kind to you, I've no doubt."

Mr. Peterson went off then a little nervously, and forgot to send her anything to read. She forgot about it too. She was thinking "Miss Wayne!" The words echoed in her ears. She was not "Matches" any longer now, never again. She was Miss Wayne Woodward. And she straightened up a little. It was all very nice this play of "My Lady." She leaned back, then turned and looked at the seat-back. "My, ain't that plush soft!" she was saying to herself with a touch of her rustic self returning. The sun burnished her hair and threw long rays across her new blue cloth cloak. But the great reddish-brown eyes every now and again were shaded with sorrow.

Two Sisters of Mercy were sitting across the aisle. One of them handed her a banana. She had had bananas on holidays sometimes when they went to Carlton's Corners to see the Calithumpians. But she took it as a matter of course. She was too self-possessed to be funny, this young traveller from Wiggin's Siding.

IT was toward nightfall when the train ran on to the decks of the great iron ferry at Windsor. Mr. Peterson took her out on the boat. The May sunset was reddening the river scene; the little tugs, the great flat barges, the brightly painted ferries, the long green shores of Canada that she was leaving behind, the cluster of trees in the west that showed the outline of Belle Isle, and the fibre-work of the great iron bridge spanning the channel between city and island. Wayne looked at it all, then fixed her eyes on the great city whither they journeyed. Chimnies and roofs and roofs and chimnies, and the grey front of the Majestic Building towering high above all. The sun glowed on the windows, and tinned roofs of lofty buildings made it look a city studded with gems of fire, and the smoke-wreaths lingered and died in a blackness half tinted with gold. Wayne closed her lips very tightly and opened her eyes very widely, and thus went into the new country before her.

They had evening dinner at the Cadillac that night. It was all very strange, dining at night with your hat and cloak on, amid the clatter of hoof-beats and hurdy-gurdies and hurrying crowds in the street below. Wayne could not persuade herself at first that she was not in a great hurry, too, but a look at her escort reassured her. She straightened up and received the maid's attention as "My Lady" should; but in the midst of it all, the shimmer of silver and glasses, the void of lofty ceilings, and the odor of hothouse flowers all floated and floated—and floated till they vanished away, and she only heard the cry of "little papoose." She almost put out her arms to take him again while Mother Thompson poured the tea.

"Now, when you have finished your dessert, Miss Wayne, I'll take you home to your uncle and aunt."

Perhaps Mr. Peterson divined her thoughts and aroused her from kindness.

"You'll find a lot to see where you are going. Your uncle keeps a restaurant."

"A restaurant."

"Yes, a very nice place right near the entrance of the big bridge, and there's a big Merry-go-round quite near. You'll have some great rides there on the ponies. Then there is the Scenic Railway and the Shoots and the Laughing Parlors. Oh, you'll have a splendid time in Detroit." So saying he took her out to the street-car.

The lights were all turned on now. The night was unusually warm. The girl was sleepy, for she had not had her usual rest the previous night. The excitement that had kept her up became a kind of brightly lighted daze in which they were flying through strangely colored lights that reached far up into the air; the windows of the flower stores seemed filled with products of another land; the peaches and grapes at the fruiters' stalls were of enormous size and coloring. The policemen were giants; the little newsboys hooting their papers along the car were dwarfs. It was a long ride up Jefferson Avenue, but the occasional whiff of the river breeze between tall buildings gradually cooled her fevered brow. Then they passed through a part of the city that was darker and more silent till all at once the glare of the Midway light brightened before their eyes.

THEY got off the street-car at a place with "Crystal Café" printed on its windows. Here they entered.

"Sit down here at this table, Miss Wayne, till I call your uncle."

The girl sat down. A number of people were eating, laughing, and talking at little tables around. But they did not seem to notice her. She began to wonder if she were really there. A few people sat at a side counter making music with straws in glass tumblers. Then after awhile, when her first excitement wore off, she discovered the music was not coming from the straws, it was from the Merry-go-round across the avenue. The people with the tumblers were only indulging in ice-cream sodas, a thing hitherto unknown to Wayne.

Meanwhile in the rear of the Crystal Café an interesting conversation was going on. There had been one in

the moonlight on Thompson's rail fence last night. To-night there was one on the same subject at the table, piled up with remains of edibles, in Van Schwartz's kitchen. It was much briefer this time. Dirk Van Schwartz ran the Crystal Café. He was a busy man.

"I tell you, Van Schwartz," Mr. Peterson was saying. "You are making no mistake. She's an unusually bright girl, I see. I've almost been regretting the bargain on the train coming down. She's going to make a very pretty young woman, too, if I'm not mistaken—"

"Petter for the pusiness, petter for the pusiness—"

"Yes, but you'll take care of her, Van Schwartz, I hope, and let no evil befall her. She's a bright, pure little soul, and such a clever little head I've seldom found. It's a pity, after all not to educate her. I hope you'll give her some chance. I had no idea when we talked it over before that she would prove such a bright little creature."

"Vell, you needn't worry, Mr. Peterson. Ve'll see she's all right. She'll be shust like our own, shust von of ourselves."

The big, swarthy Dutchman said it with as much condescension as if being "shust von of ourselves" was the highest possible attainment for her.

"Pesides," he continued, "She'll haf gut chances to marry. Some of the finest gen'lemen of Detroit stop here on the way to the island. She vaits on them at the tables out there. She's pretty. They fall in love mit her. Smack! It's done!"

And the coarse creature rubbed his hands together and chuckled with a self-satisfied air. The polished stranger gave a half-shrinking gesture. It might have been from the cold meat and vegetables and scraps of confectionery heaped up on the table before him; it might have been from his companion.

"A-h, y-es. I was thinking of that. The best thing or the girl would be to be well married. She's very young yet. We shall have to wait. But she looks almost a young woman. I should like to see her well married. See to it that she doesn't throw herself away, Van Schwartz. The best thing would probably be a good mechanic. If you see a good chance for her in the course of a few years I don't mind doing a little, say a hundred dollars or so. I'll do it through you, of course. My name must not be mentioned. And now we'll call it settled. I'll bring her in, Van Schwartz."

"Miss Wayne," he called through the door. "This is your uncle Dirk, Miss Wayne. You'll find he's kind-hearted, and I know he'll be good to you. Good-bye."

THE man glided through the doorway, and was gone out of her life. She was alone with the great, grinning Dutchman. At the same moment a side-door opened and a stout woman, who nearly filled the doorway, entered. She wore a dirty apron, and carried a big basin of whipped cream.

"I'm your uncle Dirk, Wayne," said her host, as if to impress her with the fact. "And this is your aunt Melindy."

"Well, well, well! And thus is our girl come at last!" said the woman, putting down the basin and embracing her. "We're real glad to see you."

It was certainly a motherly welcome. The girl looked up with a little more assurance into the bold, broad, business-like face before her. Mrs. Thompson had been coarse and *inert*, this woman was coarse and *alert*. Her face was kind, to be sure, but it was first, last and always the face of a woman who "could run things."

"My! Ain't her hair lovely?" she said. giving it a stroke. "You must be tired, child, after your trip. Had yer supper, have you?"

"Yes, thank you, Ma'm, at the Cadillac."

Mrs. Van Schwartz gave her husband a knowing smile.

"Well, yer room's ready. We been expectin' you all day. I'll send one of the girls up with you. We've got lots of girls here; nice girls, too. Marjory! Oh, hello, Mrs. Van Vorst! How are you?" as another stout and ruddy woman appeared in the doorway. "You've just come at the right minute. This is our niece we told you about that's come to live with us."

"Well, now, I believe you did mention it. She's quite a big youngster. She'll be a gut help to you."

"Oh, yes, she'll be a help."

"She'll be the daughter of Gretchen Van Schwartz, now, won't she?"

"Yes; she married a fellow by the name of Woodward, you know. He threw himself into the river down back of the stove-works, over losin' his job, you know, and then Gretchen went out by the day till she died too, poor thing. She never was strong."

"Well now, I always thought, though, her young one died," said Mrs. Van Vorst.

"No, she had her adopted out in Canada, and we thought, seein' we'd none of our own, we'd send an' get her back."

"She doesn't favor her mother's side of the family."

"No, she looks like a regular Yankee or Canuck, nothing German about her. Look at her slim little wrists. Well, Mrs. Van Vorst, you go in the settin' room there an' set down. I'll be in in a minute. Marjory! Marjory! You take Wayne up to her room. She'll want to wash and rest a bit."

THEY started up the dark kitchen stairway. Wayne's dress caught in the door-hinge, and she stooped silently to loosen it. Mr. and Mrs. Van Schwartz were alone at the moment.

"Say, she's the living image of him!" said Mrs. Van Schwartz.

"He's von vool to bring her back here," chuckled Van Schwartz. "She looks like a nice girl. I vonder if ve'll get much gut off her."

The dress was loosened, and Wayne followed Marjory, who was already at the top of the stairs. Her face had a strange, set look for one so young when she sat down on her bed alone. So this was her story, then. Her father had committed suicide; her mother had been a working woman. These people were her relatives. Who, then, was Mr. Peterson? What had he to do with her? Why was she sent all the way to Wiggin's Siding to be "adopted out?" Who was it she was the living image of? Who was a fool for bringing her back here? 'Back here' they had said. She had been here before, then. What help was she to be to these people? What did they mean by wondering if they would 'get much gut of her?' Was it only a pretty little story about her being taken to the city to be educated and 'made a lady of?'"

Thus the questions burned through her little feverish head. She stood for a while at her open window looking down upon the roar and hubbub and glare of the Midway below.

"Marjory, you're pretty well through out there, ain't yeh?" called Mrs. Van Schwartz a little later. "Well, see here, we mustn't let that youngster die of home-sickness upstairs. It's a wonder she ain't down by this time. You go up and get her and take her out to see the sights. Here's some change for you. Take her in the

(*Continued on Page 28*)

THE WORLD OF PRINT

THE HOUSEKEEPER'S RESPONSIBILITY

(By James S. Klink in the Atlantic Monthly.)

BOTH mistress and maid need education and training; but do they need training in the same things? I have never thought that a woman should be able to bake bread in order to keep house well, any more than a teacher should know how to make a slate in order to teach arithmetic; but is it not necessary that she should have education in the correct values and proportions of things pertaining to the household? Housekeeping that is truly worthy of the name makes demands upon one's strength, one's intellect, one's patience, and, most of all, on the finer moral sense. I wonder if we have faced this question squarely. With the growing complexity of life, housekeeping has not remained simple, and the education which young women have received has not always tended towards practical home-making. Has it not been easier to fit one's self to do men's work than to undergo the training necessary to manage a house. Have not women in the main been endeavoring to fit themselves for anything but housekeeping? And housekeeping is neither easy nor simple; it demands a knowledge of chemistry, dietetics, sanitation, economics, market values, and above all, a considerate and sympathetic spirit, tempered by common sense.

The housekeeper's responsibility is great. It is not enough to be efficient. Something more is needed, and it is just through this "something more" that we may hope to reach the domestic employee and make her feel the need of training.

Do we not need a little more human interest in this domestic employee, who is a member of the household, yet not of the family, who is not houseless, but who may be homeless in your home? You and your family have interests, pleasures, pursuits in common; what has she? Sharing these joys gives life a keener zest; may she not be a stranger in a strange land? You have friends; you enjoy giving and receiving hospitality—the afternoon tea, the social call, the evening party, the formal and informal dinners. Are her friends always welcome? Does she always have a place in which to receive them?

You have your clubs. The club civic, charitable, social, formed for bridge or planned for study, as the case may be. Why shouldn't your maid belong to a club as well as you? She does not want to join your club; but how about having one of her own? If clubs are "good for women living lonely lives in small towns," who is so isolated as the general housework? If clubs are good to occupy leisure time for pleasure or profit, why could not the domestic employee be encouraged to spend her leisure moments in self-improvement, under the stimulus of occasionally meeting with others who are engaged in like pursuits?

The trades union has accomplished much in having obtained shorter hours, better wages, a higher standard of living. Not the least good it has done lies in the fact that it has afforded social meeting places for men and women who have worked out part of their problem through coming together socially.

Now cannot this problem of the training of the domestic employee be approached from the social side? It would seem that it could, with the interest, sympathy, and co-operation of employers. We need interest in the idea of a common meeting-place for domestic employees, sympathy with their need of it, and co-operation in the matter of making it possible for them to attend meetings, classes, lectures, or "evenings at home," which may be planned under the auspices of such a club.

I am not suggesting a domestic employees club as a sole solution of the problem of domestic service, but it would be worth considering.

RECENT PROGRESS IN THE STUDY OF DOMESTIC SCIENCE

(By Lucy M. Salmon in the Atlantic Monthly.)

STUDY and investigation have led to organization, and the first association in the field was the National Household Economic Association, formed in 1893, with branches in many states, some of which did admirable work.

It is not surprising, in view of all the agitation of the question in our own country, to find that a similar interest has been aroused elsewhere. In Germany, that home of conservatism in all domestic afiairs, an elaborate statistical investigation has been carried on by Dr. Oscar Stillich, and its results published in an exhaustive work entitled "The Status of Women Domestics in Berlin." Nor again is it surprising to find that neither official nor domestic Berlin has taken kindly to the investigation, since bureaucracy has in it no place for private initiative, and the *Kinder Kuchen, Kirchen* theory of domestic life has resented what has been deemed unwarranted interference in private affairs. But it is a matter of congratulation that the author has been of undaunted courage, and that his work stands as a thoroughly scientific investigation, and therefore the most valuable contribution yet made in any country to the theory and condition of domestic service.

Two things of special encouragement must be noted. One is the changing attitude of domestic employees themselves towards their own occupation, and the other is the introduction of men into a field where it has always been held that by divine ordinance women ruled supreme.

Yet when we look over the field still to be reclaimed in the interests of comfortable home life, more than enough causes for discouragement remain. Housekeepers still carry on their households in defiance of all good business methods; ignorant women boast that they "have never so much as boiled an egg in their life," and complain that their cooks will not stay with them; idle women spend their time in playing bridge, and wonder why their maids are discontented; men boast at their tables of their shrewdness in obtaining something for nothing, and cannot understand why petty thieving goes on in their households; society receives the once, twice, and thrice divorced, but draws the social line at the cook and the butler; communi ies tolerate by the score the places where domestic employees, as others, can find recreation and amusement of every questionable kind, but the communities can yet be counted on one hand where they can obtain genuine, wholesome, attractive recreation; the church, with a few exceptions, is prone to close its doors, except for Sunday and mid-week evening service, and to expend its efforts on fine music, with church suppers to foot the bills—forgetting the poverty of interests in the lives of so many in the community.

In no country are the conditions of domestic service so hopeful as they are to-day in America, and it is in large part due to our theory of education which has been in practical force for more than a generation. Men and women receive the same school, college, and university training, and this training enables women to order their households, on their mechanical side, in the same systematic way that the business enterprises of men are managed. The result of this is that matters pertaining to the household command the respect as well as the sentimental consideration of men, and that men and women are more and more becoming co-workers in all efforts to secure improvement. Each year the proportion of housekeepers with trained minds increases, and in the same proportion the number increases of housekeepers who make intelligent demands on their employees, who do not encourage poor service by tolerating it, who realize their responsibility to other households, and understand that "every irresponsible mistress makes life more difficult for every other mistress and maid."

It is at least significant that this progress has been made in a country where the education of men and women is precisely the same, and that the least advance has been made in those which arrange a special curriculum for women, and which profess to train girls and young women specially for domestic life. America holds that education means for women, as well as for men, intellectual train-

ing rather than the accumulation of information without it, and the value of this is seen, in the case of women, in the intelligent study they are everywhere making of household affairs. It is possible to have peace and contentment in individual households along with ignorance of the economic laws that govern the household, but there can be no radical reform in domestic service in this or any other country that does not recognize the inseparable connection between domestic service and all other forms of labor, and that does not make this fact its starting point.

A MODERN TYPE

(From the Philistine).

COMING up from Hot Springs I met a smooth-faced, jaunty, little man. He was dressed like a youth, and at first sight I took him for a young man, but another look convinced me he was sixty, at least. Whether he was born sixty years ago or not really makes no difference, he had lived sixty years. Evidently he had made money, but just how, it would have been indelicate to ask. His short, sharp sentences revealed an intimacy with the ring-side and the race-track, and the diamond stud in his scarf told of gains I hoped not ill-gotten.

The little man had gone the pace, and now was paying the penalty.

This was sure, for sprinkled in his sporty talk were remarks about McFadden, Rest Cure, No Breakfast, Health Foods and Mental Science. These things were new to him, but in them he had now a direct and personal interest. He asked me what I thought of Mary Baker Eddy ; and another time questioned me as to what the test was for uric acid ; and then asked if I wore an Electric Belt.

On the second day of the journey we were in the smoking car together. I was reading, and he was sitting looking out of the window in an abstracted way, his neat Fedora slightly tilted over one eye

The train whizzed through a little village. I was conscious that my friend was looking attentively at something out on the landscape.

He turned to me and said, "There is another one of those goddam graveyards !"

NELSON AND TOGO.

(From World's Work.)

ON one historic day in the annals of England, there was a great celebration in London (and in colonial cities, too) of the hundredth anniversary of Nelson's death. From the great admiral's statue the signal flew : " England expects every man to do his duty " ; and the heart of the English race was stirred by the memory of Trafalgar, and it was recalled that England saved herself and Europe by confining to the continent the convulsions which followed.

It was a singular coincidence that on the very next day the other Island Empire, which is now England's ally, was receiving at its capital the great admiral who had won its freedom, also from the aggression of a continental enemy, and a place among the Great Powers. The event stirred the whole heart of Japan, and Admiral Togo will be as great a historic figure in Japanese history as Nelson has become in English history. Tokio gave him such a reception as only a great national hero could have ; and it was a great day when the Emperor with the Admiral by his side reviewed at Yokohama the returned fleet of fighting craft, 308 ships strong.

There are wonderful parallels in English and Japanese geography and history, as well as wonderful differences between the two peoples. And the rise of Japan is sure to change our thought in many ways—in ways that we have yet hardly appreciated. Not only has a non-Christian people outdone all Christian peoples in the humanities of war; but a people whose education owes nothing directly to Greece or to Rome or to Christianity are coming forward as if they had received the training in Greek literature and Roman law and in Christianity, to which we attribute so much of our character and efficiency. This fact and all that it implies first shocks our thought, but, as time goes on, it will greatly broaden it.

STUDY OF SOIL AND ITS PRESERVATION.

(By C. G. Hopkins, Chief in Agronomy and Chemistry, University of Illinois, in Chicago Record-Herald.)

IF the greatest study of mankind is man, the next greatest study is the soil, for upon the soil depends the preservation of man. If it is true that American agriculture is the fundamental support of the American nation, it is equally true that soil fertility is the absolute support of American agriculture.

If he who makes two blades of grass grow where but one grew before is a public benefactor, than he who reduces the fertility of the soil so that but one ear of corn grows where two have been growing before is a public curse.

How shall the fertily of the soil be maintained? We hear two very common answers to this question. The grain farmer says we must grow clover. The live stock farmer says we must put the manure back on the land. But neither of these answers really answers the question.

Clover alone will not maintain the fertility of the soil. If all the crops which are grown on the farm are fed on the farm and the manure all returned to the land it will greatly aid in maintaining the fertility of the soil. The only way by which the live stock farmer can maintain the fertility of his soil by the use of manure is to seed not only his own crops, but his neighbor's crops also, and then put all the manure on his own land.

This answers the question for a few farmers who are also extensive cattle-feeders, but it does not answer the question for America —we cannot all feed our own crops and our neighbors' crops also.

How then shall we maintain the fertility of our soil? There is but one answer to this question, and this answer would have saved the fertility of all the soils which have been ruined in the past. It would have saved the soils of Palestine, a land which once flowed with milk and honey, but is now a barren waste. It would have saved the soils of Greece and of Italy, of northern Europe and of eastern United States.

Preserve good physical conditions and then put back upon the land all of the fertility which is taken off, not some of it, not most of it, but all of it, and not only that which is removed by cropping but also that removed by the blowing, washing or leaching of the soil.

The whole subject of plant food is a simple one. About 95 per cent. of most agricultural plants consist of the three elements, carbon, oxygen and hydrogen, which are obtained from air and water. Only seven essential elements are furnished by the soil and four of these, calcium, magnesium, iron and sulphur are used by plants in such small amounts and are contained in all ordinary soils in such large amounts that they are practically never exhausted from the soil.

The productive capacity of practically all soils in good physteal conditions is measured by the available support of the three elements, nitrogen, phosphorus and potassium. These are the elements which are present in nearly all soils in comparatively small amounts and yet are absolutely required by all agricultural plants and in very considerable quantities.

How shall the fertility of the soil be maintained? By maintaining the supply of nitrogen, phosphorus and potassium and preserving good physical conditions. How shall the productive capacity of a soil be increased? By increasing the supply of that element which is most deficient in the soil.

The live stock farmer understands the value of a balanced ration in stock feeding. Let us also bear in mind that plants are living things and that balanced rations are of even greater importance to them than to animals. Timothy, hay and corn and cob meal have some place in animal feeding, but they do not make the best possible balanced ration for young cattle or milch cows, nor could you make a balanced ration by adding to them excelsior straw and sawdust meal. Likewise a plant which is starving for phosphorus is not benefitted by plowing under a crop of green rye or even by feeding it mere nitrogen or potassium; indeed, such treatment would tend to still further unbalance the soil and might even produce an injurious effect upon the plant, as appears to have been the case to a slight extent in some experiments.

FIVE RULES SUGGESTED.

I offer the following simple rules for improving soils and feeding plants :

1. If the soil is aired, or sour, apply lime to it to make it sweet.

2. If the soil is poor in nitrogen only grow clover or some other legueme which has the power to secure nitrogen from the air.

3. If the soil is poor in phosphorus only, apply bone meal or some other form of phosphorus.

4. If the soil is poor in potassium only, apply potassium chloride, or some other form of potassium.

5. Always save and use all the barnyard manure you have, and also all you can economically obtain from others and make liberal use of green manures when necessary to maintain the supply of organic matter in the soil.

FACTORY PROBLEMS SOLVED.

(From Music Trades, New York.)

THE successful transmission of 15,000 horse power a distance of 200 miles over mountains and large bodies of water, which is being daily accomplished in California, is looked upon by electrical engineers as the beginning of a remarkable change in the manufacturing world. The California plant has not only proved a profit-paying investment, but has shown that material benefits accrue to a community where steam is not used for power purposes.

The disadvantages attending the burning of coal are fully realised by residents of London, and engineers have devoted years of study to evolve some contrivance which should eliminate the smoke nuisance, but the problem has never been solved satisfactorily. With a central power station located in the country, either at the foot of a convenient waterfall or in the coal mining regions, and electricity delivered to the cities and towns for lighting, transportation and power purposes, the æsthetic ideal of urban communities would be attained.

When coal can be consumed at the mine, and its stored energy be flashed to the far distant factory over an aerial cable, the amount saved in freight charges will more than pay for the erection and maintenance of generators and lines, while the consequent reaction upon rolling stock will enable railroads to provide much better shipping facilities for the manufacturer. The advantages will be many and real, while they will redound to everybody concerned, miner, railroad, electrician, manufacturer and the public.

In the United States there are several instances illustrating the practicability of the scheme, perhaps the best known being that at Niagara Falls, which supplies power for various enterprises covering nearly all the lines of industrial achievement, energy being transmitted over a radius of 50 miles, but the most interesting plant is that located on the North Yuba River, in California, which furnishes electricity for San Francisco, 220 miles distant.

The Yuba power house stands at the foot of a cliff over 700 feet in height, on top of which is the service reservoir fed by a 7-mile flume running back in the mountains to the river. From the reservoir five pipes, 30 inches in diameter, built of cast iron at the lower end and of steel at the upper, convey the water to the turbines, delivering it at a pressure of 304 pounds per square inch. To withstand the strain it was found necessary to anchor the pipes in concrete, clamping them every few feet.

The dynamos are of the three-phase alternating type, there being three units which generate 3,000 horse power each, and four giving out 1,500 horse power each. The current, as delivered by the dynamos, is of 2,400 volts, but to overcome the liability to leakage during transmission it is transformed up to 60,000 volts before it is switched into the conducting cables, again being transformed before using to a direct current of voltages varying from 110 to 500, according to the work to be accomplished

It is estimated that in utilizing the energy of the Yuba River a saving in coal of 1,000 tons per day is effected. The plant is being increased by the erection of a power house at Electra, 154 miles from San Francisco, and electric power is rapidly supplanting coal throughout the region.

TWELVE RULES FOR A LONG LIFE.

(By Professor Laynard, England's Leading Author of Works on Hygiene.)

I. Avoid every kind of excess, especially in eating and drinking.

II. Do not live to eat. Select those aliments most suitable for nourishing the body, and not those likely to impair it.

III. Look upon fresh air as your best friend. Inhale its life-giving oxygen as much as possible during the day ; while at night sleep with the bedroom window open at the top for a space of at least four or five inches. Follow this out even in the depth of winter. It is one of the great secrets of long life.

IV. Be clean both in mind and body. "Cleanliness is next to godliness." It is a fortification against disease.

V. Worry not, nor grieve. This advice may seem but cold philosophy and to be easier to give than to follow ; nevertheless I have known persons of a worrying disposition almost entirely break themselves of it by a simple effort of the will. Worry kills.

VI. Learn to love work and hate indolence. The lazy man never becomes a centenarian.

VII. Have a hobby. A man with a hobby will never die of senile decay. He has always something to occupy either mind or body ; therefore they remain fresh and vigorous.

VIII. Take regular exercise in the open air ; but avoid overexertion.

IX. Keep regular hours, and insure sufficient sleep.

X. Beware of passion. Remember that every outbreak shortens life to a certain degree, while occasionally it is fatal.

XI. Have an object in life. A man who has no purpose to live for rarely lives long.

XII. Seek a good partner in life, but not too early.

VALUE OF CREOSOTE

IN the course of a paper read before the Dublin section of the Institution of Electrical Engineers, A. T. Kinsey made the following statements relative to the efficacy of treating telegraph or other poles with creosote :

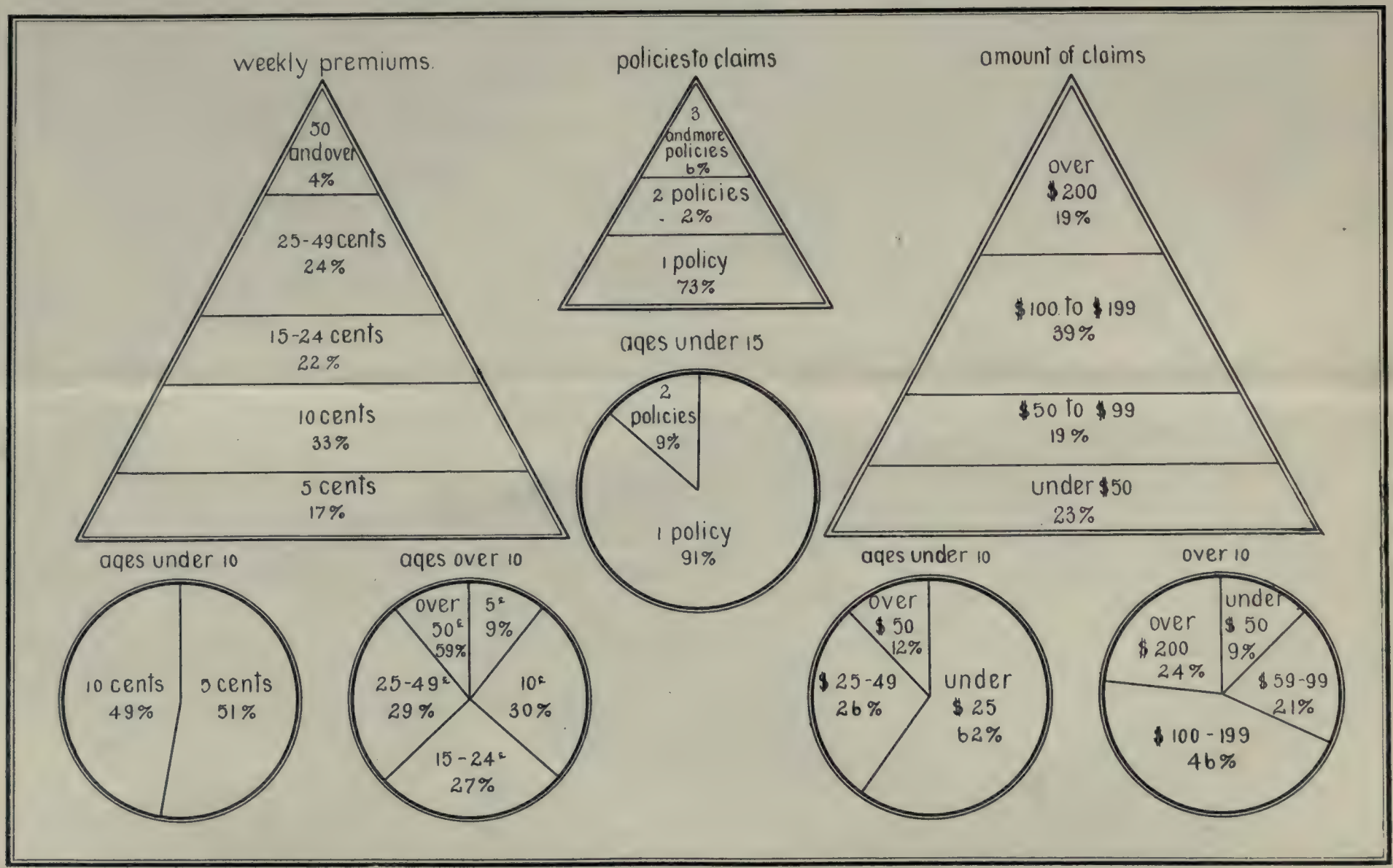
Timber is used for poles in preference to iron or steel, chiefly on account of its lower cost, which may be one-third of that of iron. Some means of preparation of the timber so as to render it capable of resisting the attacks of dry and wet rot are, however, necessary ; various treatments have been tried and abandoned, creosoting being the only method of any practical value, and the only one much in use to-day.

One of the best timbers for poles is Norway red fir, but any timber that is used must be thoroughly seasoned and dried before treatment. The quantity of the preservative injected is eight pounds per cubic foot. It does not penetrate to the heart of the pole, but when the timber is very dense an inch or two inward only. There is an unprotected portion—viz., the heart and the interior margin of the zone through which the creosote penetrates. It is in this unprotected zone that dry rot usually sets in, taking the creosoted zone and leaving the heart more or less intact, with the outside skin of the pole unbroken or marked. But dry rot is comparatively rare. It is found that in the course of time the creosote sinks from the top to the butt of the pole, forming a thick crust on the surface of the latter, where it is most needed as a protection against wet rot, which attacks from without and proceeds inward.

In 1880, in England, the life of treated poles was found to be thirty years. Poles taken down in that year, which had been planted in 1849 and 1850, were found to be in all respects as sound as when erected. Since that date creosote had deteriorated in quality, owing to the increased value of some of its constituents, and the author thought it time to investigate the matter again. He traced the erection of creosoted poles in Ireland as early as 1858, and again in 1860-1, but the systematic branding of the date of creosoting upon the poles with a hot iron was not begun by the department until 1873, and it is, therefore, impossible to identify with certainty poles creosoted before that date. As a result of examination by percussion of the poles thus branded, at the butt and 24 feet up, he is able to state that they are still apparently quite as sound as when first erected ; and there is an unbroken series of poles branded from 1873 to the present year.

Elements of mortality industrial experience.

premiums. policies. and amount of claims.



The above Chart is taken from the splendid Exhibit of The Prudential Insurance Company of America at the World's Fair.

BURNING THE BRUSH—Continued from Page 23

Laughing Parlors, git her some peanuts or something. an' take her for a walk on the bridge."

A FEW minutes later Wayne was out on the streets of Detroit with the Jewish looking table maid of the Crystal Café.

It was all very wonderful to the child from the quiet of woods and fields and stars. There was the Merry-go-round with its music, its ponies and its gay trappings. There was the great path of lights along the Scenic Railway almost overhead, the mad roar of the cars growing louder and louder, and ending in a terrific crash as they rounded the curve. There was the long, open stall, lighted with Chinese lanterns, where sleight-of-hand tricks were being performed, and where a monkey perambulated in and out among the knives and trinkets that could be won by a clever throw.

Then they went farther into the Midway, where the little fat esquimaux could be seen for ten cents, and the gypsies were ready to show you your future husband for a nickel; where the little Japs had a wonderland concealed and the snake charmer's skill was being cried out by a man at a tent door. But the most wonderful thing to Wayne was the "Old Mill" with its great wheel that kept turning, turning, turning, and the boats that came gliding out of the darkness that lay athwart the stream. Silently as from a spirit land they came, one by one, from the hidden waters to anchor in the light. There was something about them that seemed in keeping with the mysteries in which Wayne found herself woven fast. Marjory had difficulty in dragging her away into the Laughing Parlors, where you get acquainted with yourself in the mirrors as a short, stout woman, as an emaciated skeleton, or as a creature of most distorted proportions.

Wayne forgot life's perplexities and laughed; laughed hard with the utter abandonment that comes to young nerves that have been drawn at too tight a tension.

Then they went out for a walk, and before Wayne could realize it they were walking over the water. They were on Belle Isle Bridge. The river breath blew cool on her face; the stars were trembling above them; the bridge lights shone in long rows ahead; the mast lights on the boats went gliding to and fro on the dark river. The roar and traffic of the city grew fainter and fainter in the distance. There was only the dull thud of carriages returning on the bridge. The moon was rising above the shaggy outline of Belle Isle, making a path of silvery scales across the river to the bridge. Then a great moving mountain of light came sweeping up the river. It was the "Eastern States" laden with passengers from Buffalo. There was a sound of music and laughter on her deck as she drew nearer, throwing her searchlight over river, bridge and wharves. Wayne stood for a moment watching the river trembling far and near with the swell of the great vessel as she swept proudly by.

Was it only last night they were burning the brush at Wiggin's Siding?

WAYNE was tired enough to sleep that night when she reached her bare little room. But she unpacked, nevertheless, for her trunk had come. There were her books, her clothing, her few little possessions that Mrs. Thompson had packed last night. There was her pink dress with cream lace that she used to "speak pieces in." Then her little bosom swelled with a child's pride in a secret. No one here knew she could "speak pieces." No one should know for a long time. The dress, the books were laid away. But what were these things? Baby dresses! Surely Mammy Thompson had not made a mistake and put in the "papoose's" things, But no; "papoose" never wore clothes like that, lovely things with beautiful lace and ribbons and the daintiest of bonnets. Then Wayne remembered Mrs. Thompson showing them to her once. They were her own baby-clothes, no doubt the ones she had on when she was "adopted out."

And, child though she was, she wondered that a poor work-woman's babe had such clothes. And lo! here was a ring tied to the lace in the neck of one; a woman's ring. It shone like fire in the gaslight. Wayne had seen nothing like it. She had read of nothing like it except diamonds. That was strange, too, but perhaps it was only a pasty.

Tired out, she laid aside life's mysteries and knelt beside the window. The stars, the same stars, looked down upon her. All else seemed changed, and she hardly knew how to pray to-night.

"Oh, God, take care of me, take care of your little child." There was a long pause, that perhaps was more reverent than anything she could have uttered; then, as was her wont, she fell to blessing everyone she knew.

"God bless the Mammy and Daddy I used to have back there in Wiggin's Siding. Bless the little papoose and Bart, and Becky, and the other boys. And don't let Bart cry to-night beause I'm gone. He'll be asleep before now. But don't let him have cried before he went to sleep, for you knew I was going to ask it, Lord, and you could reach back and stop what might have happened; and bless the teacher, and the minister, and the minister's wife, and Mattie aud Jessie Hill, and Jennie Thorne, and all the people at Wiggin's, and don't let them forget "Matches" that used to be; and bless Mr. Peterson, whoever he is, and the Van Schwartz's, and Marjory, and everybody else; and please, God, take care of me and make me good and better than I am."

And after this altruistic prayer "Matches that used to be" tumbled into bed too tired to cry, and slept from sheer exhaustion. She did not realize yet that she was really separated from the Thompsons. Life had gone so fast it was like being at a show.

(Continued in February Issue)

ONTARIO THE LEADING PROVINCE

Ontario's grain crop, 1904, 150 million bushels.
Ontario's wheat crop, 1904, 12½ million bushels.
Ontario's acreage, 126 million acres.
Ontario's population (1901) 1,858,000.

TORONTO THE LARGEST CITY IN ONTARIO

Toronto is the largest city in Ontario and the second largest in Canada.

Toronto has a population of 275,000.

Toronto has 265 miles of streets.

Toronto has 4 universities and 30 colleges.

Toronto Street Railway has 92 miles of track. 5,000 street cars pass down Yonge Street every day.

MID-WINTER STYLES

Patterns of *any* design shown in our Fashion Department will be sent to any address in Canada, upon receipt of 10 cents for each pattern. In ordering patterns, send name and address, and tell the number of the pattern required, giving bust measure of waists and coats, and waist measure of skirts. for adults, or age for children.
Address:—Pattern Department, THE NATIONAL MONTHLY AND CANADIAN HOME, 241 Roncesvalles Ave., Toronto.

JUST now the French touch is noticeable in everything from household decorations to my lady's wardrobe. The Empire Coat, for instance, is an established fact. The demand for hand-embroidery is undiminished, in fact whole gowns are decorated in this fashion. Gold and silver thread is noticeable in much of the embroidery, and frillings and laces also show the gold threads, while the gilt ribbon belts are amongst the latest fads.

Another style gaining in favor is the Princess gown. This, however, suits comparatively few figures.

As will be observed from our illustrations, this month, the favor of the Eton coat is increasing rapidly. These styles are emphatically the most fashionable this season.

And everywhere in hats and dresses bright and light colorings are lavishly used. Nothing is dull or sombre.

Speaking of Eton jackets, a favorite idea is to have the jacket of velvet in the same color as, but a darker tone than the skirt. Gold and all manner of fancy buttons are used in trimming these little jackets.

STYLISH SUIT

Eton Blouse—5204. Skirt—5135

SUITS showing combinations of velvet with broadcloth are among the most fashionable of the season and always possess a certain elegance. This one is dark claret red in color and is trimmed with handsome and brilliant buttons, giving a jewelled effect, those being among the most notable features of present fashions. The blouse coat is tucked on exceptionally becoming lines and is eminently chic and smart at the same time that it is absolutely simple, while the skirt is seven gored and is laid in two tucks at each seam. Material required for the medium size is, for the coat 4½ yards 21, or 2 yards 44 inches wide with 1 yard of velvet; for the skirt, 9½ yards 21, or 5½ yards 44 inches wide if material has figure or nap; 8½ yards 21, or 3¾ yards 44 inches wide if it has not. The coat comes in sizes 32 to 40 bust, and the skirt, 22 to 30 waist.

GUN METAL GREY SUIT

Eton with Vest—5223. Skirt—5219

GUN metal gray has apparently taken the world of fashion by storm and many exceedingly elegant costumes are made in that

Eton Jacket 5210—32 to 40 bust
Circular Skirt 5213-22 to 30 waist

Eton Blouse 5204—30 to 40 bust
Skirt 5135—22 to 30 waist

Eton Blouse 5223—32 to 40 bust
Skirt 5219—22 to 30 waist

Empire Coat 5217—32 to 40 bust

shade. Illustrated is an example, which is desirable in every way and which, in addition to illustrating the vogue of the shade, shows one of the best and latest designs for winter suits. The little Eton has all the jaunty short effect demanded by fashion, while the waistcoat, which is in one with the coat, means real warmth and protection. In the illustration the trimming is velvet with edge of white broadcloth while the vest also is of white, trimmed with handsome appliqué, but braiding of black on the gun metal is exceedingly effective, and many revers, collars and cuffs are treated in this way. In addition to the broadcloth, the design will be found available for all seasonable suitings, chiffon velvet and velveteen as well as the many woollen stuffs, while the vest allows a variety of combinations. The skirt is nine gored, and is laid in groups of box plaits and single plaits which are exceptionally effective. Material required for the medium size is: For the Eton, 4 yards 21, 2 yards 44, or 1⅝ yards 52 inches wide, with ⅝ yard for the vest and ¾ yard of velvet; for the skirt, 12 yards 27 or 7 yards 44 or 52 inches wide if material has figure or nap; 10½ yards 27, 6½ yards 44, or 5¼ yards 52 inches wide, if it has not. The coat is in size 32 to 40 bust, and the skirt 22 to 30 waist.

Blouse 5202—32 to 40 bust
Skirt 5164—22 to 30 waist

Visiting Costume

Eton Jacket—5210 Circular Skirt—5213

THE smart visiting costume of the winter is made with the tiniest possible coat and elbow sleeves, whatever other characteristics it may or may not include. This one is adapted to cloth, to velvet, and to all seasonable suitings, and makes one of the best models the season has brought forth. The little Eton is jaunty and fascinating in the extreme, while it allows a choice of the fancy or plain fronts, and also admits of long sleeves for those who desire them. The skirt is made with the front gore, which is arranged to form a double box plait, and circular portions, that fall in eminently graceful lines and folds. In this case, callow grey broadcloth is trimmed with velvet and cut steel buttons, but choice of color as well as material is exceptionally generous this year. For a woman of medium size will be required: For the jacket, 4¼ yards of material 21, 3¼ yard 27 or 2 yards 44 inches wide; for the skirt, 7 yards 27, or 4½ yards 44 or 52 inches wide. The coat is in sizes 32 to 40 bust, and the skirt, 22 to 30 waist.

Empire Coat—5217

NONE of the Empire models is better liked than this one, and none admits of more effective treatment. In the illustration it is made of pale blue broadcloth, with the vest of satin and the revers and sleeves trimmed with an Oriental banding, but it can be varied in a number of ways. A collar of velvet is always effective, or again it can be made of the material embroidered or braided, while the little waistcoat will be found handsome in Mandarin embroidery, or in silk or satin embroidered in any pretty design, either entirely with silk or with threads of silk and gold combined. Broadcloth is a favorite material for coats of the sort, but chiffon velvet also is having extended vogue, and drap d'été is much seen. There is a smoothly fitted body portion to which the full skirt is attached, and over which the cape, with its four circular frills, is arranged. For the medium size will be required: 6 yards of material 44 or 5 yards 52 inches wide, with ⅜ yard for the vest, and two yards of lace for frills. The coat is in sizes 32 to 40 bust.

Shirt Waist Suit

Shirt Waist—5220 Skirt—4974

THE shirt waist dress fills so important and definite a need that no wise woman allows herself to be without a goodly number. Here is an absolutely simple, yet exceedingly smart and attractive, model, that is suited to cashmere, henrietta, veiling and all seasonable materials, and which, besides serving for the gown, provides a waist and skirt that will be found available for separate use. In this latter instance the waist is appropriate for silk and cotton waistings, as well as for those of wool, while the skirt is adapted to all suitings. The yoke makes a noteworthy feature, and the plaits form becoming lines, while there is only moderate fullness. Material required for the medium size is: For the waist, 4 yards 21, 3¼ yards 27 or 1⅞ yards 44 inches wide; for the skirt, 11½ yards 27, 6 yards 44 or 52 inches wide, if material has figure or nap; 8 yards 27, 4½ yards 44 or 4 yards 52 inches wide if it has not. The waist comes in sizes 32 to 42 bust, and the skirt, 22 to 30 waist.

Tucked Shirt Waist Suit

Shirt Waist—5218 Skirt—5141

GOWNS made with many little tucks are among the smartest of any that the season has to offer, and are always dainty and attractive. This one is made in shirt waist style, the material being taffeta, but will be found available for all the simpler fabrics—cashmere, veiling and the like—and also for washable ones, both such as are liked for shirt waist dresses, and also for those that make waists to be worn with odd skirts. The yoke makes the characteristic feature, and the sleeves are made with absolutely novel cuffs that are tucked on diagonal lines. The waist is particularly well adapted to lingerie fabrics, and can be made a bit more dressy by the introduction of fancy stitching in place of the severe machine sort. For the medium size will be required: For the waist, 4 yards of material 21, 3¼ yards 27, or 2 yards 44 inches wide; for the skirt, 8½

5199 Double Breasted Coat, 32 to 42 bust.

yards 21, 7½ yards 27 or 4¾ yards 44 inches wide. The waist comes in sizes 32 to 40 bust, and the skirt, 22 to 30 waist.

Afternoon Gown

Waist—5214. Skirt—5076

AFTERNOON gowns, made of light-weight wool materials, are greatly in vogue this season, and are always graceful, charming and attractive. This one combines wool batiste with heavy lace appliqué, and is ivory white in color. The waist is made after a simple but exceedingly effective model, and in addition to serving for the entire gown, is most satisfactory for the separate blouse, made of net, lace or silk. The skirt is tucked over the hips, and is lengthened by a gathered flounce that is joined to it beneath the lowest of the three wider tucks. For a woman of medium size will be required: For the waist, 4 yards of material 21, 3½ yards 27 or 2⅛ yards 44 inches wide, with 4½ yards of narrow and 3¾ yards of wide banding; for the skirt, 9 yards 21, 7 yards 27, or 5¼ yards 44 inches wide, with 11 yards of banding. The waist comes in sizes 32 to 40 bust, and the skirt 22 to 30 waist.

Dressy Shirt Waist Suit

Blouse—5202 Skirt—5164

NOTHING makes more attractive or more fashionable house gowns than cashmere. In this instance the skirt is trimmed only with tucks and with shirring, while the waist is combined with vest of silk and tucked chemisette of white muslin, but trimming and the like are always matters of individual choice and preference. The design of the gown is an exceptionally graceful and attractive one, the box plaited front of the skirt giving the long lines that are always so desirable, while the circular portions are finished with the shirred flounce that provides graceful fulness. The vest effect in the waist makes a noteworthy feature, and allows of treatment of various sorts, while the chemisette properly can be of lace or muslin, as illustrated, or, indeed, of almost any light weight contrasting material. Material required for the medium size is: For the waist, 3½ yards 21 or 2 yards 44 inches wide, with ¾ yards for the vest and ½ yard for the chemisette; for the skirt, 12¼ yards 21, or 6⅞ yards 44 inches wide. The blouse comes in sizes 32 to 40 bust, and the skirt 22 to 30 waist.

Shirt Waist 5218—32 to 40 bust
Skirt 5141—22 to 30 waist

Blouse 5214—32 to 40 bust
Skirt 5076—22 to 30 waist

Waist 5220—32 to 42 bust
Skirt 4974—22 to 30 waist

5229 Shirred Blouse with Bolero, **32** to **40** bust.

5222 Breakfast Jacket, **32** to **40** bust

5236 Tucked Blouse Waist, 32 to 42 bust.

Double Breasted Coat—5199

THE double breasted coat made of cheviot or homespun is a favorite of the season for driving, motoring, travelling, and all occasions of the sort, while also it is well liked for general utility wear, being available both as a separate wrap to be worn over any gown, and for the suit. This one is among the best the season has to offer, and can be made either in full or three-quarter length, and with or without the strap at the back. The quantity of material required for the medium size is: 7¾ yards 27, 5¼ yards 44, or 5 yards 52 inches wide, for the full length; 6½ yards 27, 3¾ yards 44, or 3½ yards 52 inches wide for the three-quarter length.

Three Piece Skirt—5233

THE circular skirt in all its variations makes a pronounced favorite of the season. Illustrated is one of the best that combines a narrow front gore with the circular portions, and which can be treated in various ways. The original is made long and is trimmed with applied bias folds, between which are rows of soutache braid, but the folds are optional, and the skirt can be left plain and trimmed in any manner that may be preferred. Again, the folds can be used and the braid between applied in any pattern or design that may be liked, or omitted altogether. The fulness of the upper edges is collected in narrow tucks that extend well over the hips, doing away with all fullness at that point, and what is a still further advantage, the skirt can be cut off in walking length if desired. In this case plum-colored broadcloth is stitched with belting silk and trimmed with black braid, but all the materials of the season are appropriate. The quantity of material required for the medium size is: 12 yards 21 or 5 yards 44 or 52 inches wide, with 45 yards of soutache braid to trim as illustrated. The pattern is in sizes from 32 to 40 bust.

Misses' Plaited Skirt—5226

THE plaited skirt in all its variations is a favorite for young girls, and makes one of the most becoming of all styles. This one is adapted to almost all seasonable materials, and gives a box plaited effect at the front that is always desirable. As shown, it is made of claret red camel's hair, stitched with contrasting silk. The plaits are turned backward and stitched in graduated lengths, giving the best possible effect to the figure, while they fall in abundant and graceful folds below the stitchings. The quantity of material required for the medium size (14 years) is: 6¾ yards 27, or 3¾ yards 44 or 52 inches wide. The pattern is cut in sizes from 12 to 16 years.

Child's Apron—5234

THERE is something peculiarly attractive about a pretty apron, and all wise and economical mothers are quick to take advantage of the fact. Here is one that allows of several variations, and which is equally pretty in all. It can be made with the bertha joined to the lower edge of the yoke, as in the illustration, or with the same bertha joined to the upper edge, as shown in the back view, or without the bertha and simply finished with the yoke as liked. In the illustration it is made of a white lawn with a trimming of simple embroidered banding, but it can with propriety be utilized for every apron material, colored as well as white. The quantity of material required for the medium size is: 2 yards 36 inches wide, with 3¼ yards of banding. The pattern is cut in sizes for girls of 4, 6 and 8 years of age.

Tucked Blouse Waist—5236

SUCH a simple blouse waist as this one belongs in every wardrobe. It is charming made from the lingerie materials that are dainty and fashionable at all seasons of the year. It is exceedingly pretty made from the thin silk and woollen fabrics, and it suits both the separate waist and gown. The tucks are arranged to give the most becoming possible lines to the figure, and the sleeves allow a choice of the tucks or gathers at the lower edges, so that while there are some of the features of the simple shirt waist, the blouse is a bit more dressy, and consequently fills an intermediate place between that garment and the elaborate one. In the illustration white chiffon taffeta is simply stitched with white silk, the cuffs being held by handsome buttons. The quantity of material required for the medium size is: 4¼ yards 21, 3½ yards 27 or 2⅛ yards 44 inches wide. The pattern is cut in sizes from 32 to 40 bust.

Child's Night-Gown or Wrapper—5228

SUCH a simple gown as this one is sure to be in demand for the materials of cold weather, and is equally desirable for the sleeping garment and for the wrapper that can be slipped on over the night-gown. In the illustration it is made of a pretty French flannel, and is designed for the latter use, but it will be found appropriate for flannelettes and, indeed, for all materials used both for wrappers and gowns. The tucks at fronts and back provide abundant fullness below while they mean perfect smoothness over the shoulders, and the round collar is absolutely comfortable as well as becoming. The sleeves are the full ones that are always most to be desired for garments of the sort. The quantity of material required for the medium

5228 Child's Night Gown or Wrapper, 2 to 8 years.

size (6 years) is: 4 yards 27 or 3 yards 36 inches wide, with 2 yards of edging. The pattern (5228) is cut in sizes for girls of 2, 4, 6 and 8 years of age.

Shirred Blouse with Bolero—5229

THERE is a certain charm about the bolero waist that makes it a perpetual favorite. This season it is being shown in some exceptionally attractive and charming designs, but always retains the essential characteristics. Illustrated is one of the prettiest of the season's models that combines lace with chiffon cloth, but which is to be found available for a great many combinations. The chiffon cloth is charmingly soft, and shirs with perfect success, but there are also a great many soft silks and wools. The bolero of lace, with cuffs to match, makes an exceedingly dressy effect. Embroidered silks and other such materials are much used, and make most effective little jackets, velvets as well as brocades also being seen. The quantity of material required for the medium size is: 3½ yards 21, 2⅝ yards 27, or 1¾ yards

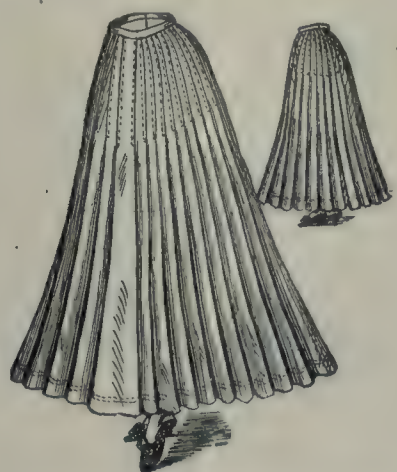
5233 Three Piece Skirt, 22 to 30 waist.

5234 Child's Apron, 4 to 8 yrs.

44 inches wide, with 2¾ yards all-over lace for bolero and cuffs, ⅞ yard of silk for belt, and 2 yards of lace for frills, to make as illustrated. The pattern comes in sizes from 32 to 40 bust.

Breakfast Jacket—5222

SUCH a tasteful breakfast jacket as this one is sure to find its place, no matter how many others may already be included in the wardrobe. It is charmingly graceful, and can be relied upon to be very generally becoming. It is loose enough for comfort, while it is snug enough to be attractive, and altogether fulfills every possible requirement. In this case the material is one of the new cashmeres that gives a shadow effect, the color being pale blue, and the trimming écru lace, but the jacket would be equally appropriate for almost all the lighter weight wools, and also for the simple silks that are used for garments of the sort. The quantity of material required for the medium size is: 4⅜ yards 27, 4 yards 32 or 2⅛ yards 44 inches wide, with 6¼ yards of binding to trim as illustrated. The pattern is in sizes 32 to 40 bust.



5226 Misses' Plaited Skirt. 12 to 16 years.

Ladies' Security Hat Fastener

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"The Best Yet"

NOTE THESE POINTS:

- **Pins to Hat.**
- **Invisible when in use.**
- **Holds Hat more firmly than by any other means.**
- **They do not make a hole every time you use them.**
- **Once on they stay with the Hat until you desire to remove them, therefore no hunting for stray Hat Pins.**
- **Removable in a moment.**
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SECURITY FASTENER COMPANY

P.O. BOX 261 A

TORONTO - CANADA

SEASONABLE RECIPES

TOMATO CREAM SOUP

Scald one quart of milk with half an onion, five or six cloves, a bit of bay leaf, a sprig of parsley, and two-thirds a cup of stale bread-crumbs. Remove the seasoning, and pass the bread through a sieve. Cook two cups of tomatoes with two teaspoons of sugar fifteen minutes; add one-fourth a teaspoon of soda, pass through a sieve, and add to the bread and milk. Add five tablespoons of butter in bits, and season with salt and pepper.

ORANGE PUDDING

Let one cup and a third of stale bread-crumbs soak in one cup of cold water twenty minutes; add one cup of sugar, one cup of orange juice, one tablespoon of lemon juice, two eggs, and one egg yolk slightly beaten, one tablespoon of melted butter, and one-fourth a teaspoon of salt. Bake in a buttered pudding dish in a slow oven until firm. Let cool slightly, and cover with a meringue made with the whites of two eggs, two tablespoons of powdered sugar, and one-fourth a teaspoon of orange extract.

CREOLE CHICKEN

Joint a young fowl; season with salt and pepper, and fry to a golden brown in hot salt pork fat, or butter, together with two onions sliced thin. When all are well browned remove the fowl, and cook one-fourth a cup of flour in the fat; then add one cup each of white stock and tomato pulp, and in this simmer the fowl until tender, adding more stock if needed. Arrange the joints in a circle on a serving dish. To the sauce add a tablespoon of tarragon vinegar, and other seasonings as desired, and reheat in it one-fourth pound of macaroni cooked and blanched. With this fill in the centre of the dish.

FRIED SMELTS

Roll the cleaned and dried fish seasoned with salt and pepper, in flour, then in egg and fine breadcrumbs. Fry at once in deep, hot fat; drain on soft paper.

BRUSSELS SPROUTS WITH BUTTER

Boil one quart of Brussels sprouts in two quarts of salted water about fifteen minutes, or until tender. Let drain in a cloth, then toss in a frying pan with a scant quarter of a cup of butter until the butter is absorbed; sprinkle with one teaspoon of chopped parsley and a dash of salt; mix, and arrange in a mound on a serving dish. Surround with points of toasted bread.

TENDERLOIN CUTLETS

These cutlets may be of beef from the top of the round or from the flank. Put the meat through a meat-chopper, season with salt and pepper, and onion-juice or nutmeg if desired. Shape into cutlets; egg and bread-crumb them, and fry in deep fat. Serve around a mound of sweet potato purée with tomato sauce.

SWEET POTATO PURÉE

Cook, mash, and season sweet potatoes, then press through vermiculator. Set the dish in the warming-oven a few moments, and serve very hot.

COMPOTE OF CANNED PEACHES WITH RICE

Wash one cup of rice, add one quart of boiling water salted, and cook until the water is absorbed. Then add one cup of milk, and cook the rice over hot water until tender. Add one-fourth a cup of butter, one-fourth a cup of sugar, and, if desired, the grated rind and juice of half a lemon, or one teaspoon of vanilla. Mix thoroughly without breaking the kernels of rice, and mould in a ring mould or angel cake tin. Fill the centre with canned peaches drained from the syrup. Cook the syrup with a few blanched almonds and the juice of half a lemon until it is reduced a little, then, when cold, pour over the peaches.

CREAM OF OYSTER SOUP

Scald a cup of cream and half a cup of milk with a slice of onion and stalk of celery. Scald a quart of oysters in their own liquor. Remove the oysters from the liquor. Chop fine, pound in a mortar, and pass through a sieve. Cook together two tablespoons of butter and three tablespoons of flour to which has been added one-fourth a teaspoon each of white pepper and paprika, and half a teaspoon of salt. Dilute with the oyster liquor, and add the oyster pulp. Beat the whites of two eggs until dry. Poach by desertspoons in hot water salted. Strain the cream into the soup, add more seasoning if necessary, and serve with the poached egg on the top.

CODFISH BALLS

Pare six potatoes of medium size, and cut in quarters. Put one cup of raw salt codfish, picked into small pieces, above the potatoes in a saucepan. Pour boiling water about the potatoes, and cook until tender. Drain off the water and set in a saucepan, covered with a cloth, on the back of the range, to dry the potatoes. Mash thoroughly, and add pepper to taste. Beat an egg until white and yolk are well mixed; add gradually a little of the fishball mixture, and when well blended return to that in the saucepan, and beat thoroughly. Shape into balls, and fry in deep fat, smoking hot. It is best to use a frying basket for this.

FRUIT SALAD

Peel two oranges with a sharp knife; cut between the pulp and skin and remove the sections whole. Slice the meats of half a pound of English walnuts. Of half a pound of figs reserve a few for a garnish, and cut the rest in thin slices. Slice four bananas. Toss half the ingredients together with two or three tablespoons of oil (if oil be desired), and if the oranges are sweet add a tablespoon of lemon juice. Add a few candied cherries, and serve with or without mayonnaise dressing as preferred.

FRUIT PUDDING, STEAMED

Sift together two cups of entire wheat flour, half a teaspoon of salt, two teaspoons of baking powder, and one quarter a cup of granulated sugar. Beat one egg, add half a cup of milk, and one teaspoon of flavoring extract, and stir into the dry mixture; then beat in two tablespoons of butter, melted, and lastly, three-fourths a cup of fruit; currants, sultanas, citron, figs, dates or prunes may be used, either singly or in combination. Steam in a buttered mould one hour. Serve with hard sauce.

HARD SAUCE

Cream thoroughly fruit sugar and butter, adding cream to make the sauce soften, and sprinkle with nutmeg.

MAPLE SUGAR AND WALNUT CREAMS

Boil, without sirring, one pound of maple sugar grated or broken, and half a cup of boiling water, until the "soft ball" stage is reached; that is, until the syrup that adheres to a skewer, plunged into cold water, the syrup, and cold water again, will form a soft ball between thumb and finger. Stir until thick enough to drop from a spoon; drop in well-shaped rounds, and decorate with a walnut meat on the top.

BRAZIL NUT PRALINES

Put one pound of shelled Brazil nuts, one pound of granulated sugar, and a cup of water over the fire to cook. When the nuts begin to shine with a covering of syrup, remove from the fire, and stir until the syrup becomes very sugary; then return to a slow fire to dissolve the sugar again, and stir until the nuts are well covered with sugar and the sugar begins to turn a reddish brown. Put the nuts on a sieve in the oven to dry, and they are ready for use.

CHOCOLATE BRITTLE

Boil one pound and a half of brown sugar, one cup of New Orleans molasses, one cup

MENU FOR ONE WEEK IN JANUARY

SUNDAY

BREAKFAST
Boiled Rice Cream
Sliced Bananas
Broiled Sausage, Apple Sauce
Cornmeal Muffins
Coffee

DINNER
Vegetable Consomme
Roast Turkey, Giblet Gravy
Cranberry Sauce Celery
Mashed Potatoes
Mince Pie
Nuts and Raisins
Cafe Noir

SUPPER
Oyster Stew
Brown Bread Toasted
Preserved Fruit Cake
Tea

MONDAY

BREAKFAST
Oranges and Grapes
Oatmeal Cream
Plain Omelet Bacon
Toast Honey
Coffee

LUNCHEON
Cream of Celery Soup
Graham Muffins
Jelly Tea

DINNER
Tomato Soup
Cold Turkey Black Currant Jelly
Baked Sweet Potatoes
Creamed Cauliflower
Compote of Rice with Peaches
Cafe Noir

TUESDAY

BREAKFAST
Wheatlets
Stewed Prunes Cream
Salt Codfish in Cream Sauce
Baked Potatoes Muffins
Coffee

LUNCHEON
Turkey Croquettes
Buckwheat Pancakes
Maple Syrup
Tea

DINNER
Turkey Soup
Corned Beef Boiled Potatoes
Cabbage Boiled Onions
Tapioca Cream
Cafe Noir

WEDNESDAY

BREAKFAST
Grape Fruit
Shredded Wheat Biscuit, Toasted
Marmalade
Scrambled Eggs
Oatmeal Muffins
Coffee

LUNCHEON
Welsh Rarebit with Macaroni
Popovers Apple Sauce
Tea

DINNER
Cream of Corn Soup
Corn Beef Hash Creamed Carrots
Lettuce and Celery Salad
Stewed Figs Plain Junket
Cafe Noir

THURSDAY

BREAKFAST
Baked Apples Cream
Breakfast Cereal
Poached Eggs on Toast
Baked Sweet Potatoes
Toast Coffee

LUNCHEON
Macaroni and Tomato
Apricots Moulded in Lemon Jelly
Graham Gems
Cocoa

DINNER
Carrot Soup
Lamb Stew Rice
String Beans
Lettuce Mayonnaise Dressing
Carrot Pudding Hard Sauce
Cafe Noir

FRIDAY

BREAKFAST
Oranges
Oatmeal Cream
Codfish Balls
French Fried Potatoes
Brown Bread Toast Baked Apples
Coffee

LUNCHEON
Escalloped Oysters
Potato Cakes
Peach Short Cake Whipped Cream
Tea

DINNER
Cream of Tomato Soup
Fried Salmon Trout
Mashed Potatoes
Squash Celery
Caramel Pudding Cream
Cafe Noir

SATURDAY

BREAKFAST
Breakfast Food
Dates Cream
Liver and Bacon Fried Apple
Fried Cornmeal Mush Maple Syrup
Coffee

LUNCHEON
Cream Toast
Stewed Prunes Cream
Whole Wheat Bread
Tea

DINNER
Pea Soup
Tenderloin Cutlets
Parsnips Potatoes
Lettuce and Celery Salad
Fruit
Nuts and Raisins
Cafe Noir

of water, and a level teaspoon of cream of tartar to the hard crack stage. Test by dipping a skewer in water, then in the boiling candy and again in the water. After ten seconds push the candy off the skewer, form into a ball, let stand in water a few seconds, then press between the teeth, and if it leaves them without clinging add half a cup of butter and let it boil in; remove from the fire, and stir in two level teaspoons of bicarbonate of soda dissolved in a little water. As soon as it begins to foam pour it upon large platters, and spread very thin. When cool, pour melted chocolate over the top, and when the chocolate is firm, cut or break into pieces.

FRIED CHICKEN

Clean the chicken, singe it, and be careful to remove the pin-feathers and the oil-bag. Divide it at the joints, and take out the bones from the breast, legs and thighs, being careful to keep the meat in good shape. Wipe The pieces with a cloth which has been wrung out of cold water, and dredge well with flour which has been seasoned with salt and pepper. Dredge again with flour if the pieces are not well covered. Fry out several slices of fat salt pork, and cook the chicken carefully in the hot pork fat. Fat enough should be used to keep the chicken from burning, and it should be a nice even brown on each side. Arrange the chicken on a hot platter, and serve with a gravy.

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HOW TO AVOID COLDS

HABITUAL colds are due to an ill-kept skin on the outside, and dyspeptic mucous membranes on the inside, the result of indigestion or constipation, coupled with carelessness

Cold water, proper food and common sense are the foundations upon which a cold cure must rest. A cold sponge bath, one to three minutes long, with a brisk dry rub immediately before and after, is excellent--usually all that is necessary to keep the cutaneous circulation alive and the skin reactive to sudden changes of temperature.

For those unaccustomed to cold water, tolerance can be gained in three weeks' time by the use of water at any comfortable temperature, making it one degree colder each day, until it can be employed without dread as cold as it will run. Salt may be added to the water for its stimulating effect, or alcohol ; witch hazel is also useful.

Cold water, intelligently used, does not steal vitality, but fosters it. It stimulates the nerves that control the expansion and contraction of the blood vessels, and regulates the cutaneous circulation. The dry rub is a fair substitute for those who cannot take the cold sponge bath.

Hot water may be employed once or twice a week, when a full bath is taken and soap used. This bath should end with a cold sponge.

For cold feet, wading ankle deep in cold water in the bath tub for one or two minutes before retiring will be found effective. If reaction does not set in after brisk rubbing, wrap the feet in flannel ; they will soon thaw out. Do not use hot water bottles or other debilitating forms of heat. Cold hands may be treated on the same principle, but they have to be kept in cold water usually a much longer time.

Some colds are due to micro-organisms that attack the air passages ; but this is much less likely to happen a person whose powers of resistance have been raised by dietetic and hygienic measures.

If colds result from dust in the nasal passages, as sometimes happens, the nostrils may be washed out regularly with some warm alkaline solution, and with as much satisfaction as one brushes the teeth. This is properly a part of the morning toilet, for those, at least, who suffer from catarrh in the atmosphere of great cities. Operative interference on the nose and throat may be required for deformities of diseased tissues which act as an exciting cause.

One should "keep moving" when wet or chilly, and not stand on a street corner or elsewhere without taking deep breaths. The lungs used in this way usually act as a pump to drive the blood along. This practice, with the other named, will reduce to a shadow the liability of having to entertain this unwelcome guest periodically.

THE

NATIONAL MONTHLY

AND CANADIAN HOME

VOL. XI. TORONTO, MARCH, 1906 No. 2.

Entered according to Act of the Parliament of Canada in the year one thousand nine hundred and five, by THE NATIONAL MONTHLY PUBLISHING CO., of Toronto, at the Department of Agriculture

CONTENTS.

CURRENT EVENTS AT HOME AND ABROAD
BURNING OF THE BRUSH, CHAP. IV *Serial Story*
CAMERA CAMEOS OF FRENCH QUEBEC - - *Illustrated*
THE DRAMA - - - *Illustrated*
THE LEGEND OF THE INDIANS GRAVE (Poem) *Illustrated*
THE WORLD OF PRINT -
Selected Articles from the World's Periodicals
FASHION DEPARTMENT - - - *Illustrated*
THE EVOLUTION OF A BOX *Illustrated*
MARCH MENU AND RECIPES.
HELPS FOR HOUSEKEEPERS.

The National Monthly and Canadian Home

AN ILLUSTRATED MONTHLY MAGAZINE

PUBLISHED BY THE NATIONAL MONTHLY PUBLISHING COMPANY
241 RONCESVALLES, TORONTO, CANADA

SUBSCRIPTION PRICE, ONE YEAR, $1.00. SINGLE COPIES, 20c.

Subscribers ordering change of address must give both old and new address in full | Advertising rates sent on application

Advertisers desiring change of advertisement must send copy not later than the tenth of the previous month.

To our Readers.

OWING to the stress of business, the NATIONAL MONTHLY AND CANADIAN HOME has found it impossible latterly to appear as early in each month as it was deemed desirable. In order to gain sufficient time which will enable us to issue the magazine earlier, we have omitted the February number, and now present the March magazine. To prevent our subscribers from sustaining any loss through this arrangement, the time of each subscription will be advanced one month, thus every one will receive full value for their money.

WE have another announcement to make to those who within the last few months have subscribed to the NATIONAL MONTHLY AND CANADIAN HOME at the rate of a dollar and a half for a yearly subscription.

Our agents find that the demand throughout the country is not for a magazine at a dollar and a half, but more for a dollar magazine. Our price is therefore returning to its former rate of one dollar for a year's subscription, and twenty cents for single copies.

Those who subscribed at the dollar and a half rate will have their subscriptions extended another six months, so instead of receiving the magazine during the specified year, they will receive it for a year and a half, and incur no further expense.

Outlook for Prosperity.

THE commercial and financial journals of the United States, which are in a position to speak with authority upon the business prospects, are almost unanimous in the prediction that the record breaking prosperty of 1905 will be surpassed in 1906. And as facts which apply to the United States largely effect the condition of affairs in Canada, we can safely feel that the prospects are such as to encourage the belief that the next twelve months should prove the most prosperous we have yet known. There seems to be every prospect of a record-breaking activity in all branches of production, transportation and trade.

Poor Fruit from Canada.

CANADA has no wish to gain a reputation for exporting second or third class goods in any line, and it becomes a matter of national importance that no exports of this kind which will bring discredit to the country should be allowed to pass inspectors. A recent shipment of Canadian apples to Cape Colony were upon arrival found to be seriously infected by scab and also marked by a coddling month, this being the second time that complaints on this same score have reached the Department of Trade and Commerce regarding the quality of the Canadian fruits shipped to South Africa.

It has lately been stated authoritatively that unless Canadian shippers refrain from such work, the importation of fruit from Canada will be entirely prohibited by the Government of the Cape.

Cases like this rouse the indignation of the country, that a few inspectors who are supposed to answer for the perfect condition of the exported fruit, but who are exceedingly lax in their duties, endanger the wealth of our export trade to the amount of maybe many thousands.

Current Events at Home and Abroad.

Demand for Water Power.

ONTARIO'S water powers are in their infancy as far as their usefulness is concerned. A few great power works have been constructed, notably at Niagara Falls and at Ste. Marie rapids, but this is a small portion compared with the total force of the Province's possible water power.

To operate the lines of heavy railway traffic that are being pushed in all directions, to run the electric cars in and between towns and cities, to keep in motion the machinery of our multiplying industries, to light our growing towns and cities, we shall soon need several times the force now utilized. These productive developments must go on at whatever cost, but their progress can be cheapened and accelerated by the yoking of our water powers which at present represent energy wasted.

As nearly every railway centre and important manufacturing point in Ontario is within reach of a water power adequate for the needs, it will not be long before this power will be utilized. What is important, however, is to provide for the preservation of this power, which can be done by establishing a scientific forestry policy; if we look after the forests, the streams will take care of themselves, as has been recently shown at the Canadian Forestry Convention.

Canadian Forest Wealth

ONE of the most important events of the past month in far reaching effects concerning the wealth of Canada, was the Canadian Forestry Convention held in Ottawa on January 10th, 11th and 12th, to consider the national importance of the forests of the Dominion.

It is easy to realize the necessity for adopting certain protective measures when we consider that Canada possesses one of the largest areas of virgin forest of any country in the world and is ranked by European experts as first, of the important sources of the world's timber supply for the future; that the preservation of the streams in perennial and constant flow, which is largely controlled by the forests on the watersheds, will have an important influence on the industrial and agricultural development of the Dominion. The expansion of our electrical and mechanical industries will be regulated to a great extent by water, which forms the greatest source of power in all countries, and some of our western districts are dependent on irrigation to ensure the success of agricultural operations. Then in all the older provinces the clearing of the soil has been carried to such an extent that the ill effects on the water supply and on agriculture are clearly more marked, while on the western prairies the need of sheltering trees for houses and fields is seriously felt by the settlers; and more the early construction of the Trancontinental Railway, and of other railways, through our northern forested districts and the consequent opening of those districts to general traffic, will increase the danger from fire which has already been a most active agent of destruction.

These conditions are not new, but they demanded the particular consideration which is now being dealt out to them.

The convention was a great success with a thoroughly representative attendance from every portion of the Dominion.

The following resolutions were adopted by the convention. First, that railway companies be required to furnish an equipment and control to prevent fires, and that an effective patrol be established along the afforested line of railway, whether under construction or in actual operation. It was strongly urged that the Dominion and provincial government establish a fire protection system throughout all forested districts, and public attention was called to the small expenditure made for the protection of the timber resources of the country in proportion to their value.

It was resolved, that in view of the many important respects in which the water supply affects the industries of the country, in particular, agriculture, irrigation, and manufacturing, and the increasing value of the water-powers owing to the adoption of electricity for industrial purposes, this convention would urge that special means should be taken for the preservation of the forests on watersheds so as to conserve throughout the year the equable and constant flow of the streams dependent thereon.

It was further urged as important that the scheme at present in operation in the West, carried on under the Dominion government which provides for the free distribution of forest tree seedlings and instruction as to their cultivation, should be further developed by both the Dominion and provincial governments, that thus farmers who as a rule have no expert knowledge as to the cultivation of trees may be encouraged in this work which is a benefit to the country at large in the matter of irrigation and would prove the greatest blessing in the prairie regions.

Wealth in Dairy

AN evidence of the money in the dairy products was shown in an address given recently at the convention of the Western Ontario Dairymen. Professor G. F. McKay of Ames Agricultural College, Iowa, stated that the State of Iowa alone, produced in 1905, butter and eggs in quantities which made them of greater value than the combined gold output of the United States and Alaska.

The late Hon. Raymond Prefontaine

The deceased Minister of Marine is here represented in the robes he wore when as Mayor of Montreal he welcomed the Prince and Princess of Wales.

Canadian Products at New Zealand.

THE Department of Agriculture announces that it is prepared to receive applications for space for Canadian exhibits at the New Zealand International Exposition, to be held at Christchurch, New Zealand, November, 1906, to April, 1907. The Canadian Government will erect a special building, which will be devoted exclusively to the accommodation of exhibits illustrating the natural and manufactured products of Canada. The Department of Agriculture offers to pay transportation charges one way only on all exhibits which are accepted. Space, installation and maintenance will also be provided free of charge. Owners of exhibits will have the option of having their goods returned to Canada at their own expense or they will be sold in New Zealand after the close of the exposition and the net proceeds, after deducting Customs, shipping and packing charges, etc., remitted to them.

Trade on the Great Lakes.

PLANS are being prepared whereby government will undertake a most comprehensive scheme for the improvement of the leading Canadian ports on the upper lakes. This is an important and very necessary step to take as due to the inability through lack of facilities of Canadian ports to draw the trade along Georgian Bay and Lake Superior, that properly belongs to us, it is now being diverted by way of Buffalo and New York.

Port Arthur and Fort William will be made one harbor. Port Arthur will have an extension of breakwater to protect the shipping and other important changes and improvements will be made.

Triumphant Liberals.

EVEN Liberal England itself has been amazed at the result of the recent elections, which give the Liberal party such an emphatic hold on the affairs of the nation. It is termed as quite one of the most remarkable elections in the nation's history, as nearly the whole country has gone for Liberalism—and free trade.

Seats which heretofore have been conservative strongholds, have now returned Liberal members. There was no more remarkable instance of the Conservative overthrow than that which occurred at Preston which for forty-one years has been consistently Tory. So immovably conservative was the place, that for fourteen years, Liberals did not even contest it. And behold, now two Conservatives are ousted and labor and Liberal candidates have taken their places.

One of the most amazing features has been the repudiation of Conservatism by London which of late years has been almost unbrokenly Tory.

The political fight is nominally between Free Trade and Protection, and Free Trade seems to voice almost unanimously the will of the people.

Chamberlain the Coming Man.

THOUGH Liberalism is the order of the day in England, a few striking exceptions prove that there are still other voices in the country. The most pronounced of these is that of Joseph Chamberlain whose triumph is so marked when so many of his colleagues are dropping off all about him.

There is a great significance in the evidence of the staunch support Mr. Chamberlain received while he has been proclaimed as the coming man for the chief position in the Unionist party. Mr. Balfour's policy of indecision has been rejected finally, and Mr. Chamberlain has won because he boldly proclaims his principles, and because he has a truly British policy making for better conditions in the United Kingdom and for a stronger Empire.

He and his supporters are telling to the Empire beyond the sea, that there is a body of public opinion in Britain which looks for a better and a closer union by protection, and preference for the colonies.

Alexander Graham Bell
The Brantford man who gave the Telephone to mankind.

The Discovery of Cobalt.

THE Cobalt Discoveries in Northern Ontario which have led to such interest in the mining world are of recent date. Indeed, the astonishing growth of the town of Cobalt is almost phenomenal. Two years ago it did not exist, while to-day it is the scene of immense activity.

An interesting feature of the district is the way in which Cobalt was discovered. It was late in the autumn of 1903, during the construction of the Temiskaming and Northern Ontario Railway through the district, that by accident the workmen came upon samples of ore which it was thought carried a small amount of copper. These were sent to the department, and experts were despatched to Temiskaming. Professor Miller, of the geological department in Ontario, made a thorough examination of the district. Four veins were opened close to Long Lake, and each was found to carry cobalt, nickel, and arsenic. The deposits are unique on the continent of America, but are paralleled by deposits in

Saxony and Bohemia and one or two other districts in the continent of Europe. In this respect, the deposits of cobalt are somewhat similar to a great many other minerals that are produced by only one or two countries in the world. Ontario produces all the corundum of the world, about one-third or more of the mica, and a considerable portion of the graphite. Sudbury and New Caledonia produce the world's supply of nickel, one-half of which comes from the Province of Ontario. The consumption of cobalt is about 350 tons a year, and is sold in a refined state at $3 a pound.

There are fourteen or fifteen cobalt producing properties at Cobalt, and most of them are in an area of two and a half miles square. The mineral has been found over an area of 60 miles north and south.

New President of France.

FRANCE'S choice of a President in M. Fallieres, has won the approval of the nations, for as he is pledged to follow in the footsteps of M. Loubet whose administration was characterized by wisdom and a desire for peaceful relations, it is thought by the nations to be an evidence of a continuance of peace, and a strengthening of the ties between France and Great Britain, France and Spain, France and all the world, in fact the election of M. Fallieres has convinced the whole world that France desires nothing so much as friendly relations with the universe.

It is interesting to learn that M. Clement Armand Fallieres, is the son of a magistrate and the grandson of a blacksmith.

Mr. H. J. Rose

A brilliant young Canadian scholar, who recently won the Craven and Ireland Scholarship at Oxford University, England. Mr. Rose is a graduate of McGill University, and was one of the first Rhodes scholars to be sent from Canada to Oxford.

Trade with Jamaica.

THE following statements in regard to Jamaica which appeared in "Industrial Canada," seem to offer Canada an opportunity to augment her trade with another of the British Colonies. The letter was from a Canadian who is at present in the island of Jamaica.

"I have been here for over three weeks prosecuting trade and have come in contact with many possibilities of analyzing the feeling of reciprocity with Canada.

"The United States has done and is doing wonders for Jamaica; much more than the mother country or the colonies have done. The almost daily service of ships of large tonnage between Jamaica and United States ports, in pursuance of the fruit industry, has developed the United States market for commodities which are necessary imports into the island. Jamaica is peculiarly dependent upon interior countries for almost all of her consumption, having no factories and in a large degree growing only market produce.

"A brisk trade seems to be going on in Jamaica in retail stores and this trade looks to me to be very continuous and successful. The linen and dry goods, of course, are bought largely from England, but the food-stuffs are drawn from the American continent.

"There is a strong and insular feeling towards things British, and this prompts me to believe that Canada could do much more than she does in meeting the demand. The island is not in any sense 'drummed to death' as is Habana, and the ports are more accessible to New York.

"There is quite a strong desire that the United States might be prevailed upon to establish factories and finance progressive schemes; in fact, many business men are not slow in declaring that it would be a happy thing if Jamaica were merged into the American confederacy. A moment's thought, however, will determine that this can never be, when the Panama Canal is considered and also the immense importance of Jamaica in her strategic position as virtually controlling the seas east of the proposed waterway. It is not England's policy to give up what she holds, especially a possession so important geographically. On the other hand the United States people can scarcely be expected to invest heavily in a foreign land without the protection of their own Government. The logical conclusion is, therefore, that Canada should have her attention drawn to the immense possibilities of commercial kinship with Jamaica. Only four days removed from American ports, Jamaica is not so far removed from the Canadian distributing centres as is the Pacific province of British Columbia.

"When an island as large as Jamaica has no factories, why cannot Canada provide them? When America can find ready sale for her commodities, why cannot Canada exploit her productions with equal profit?

"Both Jamaica and Bermuda are feeling the loss of the withdrawal of the English troops. It naturally makes them feel more insular and dependent upon the friendship and goodwill of their nearest kinsfolk. Canada has wealth. Jamaica has not. Canada has commercial enterprise enough to be a veritable godfather to Jamaica, if her financiers were only alive to the great field for the necessities and common things of life. Agriculturally there could not be a richer land. The greater portion of her acreage is undeveloped. Labor is much cheaper than it is in Canada and the native population is vastly superior in intelligence and education to any other colored race that I have ever met with. The climate is gloriously beautiful.

"What then remains necessary? Only a prompt and fair investigation into the claims of the island and the hand of progress stretched over the seas from her sister colony Canada."

Desirable Emigrants.

AN effort is being made by the executive of the Church Army emigration department of London, England, to send to Canada in the spring a number of carefully tested workers who will be, physically and morally, desirable additions to the population of Canada. Where possible these men will be placed for employment before they arrive in the country.

This class of sturdy willing workers who have already had some training in the kind of work to be done in Canada will be a vast improvement on the uneducated class of foreigners which have been flooding the country.

The "Church Army" referred to is a scheme based on the same lines as the Salvation Army. With a howl of contempt the scheme was received in many quarters, but to-day Lord Roseberry says, if he were a Dictator he would take General Booth in his confidence; and Queen Alexandra, in donating £2,000 to dealing with the unemployed, expressly states that one-half is to go to the work of the Salvation Army and the other half to the Church Army's schemes.

The work of the Church Army is carried on principally by men of means who reap no financial benefit.

Electricity Once More.

AN experiment in the use of electric power promises to revolutionize navigation of the Welland Canal. Heretofore about thirty to thirty-five minutes have been required to open and close the gates and empty or fill the locks, as the case may be, for an ordinary vessel to pass through a lock on the Welland Canal.

The experiment of electric power for opening and closing the gates was tried recently, one gate being opened in thirty-five seconds.

It is the intention to place a motor for this purpose at each lock gate and bridge and an effort is being made to have the equipment ready for the opening of navigation. There will, by this means, be a gain of fifteen or twenty minutes at each lock.

The Prince and Princess of Wales at Bombay

During the Royal tour of India. Princess of Wales. Prince of Wales. An official group.

Better Food for Army and Navy.

THE "Kitchener soup cart" is likely to become an important and popular feature of the Indian Army.

Its object is the provision of hot beef tea for soldiers on the march and in the firing line, and it is now being tested by order of Lord Kitchener in the command of Gen. R. A. P. Clements at Sirhind.

The cart has been adapted from a Russian pattern which was used in Manchuria. For men who lie exposed in trenches it will prove a great blessing, providing a welcome change to the cold tinned rations which frequently form their staple food.

On the march the soup boiler will simmer away, ready for the first long halt, and on resting for the day a pint of beef tea will be ready at once, thus allowing the cooks ample time to prepare a full evening meal.

Lord Kitchener is experimenting with many forms of equipment and gear used by the belligerents in the far Eastern campaign, including the Japanese ammunition carrier, the Austrian field telephone, and the German system of wireless telegraphy.

There are also various changes in the cooking arrangements of the Royal Navy about to materialize.

Not only is the gigantic battleship, the Dreadnought, to be fitted with a bakery in addition to her regular galley, but there is to be an all round general introduction of "soft tack" into the sea service.

The weevily biscuits of Trafalgar days have long disappeared. Now the khaki-colored, flint-like squares which go by the name of ship's bread are to go also, and Jack is to have hot rolls for breakfast, dinner and supper, whether in harbor or at sea.

Great Britain has lagged considerably behind other sea powers in thus feeding her bluejackets on fresh bread.

As to the quality of the food in the British fleet, the statement in the Blue Book on the health of the navy that 13,000 men were medically treated for indigestion during 1904 awakens certain misgivings. Naval doctors, however, say this is due to the fact that the bluejackets are overfed nowadays.

Famine in Japan.

CONSERVATIVELY complied statistics, published in the newspapers, show there are 960,000 persons in North Japan who are famine-stricken. Undoubtedly the suffering is far greater than the Government is willing to advertise. Now that the repulsive war with Russia is a thing of the past, Japan will have time and money to bestow on her own people.

Burning the Brush.

By Maude Petitte

CHAPTER IV.

Armed Rebellion

"I JUST tell you there's been all the goin' to school and playin' fine lady there's goin' to be. Here we've had yeh a year and a half nearly now. We've bought clothes for yeh and books and kep yeh and now it's time we got some good of you."

It was Mrs. VanSchwartz speaking. Wayne stood before her, her noble young face all alight with passion. Cheeks, eyes, hair all seemed ablaze with an inner fire. One could understand now how they came to call her "Matches."

But she never heard that name any more. She had changed wonderfully in the year and few months she had been in Detroit, She was fifteen now. She had grown very tall and much thinner, but there was no suggestion of frailness about her; she looked lithe and strong as a young tree. She had grown prettier too, dangerously prettier. Her figure had still the flatness and angularity of a girl in her teens, but she was very graceful, and her grace was all the more marked in her immaturity. She was standing just now as far from Mrs. Van Schwartz as her little bed-room would allow, close to the window looking down on the Midway.

The lights were out now, the crowds gone, for it was morning. The place looked grey and lonely.

WAYNE made no answer to Mrs. VanSchwartz but she turned from the window and looked at her half-defiantly with eyes that said so much, and lips that said nothing at all. It was no wonder that look incensed the woman more than words could have done. Her great pot-face flushed more deeply.

"I tell yeh before I take another brat into my house to finish raisin' for somebody else, I'll see Dirk Van Schwartz in blazes" she burst out. "What are yeh I'd like to know that yeh think yerself too good to wait on the tables in the Crystal Cafe? A pretty idea to think you're goin' to keep on goin' to high school. I told Derk that he would just make a fool of yeh lettin' yeh go to that big school for a few months and get a lot of big notions. Yeh can just get an apron on an' work for a livin' in the Cafe downstairs like other folks."

"But I didn't come here to spend my life in the Cafe," said the girl vigorously. "I was given to understand when I was brought away from home that I was brought here to be educated."

"Well then them that brought yeh here to be eddicated better come and see that y'are eddicated." said Mrs. Van Schwartz with a queer smile. "Them Thompson's just spoiled yeh. They could afford to treat yeh like a lady. They got paid for it. We get nothing but yer work. They—"

"Paid." But who paid them? I have always wanted to know. If my mother and father had nothing who paid the Thompson's?"

"Well I don't know. It was none of my business if some fool did it. I didn't." Mrs. Van Schwartz looked very nervous all at once. Anyway you're no better than I am. I go in there and wait on tables."

"To tell you the truth Aunt Melindy—" The girl hesitated but she looked perfectly calm and dignified now. "To tell you the truth I don't believe I'm any relation to you. I don't believe you have any claim upon me. I don't believe I am a Van Schwartz at all."

"Huh! Huh! And who do yeh thing y'are then? If Dark Van Schwartz heard yeh he'd pack yeh out in the street bag and baggage, yeh young hussy. After all we've done for yeh to try an' make out y're somebody else! somebody high an' mighty no doubt!"

"But I don't ask very much. I only ask to go away and make my living. I hate the Cafe! I hate the Cafe! I hate it! And she threw herself on the bed in a passion of tears. "I want to go away. I want to go away."

"Go away! Humph! This place is not good enough for yeh then. But would yeh mind just payin' us the board yeh owe us before yeh step out, my lady?"

"The board I owe you?"

"Yes the board yeh owe us. Yeh needn't think it cost us nothing to keep yeh an' now after we've given yeh nearly a year an' a half at school an' yeh might be some use to us y're ready to step out now. If y're not a Van Schwartz y're something worse then.

"I'll lay out yer apron for yeh an' yeh can get down there to work to-morrow an' none of yer fine lady-like airs to scare the custom away neither."

THE woman went out and left Wayne alone with her passion and her sorrow. It was the first time since she had come to Detroit that the girl had broken out in open rebellion. But as she had once told her Sunday-School teacher in Wiggin's, it seemed as if there was a little tiger inside her and every once or twice a year he would come out. The little tiger was out this morning; and evidently as the girl grew, the tiger hadn't been wasting time.

Life with the Van Schwartz's had been thoroughly distasteful to Wayne. But it had not been all dark. They had sent her to school regularly on conditions she got up in the morning in time to work, worked at noon, and worked at night. Yon understood then the meaning of that strained, tense look in her eyes. She had grown thinner, for the floor from the kitchen to the Cafe knew too well the tread of her young feet. The Cafe was not new to her by any means. It was not so much the Cafe she objected to, as the Cafe with no school hours thrown in. At first she had rather enjoyed carrying out the great trays of steaming coffee. The ladies had smiled patronizingly on the deft young waitress with the red-gold hair.

But it was of late she began to shrink from it. Men, young men with leering smiles, and boisterous ways, began to beckon her, leer into her face and call her names.

"Reddy! Goldy! Sweetheart!"

How her child-face flamed at the memory. For she had brought with her to the city the white, virginal, modesty of a child of nature. It was then her little soul began to shrink from the life ahead of her. Besides the Van Schwartzs were vulgar—very vulgar. Their vulgarity grated on her at every turn. The people at Wiggin's Siding were uncouth but they were not vulgar.

STILL the life afforded her the opportunity of a city school. That meant everything to her. The Van Schwartzs were Roman Catholics and had sent her to a separate school. But it was by no means the worst thing they could have done.

The benign influence of the veiled Sisters had at once stamped her life. She was at that transitional age when girls of a certain tenor fall in love with their own sex. She had fallen in love with Sister Verona. She lay awake at night thinking of the gentle, refined Sister Verona. She saw her in her dreams. She was in her first waking thoughts.

She lived with Sister Verona sleeping or waking, absent or present.

The result was the inevitable one. Every day made her more like her idol. There are few things so formative of a girl's character as this hero-worship or rather heroine-worship in her teens. And Wayne's was an unusual passion. Sister Verona, awakened in her the same innate refinement, the same higher self that a day with Mr. Peterson had awakened. Unconsciously she learned to walk like her, to speak like her, to use her words, to carry her head in the same gracious way, to like what she liked, to abhor what she abhorred, Gradually her face took on the same Madonna-like peace and at the time she was moved to the High School she had serious thoughts of being confirmed in the Roman Catholic Church and sometimes wondered, if she should ever wear the veil like Sister Verona?

But in her heart she still clung to the Protestant training of her early years. It was as if that little tiger within her were holding on just there.

High School had brought her back to the Protestant world again. But she had not forgotten Sister Verona and now in her passion she remembered the madonna-like calm that enwrapped the nun; she grew ashamed and the tiger within must perforce hush his growl.

She had kept up a correspondence with the Thompson's since she left them. Her foster parents had told her several times if she were not happy to return to them. But they were beginning to feel the pinch of poverty. The mortgage on the mill was about to close. They loved her she knew. But why go back and be a burden to them? She was not their child. They had enough to do to keep their own. If she went back she would only have to go out to service. Besides she had no money to go. No, she must fight her battle alone. And somehow she had all a man's ambition to make it a great battle—a glorious battle.

SHE would like to leave the Cafe but they said she was in debt to them, these people. If she was in debt she must pay her debt even if she had to give them her life. For she was an independent little soul. But oh she hated the Cafe! She hated it, hated it! The tiger within her was growling again. She told herself she had worked hard enough to pay her board. And she told herself the truth. Derk Van Schwartz had lost nothing by taking her.

But from the very first the girl had not believed he was her uncle. Then she set to comforting herself with beautiful foolish fancies. Some day her father would come for her and she would find she was a wealthy princess who had been kept hidden away because of a fortune that somebody else would inherit if she were never found, or perhaps she had been stolen when a baby. But some day she would come to her own. Her dreams always had a rosy ending.

Then she would take out the little infant dresses she kept hidden away and a faint aroma of refinement always seemed to shake out of their folds. She would picture someone like Sister Verona working at those little garments. She looked at them again to-day and threw herself on the bed and wept.

"My mother! My mother! Oh, my mother!"

Had she a mother anywhere on earth? Did she care for her child! Would she ever come to her? Would she ever feel her face warm against her own? Ah surely her mother must be dead or mother love was only a fable.

THE door opened and Dirk Van Schwartz came into her room.

"Look here youngster you might as well stop all this fuss. Ve're not goin' to vork you to death down here. The woman's been a leetle hard on you, I guess. You'll like it better'n school ven you get used to it. And you won't haf to study nights any more."

"Oh I will! I will? I'll study all the harder," she cried.

"Vell you're vunny."

He hesitated a moment his hand on the door-knob. "Anyway you mustn't run away. No tellin' vat you vould become. And you owe us someding for the time you been here. Ve're poor you know. Ve couldn't keep you for noddings."

The door closed. So she owed them did she? All the hard work she had done then, had not equalled the cost of her living. Well if she owed a debt she must pay it even to the giving of herself.

So next day found a new waitress at the tables of the Crystal Cafe. She had done so many hours service there before that no one noticed her as new or untrained. But it was a new day to her, this beginning life as a table waitress. If the frequenters of the Crystal Cafe had always been of the better classes it might have been easier for her, poor child. Four young lads were occupying a table near the window. Wayne went to serve them.

"Halloo Reddy!"

"She's no reddy. You're own head's redder. Her hair is gold, pure gold."

"Look here pretty one, you bring me a double sized dish of ice-cream and I won't let them say another word to you." said the third.

Wayne raised her eyes full of mute appeal. Instantly the three dropped their faces and flushed. There was something so strong in the injured modesty and pathos of that face, half child, half woman, they shrank before it.

The lithe graceful figure with the long shining hair kept moving about from table to table and always as in a vision before her she saw the form of Sister Verona moving. Her own face reflected the madonna-like calm of her vision, her step and bearing had all the grace and dignity of the gentle nun. It made itself felt somehow throughout the Cafe. It was strengthened by the pathos of those eyes that had wept most of the night. For the print of sorrow is so much more impressive on the face of youth.

Men looked at the wand-like creature with shining hair as she served them. Two well-dressed ladies eyed her carefully.

"Did you ever see such manners in a table-waitress?" said one.

"Such a superb carriage! Look at the poise of the head And such magnificent hair."

"Yes but what a sad face! Look at her eyes."

"I don't believe she belongs here at all. She has the bearing of a lady. I wonder if she has run away from home. I wonder how old she is."

THE hum of talk and clink of dishes had been going on for some time.

"Gee whiz! What a spill!

"She's killed! Is she killed?"

Instantly there was a rush to the door. A crowd came hurrying together in a black mass on the pavement outside.

"Anybody hurt?" Anybody killed?"

"What is it?"

"What's the matter."

A street-car had just caught the rear end of an automobile that now lay on its side along the curbstone. Its occupants three ladies and a little boy of five or six were thrown in various heaps. The child picked himself up at once too frightened to cry. A middle-aged lady with shining white hair was helped to her feet at once, but the two girls persumably daughters had fared the worst. One was perhaps

dead; the other moaned faintly, half conscious, while a red stream gushed from her head to the pavement. The two prostrate forms were carried into the Crystal Cafe.

"There's a little settin' room and bed room back here," said Mrs. Van Schwartz leading the way.

"There was a hurried ringing of telephone bells, summoning of doctors and ambulances. The loud tongue of Mrs. Van Schwartz threw contradictory orders from right and left. But it was Wayne who quick as a flash had off her clean new apron and was tearing it into bandages. It was her hands brought hot water. It was her little capable hands that staunched the flow of blood from the wounds of the helpless girl, bathed and bandaged the cuts, while the others were gathered around the possibly dead form of her sister.

Wayne had seen the men wounded at the mill often and helped at the dressing of the wounds. Her work was not faultless perhaps, but it was the needed thing in the hour of need.

"She's not dead," someone said beside the prostrate form. "The heart is beating."

"Not dead, thank God," said the lady with the beautiful snowy hair.

It was Wayne who noticed that her face was white as her hair, that her slender graceful figure in its silk and lace was quivering from head to foot. It was Wayne who silently stole out and brought a glass from the other room.

"Drink this," she said raising it to her lips.

The woman drained it then turned with a grateful look to the girl. She was half turning away again, when something like a flash went through her great dark eyes. She gave Wayne one long searching look.

"Wh—"

The word whatever it was died on her lips and she turned again to the marble face on the bed. The door opened. A doctor entered. There were a few moments of anxious silence. A few more people were thrusting their way in at the door. Mrs. Van Schwartz drove them back, for once doing the right thing.

"She will likely pull through" the doctor said at length. "It's a slight concussion but there's hope. Now the other one."

Another terrible pause.

"She's come off better. A break in the left arm. It's only flesh wounds on the head. Might have been serious from the loss of blood though. Who put this bandage on?"

No one answered. No one had noticed.

"I—I did my best sir," said Wayne after a little hesitation. "I hope I did no harm."

"Hump! Not so bad. Harm! oh no! You ought to be a trained nurse. Gresholm! did you say madame? turning to the lady. "Did you say you were Dr. Gresholm's wife on the Boulevard! Heavens!"

Wayne had darted forward and caught the swooning woman as she was about to fall.

"Why this woman's badly hurt. Seems to be internal injuries," said the doctor after an examination. "She's as badly hurt as any of them. Did no one notice it! How did she get in here? Carried!"

"She walked in doctor," said Mrs. Van Schwartz.

"Walked? Humh! That's a wonderful instance of the control of the mind over the body. She was anxious about her daughters I suppose."

THE ambulance came and the two young ladies were removed to their home on the Boulevard. There was a little delay about removing Mrs. Gresholm. She revived time after time only to swoom again. Then she lay quietly awaiting the arrival of her husband. They left Wayne with her.

"She reech," said Derk Van Schwartz. "She can pay for attention."

Now and anon the woman opened her eyes and looked at the girl by her bedside. They were such great, dark luminous, wistful eyes, Wayne found herself fascinated by them. They seemed to be searching for something, searching for something and sorry for something. It was the face of a woman who effaced her whole self, who lived only for others, who was happy in her unselfish life, but with a subdued kind of happiness that had always a note of pain.

She was evidently a lady in every regard. Everything about her bespoke refinement and a life enriched within, enriched but saddened. She turned those great fascinating eyes upon Wayne's face again. The girl grew uneasy.

"Who are you child?" she asked gently at last.

"Mr. Van Schwartz' niece." Then she looked down and saw that her badge of service was missing. She smiled as she remembered she had to tear her new apron up for bandages.

"I'm a waitress in the Crystal Cafe." She broke out with the confession suddenly as if guilty with a sense of concealment.

A look half of relief half of disappointment crossed the woman's face. She seemed to doze for a few minutes. Then the beautiful luminous eyes opened again.

"You are Mr. Van Schwartz' niece. But who are you yourself?"

"They call me Wayne Woodward. I—I don't know just who I am."

Again the same flash through the beautiful eyes. This time the hands clutched nervously. She reached out a little and Wayne slipped her hand into the long slender one on the counterpane.

"Die you ever live in Canada?"

"I came from there. That's my country." she said with a touch of patriotic pride.

For a moment Wayne felt the hand that held hers weaken in its grasp. The light of consciousness was gone from her eyes, but only for a moment. Then they closed as if in sleep and the woman lay a long time silent. But Wayne could see the breast heave a little and the tears stealing from the long lashes. The beautiful eyes opened again and she motioned Wayne to lay her head down upon her breast. The girl obeyed and the hand that was laid on her head had a touch she had never known before. She could feel the tremor of the little finger on her ear-tips.

"How long have you been a waitress, child?"

"I am starting to-day. But I've been here nearly a year and a half. I've waited on tables part of the day and gone to school the other part."

"Do you like being a waitress?"

"I hate it. I shall not be one always. But I'm afraid the doctor would not let you talk so much if he were here. You are getting feverish."

They were silent some moments. What did it mean Wayne was asking herself; this strange lady who was so interested in her. Delirious? Yes that was perhaps it.

MRS. VAN SCHWARTZ came to the door, gave Wayne a sort of surprised look and announced that Dr. Gresholm was here and they were ready to remove the patient to her home.

Wayne noticed the little boy waiting outside. He was more like his mother than either of the daughters. He had the same great gentle eyes. The lady's snowy hair made her seem old at first to be the mother of such a child, while at the same time her face was young, in spite of its sadness, to be the mother of those grown-up girls.

(Continued on page 71)

Camera Cameos of French Quebec

By Frank Yeigh

AN ideal playground for the summer traveller is French Quebec: an ideal land for kodaking, an ideal realm for the lover of scenery, the lover of hospitality and of unspoiled human nature.

Little wonder is it therefore that the wanderer through the province of the St. Lawrence finds himself gravitating back to its rivers and streams, its winding highways and charming little villages on every succeeding occasion. The magnetizing power of the land becomes the greater with each recurring visit, and each repeated visit but endears country and people anew to the chance traveller.

Where is the uninitiated to find this delectable region? What prosaic railway time table should be studied with a view to discovering the most attractive places! Where are the camera cameos to be found? So the reader may formulate his definite queries, but the writer does not intend to make invidious reflections by definite answers. This Playground Province will reveal its charm and its secrets at every turn, especially along its water-ways, for it is a land of noble rivers.

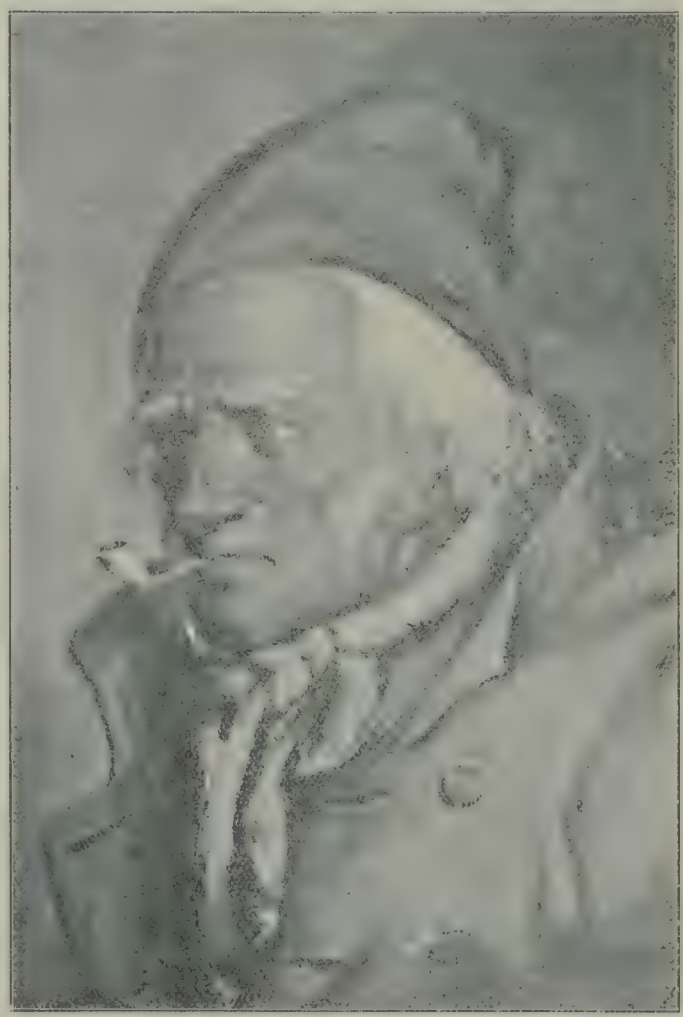
May we not compromise therefore by taking a few river journeys as an initial step up the brown Ottawa, up and down the blue St. Lawrence, up the mirror like Richelieu, over the gloomy Saguenay, or beside the tawny Batiscan!

THE Ottawa will supply the wayfarer with haunts enough to keep him busy many a summer day. Let him land at Oka, by way of experiment, let him, after a call in the big church and a visit to the Indian village, make terms with the local Jehu for the three mile drive to the Trappist Monastery. On the way many a quaint little homestead of Gallic pattern will be passed, so suggestive of quiet contentment and domestic peace, a little oasis in the world's desert where the storms of modern life do not break and where one has a chance to hear the birds sing.

Many a wayside cross will also be left behind as the sturdy little pony makes the dust fly along the whiteroad way. Here is a curious cross by the roadway, bearing in imitation the details of the Calvary of long ago: the nails, a crown of thorns, the ladder used by the crucifiers—all are suggested to the praying habitant as he kneels in front of the emblem of redemption. Or farther along will be seen a miniature figure of the Virgin, enclosed in a glass case and protected by a canopy, the Mother of Sorrows also facing the thoroughfare and speaking her message to the hurrying passers-by.

Trappist Monks at work at Oka

High above the Ottawa stretch the fair fields of the Trappist farm, where the Brothers in White, till eight hundred acres, and where they make a successful union of piety and labor. Strange indeed it strikes a caller from Protestant Ontario to see these monks not only on their knees in the chapel, but later on their knees in the fields or caring for the great herds of cattle and flocks of sheep that stock the farm. In the midst of this daily toil in husbandry, the bell, mounted on a rude platform in the open, rings out its never ceasing call to prayer, and dropping plow or spade or garden tool, the strangely-garbed Brotherhood hasten to a renewal of their devotions.



Typical French Canadian Habitant

Higher still than the farm, the monastery, and the wayside crosses, towers a lordly hill, clothed in vernal beauty and bearing near its summit the stations of the Cross, that glisten white against the green background of the foliage. Thereto the monks of La Trappe and all the country side of worshippers flock on the festival day of the Order, and there for a century or more, passing generations of French Canadians have trodden their way and offered up their prayers; realizing life in their daily round of work, and "Remembering Death" the ever-present watchword of the White Monks.

A scene on the Beach at Parce
With the Perce Rock to the right

THE Richelieu—the beautiful Richelieu, who can err in extravagant speech in singing its praises? As the steamer glides during the long summer evening over its placid waters and past the riverside hamlets, with their dominating spire, it is easy to see visions and dream dreams. It is easy to repeople the sleeping stream with the men of long ago, with Champlain, with the white-coated infantry of France who followed in his train, and later with the red-coated soldiers of England It is easy to summon from the shades the procession of boats filled with dusky voyageurs of Iroquois journeying northward on a journey of vengeance, of Huron and Algonquin canoeing southward in search of a deadly foe.

But to-day is a happier day than the fighting days of old, for now peace lingers along the fertile banks of the Richelieu, the walls of the fortress are crumbling to ruin, and in its place and the place of the once-time unbroken forest are the smiling farms of the contented French Canadian tillers of the soil. "When one is contented," said Don Quixote, "there is no more to be desired, and when there is no more to be desired, there's an end of it," and the philosophy of the old Spanish humorist is the wise philosophy of the Canadian habitant of to-day.

The Batiscan too is in a class by itself as a river and camoes galore are to be caught along its twisting banks. For twist the wild untrammelled stream does with a vengeance as it literally tumbles its way down from the Lake St. John country to the St. Lawrence.

The railway train follows its sinuosities for a hundred miles or more to near its source, and every passing glimpse of the dark brown waters, roaring through a tiny canyon or tumbling over a bed of rocks is a picture that is immediately framed by the mind and hung in the gallery of memory. On either side but at long intervals are pioneer homes of a staunch peasantry, of French speech, who are doing the foundation building for their country. Farther north another wonderful area is disclosed in the Lake St. John District, with a wealth of agricultural land, water powers, lumber mills and growing towns that surprise the traveller.

Such a town is Chicoutimi, in the centre of a superb water power which is well utilized by great lumber and pulp and paper mills. Chicoutimi is moreover the northern gateway of that great Canadian fjord, the Saguenay, a river that is unique among all the rivers of Canada, a wide and deep chasm cut out of the everlasting hills and carrying to the sea the waters of the far reaching north country. Wild and sublime is the scenery of the Saguenay, and impressive in their majesty the towering heights of the capes of Eternity and Trinity. Suggestive too of the beginnings of Canadian history is the the town of Tadoussac, especially the history of the old bell in the church which has rung out its messages to the world for two-and-a-half centuries and still rings men into and out of the world.

ACROSS the St. Lawrence from Tadoussac stretches the south shore of the great river. Here is a most inviting field of discovery to the man from the west. There would seem to be one continuous village on one street, stretching for hundreds of miles from Quebec to Rimouski, all alike, and yet all different, as one finds in the course of a few week's jolly drive in caleche or planquette, along the river road and through these river towns, with the steep-roofed houses dipping their feet in the tidal waters. In every such centre the dominant architectural note is struck by the parish church and vast structures they sometimes are, holding thousands of worshippers in the beautiful white and gold interiors.

There are two places where kodak cameos may always be picked up: at the market of a Quebec village, where the scene is often like the old-world markets of Europe, and after the church services of the Sabbath, when a great visiting goes on for hours among the habitants, some of whom may have driven in many a long mile; indeed, judging by the number of vehicles surrounding the church and lining the road, it would seem as if the whole country had been drained of its means of transportation.

If you join such a chattering, happy group of citizens, with their wives and numerous progeny, the chances are more than ten to one that you will be invited to a nearby house, and it is worth while accepting such an offer of hospitality, not merely to test the reality of the welcome, but to investigate a typical habitant home. Comfortable it is, especially the living room, where later the children may swarm over floor and chairs, and under tables and even stoves, but it is a merry, lively crowd notwithstanding, and the whole atmosphere is optimistic—and sometimes something more. There is always the attic which will swallow up a number of youngsters that upsets ones mental arithmetic. Two into four you know can go, but when it come to stowing away four in the space of two, then the arithmetic fails.

BUT we cannot linger in Jean's cheerful, humble but rich home, for there is more of Quebecland to be traversed and then there will be left enough for many another summer campaign of sight-seeing. Eastward I would advise you to make your way—to Bic, with its Massacre Isle off shore, glorying in its legends of the killing of two hundred Micmacs by Iroquois in the brave days of old when blood

Miracle Church of St. Ann de Beaupre

letting was the chief end of man. You may climb as I did to the cave in the isle, where it is supposed the unfortunate victims were ambuscaded preparatory to being tomahawked and burned.

Eastward further still one should travel until the big nose of Gaspe is reached, defiantly facing the Gulf with dark ramparts of rock. Gaspe itself, at the head of a long inlet, is one of the most charmingly situated towns in eastern Canada, with surrounding scenery that is akin to that of Scotland.

A thirty-mile drive, most of the way along a beach road, brought me one fine August day to Perce and its rock with the hole in the end of it, Long had I wanted to see the Pierced Rock and glad I was to view its mighty mass, to sail around its base and close to its precipitous sides, to penetrate the rock tunnel itself, to startle the myraid of sea birds and then to hear the wild cry of alarm that resounded through the air. The Great Rock held me spell bound—under the mysterious folds of the fog, now growing enormously large, then shrinking and apparently receding, under the effulgence of a marine moonlight, or under the effect of a wicked storm when the white-fringed waves beat viciously but uselessly against its granite buttresses.

Along the beaches of the twin harbors of Perce are to be seen the Perce fishermen — splendid fellows for sinewy strength, honest hearts and clear blue eyes that show no deceit or evil planning. Men they are every inch of them, whether reaping the harvest of the sea in their small craft and amid all the dangers of the deep, or in salting and packing away the cod harvest along the beaches. All along the Chaleur shore these stalwart sons of the sea are to be met, and everyone that is met and whose hand is grasped in cordial greeting is a man worth meeting, and a Canadian moreover, one of the two million of French decent that help to make up our Canadian population of six millions.

Such are some of the cameos that are waiting to be picked up in French Canada.

The Drama

TWO years ago, Maxine Elliott made her stellar debut and no one expected for her any great measure of success. That she was beautiful everyone acknowledged, that she was attractive admitted no doubt, but that she could act was questionable. Yet the few who had faith in her dramatic powers proved to be right, for when Miss Elliott produced Clyde Fitch's "Her Own Way" she found herself within a month one of the most popular stars of the season, and so pronounced was the demand for her and her play that she continued "Her Own Way" for two seasons before she was allowed by the public to try another play, also a Clyde Fitch comedy, "Her Great Match," in which she has recently been seen in Toronto.

Miss Elliott's special pride and delight is her Boston terrier, Sport, who made his stage debut in "Her Great Match." Rooms had been engaged at the King Edward Hotel in Toronto for Miss Elliott, but when it was learned that she insisted on having her dog with her, and that it was a case of "Love me love my dog," and that on the other hand the proprietors of the Hotel strenuously objected to housing a terrier, Sport and his loyal mistress, it is said, were forced to find accommodation elsewhere.

"Her Great Match" is said to be one of the best things Clyde Fitch has written, a graceful and interesting play, with a strong central figure, "Jo" Sheldon, who is impersonated by Miss Elliott. "Jo," travelling abroad with her stepmother, meets and falls in love with a "Royal Highness." Throughout the plot there is a call for acting with emotional power. The photo we present shows Miss Elliott as she appears in the first scene, in which at a charity ball, dressed as a fortune teller, "Jo" reads the Prince's hand.

OF all the new plays which have been presented in New York this season, probably the one which pulls the most tenderly on the heart strings of the audience is "The Prince Chap," a play by almost an unknown author. In our next number we will give more particulars about this play, which has won such enthusiastic appreciation.

Miss Maxine Elliott in "Her Great Match"

Mr. E. H. Southern
Playing with Julia Marlowe

MR. E. H. SOUTHERN and Julia Marlowe, whose pictures are shown here, are giving Shakesperean plays throughout the country. E. H. Southern has long been a favorite, in fact he is called one of the "matinee idols." However that may be, his acting is excellent, and any play in which he appears is certain to be above the average of modern dramas. Many remember him with pleasure in the play "An Enemy to the King," in which he appeared some years ago in Canadian cities.

MAUDE ADAMS' success in Barrie's "Peter Pan" is phenomenal. It has now been running about three months in New York, and there is still a long line of people buying seats at all hours of the day at the ticket office. The audiences are the most enthusiastic to be found in any New York theatre.

The secret of the success of the production is the personal charm of Miss Adams, who has so endeared herself to the hearts of American theatre-goers, particularly in "The Little Minister," and also to the popularity of Barrie plays. Miss Adams in the role of the boy-hero, Peter Pan, does exquisite acting, while the play is one of those whimsical, fantastic Barrie productions which captivate old and young alike. Nobody can sit through "Peter Pan" without experiencing certain thrills which were familiar in the days when fairy tales were the height of romantic delights.

WILLIAM COLLIER, who appeared in Toronto very recently in one of his London successes, "On the Quiet," is soon to present a new play "The Heart of a Sparrow," in Boston. This is said to offer Mr. Collier all the opportunities he could desire for his breezy, natural style of humor.

Little over a month ago Mr. Collier returned from London after his triumphs in "The Dictator" and "On the Quiet," in both of which King Edward and Queen Alexandra saw him and personally complimented his acting.

IT is strange that both Maude Adams and Ethel Barrymore, boon companions throughout their theatrical career, should have the world at their feet now, in Barrie plays. Ethel Barrymore has a genuine triumph in the Barrie play "Alice, Sit by the Fire." A quaint humor prevails throughout the comedy and Miss Barrymore's clever interpretation of "Alice," as well as the excellent acting of her two brothers, John and Lionel Barrymore, who are with her, makes it a play to be thoroughly enjoyed.

Alice is a problem-play-deluded young boarding-school girl whose "stagey" views of life bring about all the delightful complications in the comedy.

ELLA WHEELER WILCOX made her bow as a dramatic author when Charles Frohman recently produced the play "Mizpah," her first dramatic venture. In writing "Mizpah," the author has taken one of the sweetest love stories from that mine of literary gems, the Bible. It is the story of Esther, and the author has given the story a poetic and at the same time a wondrously human treatment. The play will be given in ten scenes, Adele Block taking the role of Esther.

Julia Marlowe
Who is this season giving Shakesperian productions

The Legend of the Indian's Grave

By Alicia Armstrong

"The Chief had sent his tribe away."

DURING a summer outing on the lovely shores of Lake Huron I was shown a narrow mound, grave-like in shape, which was called the "Indian's Grave," or the "Chief's Grave"; it was said to be the resting place of a great chief of the once powerful tribe whose permanent home was on Manitoulin Island, but who held sway over a great part of the mainland also; the grave lay in a lovely wood close by the blue water of the beautiful lake, whose waves seemed ever murmuring a sad requiem over the lowly resting place of their ancient lord.

'TWAS long ago, when all the land
Was clothed in virgin forest grand,
And few indeed, and far between,
The whiteman's rough log huts were seen.
To shed the rain, the wind prevent,
His robes the lordly elm lent;
To form the settler's lowly roof.
The timber walls gave ample proof
Of shelter from the winter snows,
And safety from their forest foes.
In such a hut there came to dwell,
A man, —his name I need not tell;
He was a man of lofty stature,
Dark of countenance and nature,
If in him dwelt one spark of love,
For man below, or God above,
'Twas hid beneath his sullen mien,
Nor ever on the surface seen,

TWO sons he had, a sturdy pair,
His home and toilsome life to share.
The eldest, tall and dark, and grim,
The father lived again in him.
Hugh, was his name, and far and wide,
"Black Hugh" through all the countryside,
The quickest feller of the trees,
The strongest man at backwoods "bees";
No giant maple, elm or oak,
Could long withstand his axe's stroke;
But, he was known for something more,
A man whom vengeance ne'er forebore,
Who him offended, soon or late,
Would feel the measure of his hate.
Henry, Black Hugh's younger brother,
Was worse, if could be than the other.
Quick and rough of act and speech
His knife was ever within reach,
And oft its buckhorn hilt he sought,
In answer to some deadly thought.
When at some gathering brawling loud,
He overawed the drunken crowd,
Although his words the bumpkins cheered,
Henry was hated both, and feared.
The settler's wife had long been dead,
His sister ruled his house instead,
A woman like her brother cold.
But unlike him, an arrant scold.

THAT home did still another share,
The settler's daughter, frail and fair.
Scarce sixteen summer suns had shed,
Their raidance o'er her gentle head.
Her flowing locks of golden hue,
Her eyes like violets bathed in dew,
Neck, and dimpled cheek, and brow,
Hands and bosom like the snow,
Or a lily on the water,

Such was May, the settler's daughter.
Fearless she from day to day
To the forest took her way ;
To 'scape rude brothers' reprimand
And her stern father's rough command,
Or the shrill chidings of her aunt ;
Unheeded all she came and went.
As time passed on, came o'er the maid
A change, defined as light from shade.
Lighter each day her footsteps grew,
Her violet eyes a deeper blue,
While day by day, and week by week,
The rosehues deepened on her cheek.
But what has caused this altered mien ?
The girl that erst was ever seen,
With downcast looks, and tearful eyes,
With faltering steps, and broken sighs,
Now bounds as lightly as a fawn,
Is smiling as a summer dawn.
What means has wrought this happy end ?
'Tis this, the girl has found a friend.

WANDERING one day in lonely mood,
Deep in the shadowy whispering wood,
Sudden in a flowery glade,
Before her stood an Indian maid.
A while they gaze in mute surprise,
And questioning each others eyes,
Then slow a smile breaks o'er each face,
And slow they advance with timid grace,
Then shyly each a hand extends,
And in a moment they are friends.
What though the silence is unbroken,
Though ne'er a word has either spoken,
An introduction neither missed
For through their eyes their souls have kissed.
Not long the silence then did last,
As hand in hand they onward passed,
"May" the paleface girl said,
And touched with childish hands her head.
"June" smiled the Indian maid, and pressed
One dusky hand upon her breast.
Then each others name they spoke,
And into girlish laughter broke.

A DUSKY MAID, yet ne'er was seen
A lovelier than this forest queen.
Tall with willowy grace, and slender.
A proud yet pensive mouth and tender,
Eyes of starry midnight splendor,
Her raven locks were backward flung,
And down in rich profusion hung.
Her silken scarf of crimson hue,
That round her graceful form she drew,
The beaded moccasin and kilt
The gleaming dagger's silver hilt,
The haughty carriage, fearless eye,
All spoke a chieftain's daughter high.

NOR spoke they false. Pithanque's name
Till age had tamed his heart of flame,
Was spoken by his tribal foes,
To fright their children to repose.
And many a scalp, his valor's proof,
Hung smoking in his wigwam roof.
Not years alone subdued the chief,
He saw with heart consuming grief,
The paleface spread o'er all the land,
His dwellings rise on every hand.
Where once his fathers chased the deer,
The strangers yoked the patient steer.
He saw their tasseled corn fields wave,
In rank luxuriance o'er the grave
Where slept the redman's honored dead,
And grief and shame has bowed his head.
Of all his tribes once vast domains
One little spot alone remains,
The place where first his breath he drew ;
The sacred Isle of Manitou.
Here with his tribe, his son and daughter
Within broad Huron's circling water,
Far from the sound of falling trees,
His grieving heart alone found ease,—
His faithful wife so fond and true,
Slept 'neath the pines of Manitou.

YET to the mainland year by year
Since days of old, to chase the deer,
To gather fruit for winter cheer,
And all the wealth of lake and land,
Supplied by nature's bounteous hand,
Had come the tribe ; now in the wood,
Their birchbark wigwams clustering stood.
Close by the sparkling singing water ;
Here June brought May the settler's daughter
The children of the forest gazed
Upon the stranger much amazed,
Few had a paleface seen before,
And never on Lake Huron's shore.
Some smiled upon the pretty maid,
Some ev'n to speak to her essayed,
With deepest admiration, one,
Black Eagle, old Pithanque's son.
And surely May had never seen
A hunter of such noble mien.
His manly limbs and features bold,
Were cast in nature's finest mould.
His hunter's coat of deerskin fine,
Adorned with quills of porcupine ;
In many a fold his waist around,
A beaded silken sash was bound,
In which,—prepared for sterner strife—
Or sylvan sport, gleamed axe and knife.
His leggings green, deep fringed with hair,
Plucked from the savage grizzly bear,
Whilo o'er his brow and eyes of gloom,
There waved a sable eagle plume.
With noble mind and heart of fire,
The son was worthy of the sire.
Pithanque courteous bent his head,
And smiling to the stranger said,
"The White Dove, as his daughter's guest,
Is welcome to the Eagle's nest."

'TWAS leafy June, about the end,
When May first met her dusky friend.
Soon she gained their simple hearts ;
They taught her all their woodland arts,
To broider fawnskin white and fine,
With bead and quill of porcupine ;
They laughed to see her fingers slender,

Her little hands so white and tender,
So quickly learn the bow to bend,
The feathered arrow straight to send;
To paddle the yellow bark canoe,
So swift o'er Huron's water blue.
The pliant splintered ash to rive,
The baskets gay to paint and weave,
One other art; all arts above—
She learned, the magic art of love.
The young chief, old Pithanque's son,
The White Dove's girlish heart had won.

SWIFT, swift, the golden days had flown,
Sad Autumn winds began to moan,
Through the old woods along the shore,
The redman's harvest time was o'er.
With goodly store of sylvan spoils,
The rich reward of summer toils
Deep laden was each bark canoe
That sailed away to Manitou.
The chief had sent his tribe away,
Yet lingered he another day,
As loth to tear himself away;
For well he knew he'd see no more,
This ancient wood, this well loved shore.
'Twas here his beauteous bride he'd won,
Here his manhood's work begun;
From hence, by his brave father's side,
He'd gone to quell the Huron's pride,
Ten reeking scalps his belt adorn,
Each from a Huron warrior torn,
Proclaiming victory o'er the foe,
On that first warpath long ago.

BLACK EAGLE notes with anxious eye,
The portents of the earth and sky;
Sees the wild geese southward fly,
O'er the lake with boding cry;
Sees black clouds obscure the moon,
Hears the wild cry of the loon,
Sees the trees bend to the blast,
Of the north wind shrieking past,
Marks the wild waves angry roar,
As they leap upon the shore,
Hears all nature's warning cry,
"Winter comes, Black Eagle fly,
To your nest, Oh Eagle fly."

SPAKE the aged chief at last,
As over lake and wood he cast,
One lingering look, as 'twere his last,
"My son, these woods, this lake, this shore
For ages ours, is ours no more;
Hear the paleface axes ringing,
Hear the trees their death-song singing
See their great limbs trembling, shaking
See the earth beneath them quaking,
At their brothers dying, shrieking,
At the honor of their breaking,
At the thunder of their falling,
And I heard your mother calling
Through the night, her soft voice calling
'Beloved, come, I wait for you,
Beneath the pines of Manitou,
Ever are they singing, singing,
Of the joyous homeward bringing
Of the bride to Manitou,
Long ago to Manitou.'
So, when in the Council Pine,
To-night the full moon's face will shine,
We will leave this well loved shore,
To return,—nevermore—"

Sat the chief beside his tent,
On the lake his gaze was bent,
As if far o'er the waters blue,
He saw the pines of Manitou.

THE sun was high, the hour was noon,
Within the wigwam May and June,
In converse low, sat side by side,
Each trying from her friend to hide,
The tear drops from her eyes that started,
Oh! would they, could they then be parted?
Sudden through the woods they hear,
Heavy footsteps drawing near,
The girls a crevice peeping through,
Startled, see Henry, and Black Hugh.
Pithanque calmly ran to meet them
With courteous bow, he turns to greet them
"What want my brothers!" asks the chief.
Answers Henry rough and brief,
"We want you to clear out of here,
This wood we're going to fell and clear,"

SPAKE then the old chief, calm and grand
"Paleface, the ground where on you stand,
Our tribe has held, since ages old,
Here chased the deer for moons untold:
Yet do we not dispute your claim,—
To yield to force indeed were shame,
But 'tis the mill of Manitou,
We yield to Him and not to you."

ANSWERED Black Hugh in accents gruff
"Begone old dotard, that's enough,
Pack up your traps, your mouth keep shut.
Here goes your miserable hut."
And with rude hand away he tore,
The deerskin curtain from the door.
There, before his eyes revealed,
By dusky friend, his sister kneeled,
With ashen face, and eyes of fright.
Rough Henry, angered by the sight,
Passed by his brother at a bound,
And struck the maiden to the ground.
"Hussy, what do you here?" he cried,
And sought to drag her from June's side
But round her form her arms she threw
And closer to her bosom drew.

WHOM have we here? The ruffian cried
Bold admiration in his eyes;
"By Jove! she is a beauty though?
I'll have a kiss before I go."
"Come on you fool," growls colder Hugh.
But nearer still a step he drew,

Pithanque sees, he hears her cries.
And to defend his daughter flies,
"Paleface, forbear, thy vile salute,
Shall ne'er Pithanque's child polute."
Rage a passing strength bestows,
The white man staggers 'neath his blows:
Then on his aged assailant flew,
Quick from its sheath, his knife he drew,
High flashed one moment in the sun,
The steal, then sank, the deed was done
The grand old chief, without a sound,
A sigh, a groan, sank to the ground,
Lowered for aye his haughty crest;
The life-blood welling from his breast.

THE shriek of agony from his child,
Was answered from the forest wild.
By a cry so wild, so fierce,
It reemed the very brain to pierce;
Back to its source the listener's blood,
Flowed, in curdling icy flood,
To its covert fled the hare,
The wolf crouched close into his lair,
The hovering eagle heard that cry,
And higher darted to the sky.
The forest echoes far and nigh,
Flung back Black Eagle's battle cry
And with that cry there came a flash,
A sudden sickening thud, and crash,
Sank the murderer in his tracks,
Deep in his brain Black Eagle's axe.
Too late his sire's life to save,
The son at least could vengeance have.

BLACK Hugh a moment stood alone,
As changed by magic art to stone.
Then high his ponderous axe he swings,
And forth to meet the chieftains springs,
And had the redman felt that blow,
No more of earthly joy or woe,
Of love, or hatred, would he feel,
Or hear the ring of gun or steel,
But lightly springing to one side,
He lets the weapon past him glide,
Then quicker far than I can tell
He turned and caught it ere it fell.
And now begins the deadly strife,
Of men who battle for their life:
They tug, they strive with might and main,
Each tries the deadly axe to gain
The girls look on in silent dread,
In the living they forget the dead,
The doubtful strife that fierce and long,
Had trembling in the balance hung,
Now drawing seemed to fatal close,
As struggling, writhing, down the foes,
Fall crashing o'er a prostrate trunk,
That half in earth and leaves was sunk;
Dashed from the loosened grip of each,
The axe flies far beyond their reach.
Black Hugh half stunned a moment seems,
Quick in the sun a keen knife gleams,
With flaming eyes and lips compressed—
The young chief's knee is on his breast.
Twice gleams the steel before his eyes,
In tortured fancy twice he dies.
Some thought holds back the chieftain's knife
And saves his fallen foeman's life.

NOW lightly to his feet he springs,
His clear voice through the stillness rings.
"Paleface thy life I spare, arise,
The slayer by his victim lies,
Black Eagle's vengeful axe laid low.
The hand that struck the coward blow,
That slew Pithanque, aged and weak,
No further vengeance do I seek."
He paused with sullen mien and slow
Black Hugh arose, and turned to go,
But first with brief and stern command
He seized his sister's trembling hand,
"Hold Paleface," then the chieftain cries,
With sterner voice and flashing eyes,
"Take hence your life but naught beside
The White Dove is Black Eagle's bride,"—

WITH a fire and a passion,
In his haughty Indian fashion,
Neath the wigwam's lowly eaves,
Mid the flowers and the leaves,
Listening to the singing pines,
Wandering where the wild grape twines,
By the laughing sparkling water,
He'd woed and won the settler's daughter.
Should he tamely yield her? never:
He'd hold her in his heart for ever,—

"YOURS, Indian dog," the paleface cries,
With scowling brow and blazing eyes,
"I'll see my sister in her grave,
Before she'll be an Indian's slave."
"Black Eagle's bride no slave shall be,"
Returns the red chief haughtily.
Then in a low voice sweet and clear
As though the maid alone could hear
"Safe in my wigwam she'll repose,
From summer's sun, or winter's snows,
From care or want in wood or field
A hunter's arm shall be her shield,
From every grief that man can see
Shall a chieftain's breast her refuge be."
He paused and when he ceased to speak
With downcast eyes, and blushing cheek
Spake May in trembling voice and low,
"Brother with you I cannot go,
I love him, tear me not away,
Oh! brother do not say we nay.
He loves me, he is good and true,
Death sweeter were than life with you."
Then to the chieftain swift she fled,
And on his bosom laid her head,
Close round her form his arm he pressed,
And closer drew her to his breast.—
"Then die," with brutal oath yelled Hugh,
Swift as he spoke his knife he drew,
Swift flashing through the air it flew;
But swifter snatched the chief aside,
From death's fell path his fainting bride.
Fierce hissing past her cheek it sped,
To where, in silence o'er her dead,
Knelt the princess still as death,
And in her bosom found a sheath.

FLED then the wretch with maddened bound,
As ne'er fled deer pursued by hound,
Nor paused he once, nor once looked back,
He felt grim death upon his track,
His icy clutch upon his heart,
His dank dew from his forehead start.
Full twenty yards his feet had passed,
E'er from the spell by honor cast,
Awoke the chief, then at his feet he gently laid,
With tender hand the senseless maid;
Just once the vengeful rifle spoke,
Just once the forest echoes woke;
With one short yell, one upward bound,
Stark stretched the slayer on the ground
With ghastly face, and wide fierce eyes,
Upturned to the cold gray skies.

WHEN o'er Lake Huron's waters blue,
Gray twilight shadows softly drew,
Like a phanton o'er the tide,
A bark canoe was seen to glide,
Mid the white mists on the water,
Quickly lost to eyes that sought her.
When in the "Council Pines" that night,
Shone the full moon's silvery light,
Upon the shore within the wood,
Where once Pithanque's wigwam stood,
Was heard the song of the restless wave,
And the moan of the wind o'er a lonely grave.

STILL when Autumn winds are wailing,
And o'er the lake gray mists are sailing,
May be heard the lone wife calling,
Through the night her soft voice calling,
"Beloved, come, I wait for you
Beneath the pines of Manitou."
Always they are singing, singing,
Of the jazans homeward bringing
Of the brides to Manitou,
Long ago to Manitou.

The World of Print

Health and Sunshine.

(From the Philadelphia Record.)

DR. THAYER, of the Cornell University Medical College, has been studying mortality figures to determine if there was any difference in the mortality on the northern side of the street compared with the houses having a southern exposure. The results are:

	North side.	South side.	Excess on North side.
Constitutional (chiefly tuberculous) . .	422	340	82
Respiratory (chiefly pneumonia)	376	333	43
Renal (chiefly chronic nephritis)	184	147	37
Totals	982	820	162

In summary the author says: "The mortality on the north side of any street in the district is liable to be higher than that on the south side of the same street.

The higher northern mortality is due chiefly to these diseases: Pneumonia, consumption and nephritis. The first two are especially fatal during cold weather, when the proper ventilation of living and sleeping rooms is most likely to be neglected; the third is also affected by lack of air and sunlight, both directly and also indirectly, by the depression of mind consequent upon darkness and impure air."

England's Union Jack.

(From the London Times.)

TO judge from the correspondence which we have lately printed, there would seem to be no little confusion of mind in many quarters concerning the character, the use and even the identity of the national flag. There is indeed, no common agreement as to what the national flag is. Lord Hawkesburg insists that it is the red ensign and nothing else. No doubt he is right in the sense that the red ensign proclaims the nationality of the unprivileged British merchant vessel, and is the only flag that can lawfully be displayed by such a vessel as the recognized symbol of its nationality. But if the red ensign is the only flag that can properly be called national, how comes it that the flag flying at the Victoria Tower, whenever Parliament is sitting, is not the red ensign, but the Union Jack?

The question is not altogether without difficulty, perhaps. But with all respect for Lord Hawkesburg, we must as at present advised, hold the better opinion to be that the Union Jack is the national flag properly so called, the red ensign being that form of it which is prescribed by law as the symbol of the nationality of every British vessel at sea, not being a man-of-war or a vessel otherwise privileged to wear a different ensign. That the royal standard is not the national flag, nor a national flag in any sense, is a proposition too clear to admit of dispute. It is the personal flag of the Sovereign, and can be displayed by a subject only by special permission of the Sovereign, and this, from the nature of the case, is very rarely accorded. This is established beyond a doubt by the letter of Lord Knollys to the vicar of St. Michael's, Folkstone, which we printed on June 7. The vicar stated that his congregation had spent £10 in buying a royal standard, "thinking that they would be able to fly the flag from the church tower, as usual," and he asked that an exception might be made in their favor. Sir Francis Knollys, as he then was, replied "that the royal standard, which is the King's personal flag, can only be hoisted at the coronation. If permission were given in one case it would be impossible to refuse it in any other. I must remind you," he added, however, "that you can always fly the Union Jack."

It would seem from this that, in the opinion of the King's private secretary—which, we may be sure, was not lightly given—the proper flag to fly on any festive occasion is the Union Jack. Lord Hawkesburg might urge, perhaps, that this is merely an obiter dictum, and that it does not finally establish the title of the Union Jack to be regarded as the only true national flag. But surely this question is decided by the fact that the Union Jack is a feature common, and the only feature common, to all ensigns, whether white, red or blue, which are worn by British ships at sea. Ensigns are not merely flags; they are essentially distinguishing flags.

White, red and blue ensigns are one and all symbols of British nationality as distinct from all other nationalities, and as between themselves, they distinguish different classes or

categories of British ships. The display of the Union Jack is the international mark of all three, the color of the "fly" being only a municipal distinction, so to speak. The same conclusion seems to follow, also, from the history and structure of the Union Jack. This flag is a combination of the original national flags of the three countries now consolidated into the United Kingdom. The original national flag of England was the cross of St. George, a rectangular red cross on a white ground. The original national flag of Scotland was the cross of St. Andrew, a diagonal white cross or saltire on a blue ground. The original national flag of Ireland, said to have been borrowed from the arms of the Geraldines, was a red saltire on a white ground.

Wall Street on the Farm.

(From World's Work.)

THE establishment of "commission rooms" and "bucket shops" in the larger villages and towns of the West has brought the allurement of speculation to our country population, whose sturdy character has been our boast and in no small degree our national security. What the results are in private life, and what they may be in their social influence, is indicated in this description by a correspondent, whose business gives him opportunities to know the conditions intimately and who says simply, "I write what I have seen."

"When in his slack time a farmer visits the village to meet his neighbors and talk over family 'doin's' and crop returns, he sees a newly opened 'office,' with spacious entrance, double doors, and a plate-glass window. He stops and looks. Within he hears, 'Wheat 82½ . 83¼ . . 84⅞.' He enters, and is greeted by a neighbor seated in a comfortable leather chair. The place begins to fascinate him; its smoking room and free cigar are a seductive bait. He feels good, and finds himself at home among neighbors. The blackboard and its columns of changing figures is entertaining; his neighbor tells him of a neat turn he made; and as he watches the fluctuations in wheat, oats and corn he thinks, 'What's the harm in taking a try myself?'

"He buys wheat, wheat rises two points and he sells. From that hour, the man is changed. His spirits are light that night, and as he sits at the family fireside he takes out an extra cigar and smokes with the enjoyment of a man who feels that the days of 'easy money' have come. The drudgery of farm life seems a huge mistake, too slow for one who can hire help and pay them out of the easy profits of the trading room. Yet his thoughts find no expression that his wife may share his anticipations. All his life she has been his safe counsellor, but this little venture is his own and he gloats over it as if it had made him rich.

"There is a change coming over that home. No longer is there an exchange of ideas at the fireside as to how 'the stock' looks or how the wheat is heading out, yet wheat and stocks are in the brain of the man who has been a pattern to his children and the pride of a devoted wife. The farm machinery rusts in the barnyard, the grain over ripe, the stock becomes thin; and the once faithful man is buying and selling in the trading room wheat that is not his and never will be his—pursuing a phantom, playing a game that no man can beat in the long run, a game the dealer dares not play himself, for he knows it will break him as it does his dupes.

When the telephone rings he dare not let his wife answer it. The message is, 'Send down $500 to sustain your margins. Wheat is off two points." He lies to his family about it. The farm must carry a mortgage at last.

"Months pass; the interest is not paid; the foreclosure notice is in the weekly papers. Six months more and the family look for the last time broken-hearted on the old home, As they stop to gaze back at it, he wonders why such a fate should overtake him when the speculators of the 'Exchange' and the 'Street' heap up wealth by the same process. He does not know of the unremembered tens of thousands whose ruin, like this, has been courted in listening to 'Wheat 82½ . . 83¼ , . 84⅞.'"

And perhaps he realizes still less that the real ruin occurred when his rugged character gave way to the seduction of "easy money."

Sound Sleep.

HERE are some simple rules which tend to produce a refreshing rest to those who are troubled with wakefulness.

1. By eating moderately (for health's sake) less perspirable matter is produced in a given time; hence the bed-clothes receive it longer before they are saturated, and we may therefore sleep longer before we are made uneasy by their refusing to receive any more.

2. By using thinner and more porous bedclothes, which will suffer the perspirable matter more easily to pass through them, we are less incommoded, such being longer tolerable.

3. When you are awakened by this uneasiness and find you cannot easily sleep again, get out of bed, beat up and turn your pillow, shake the bedclothes well, with at least twenty shakes, then throw the bed open, and leave it to cool in the meantime, continuing undressed, walk about your chamber till your skin has had time to discharge its load, which it will do sooner as the air may be dryer and cooler. When you begin to feel the cool air unpleasant, then return to your bed and you will soon fall asleep, and your sleep will be sweet and pleasant. All the scenes described to your fancy will be, too, of the pleasing kind. I am often as agreeably entertained with them as by the scenery of an opera. If you happen to be too indolent to get out of bed, you may, instead of it, lift up your bedclothes so as to draw in a good deal of fresh air, and by letting them fall force it out again. This, repeated twenty times, will so clear them of the prespirable matter they have imbibed as to permit your sleeping well for some time afterwards. But this latter method is not equal to the former.

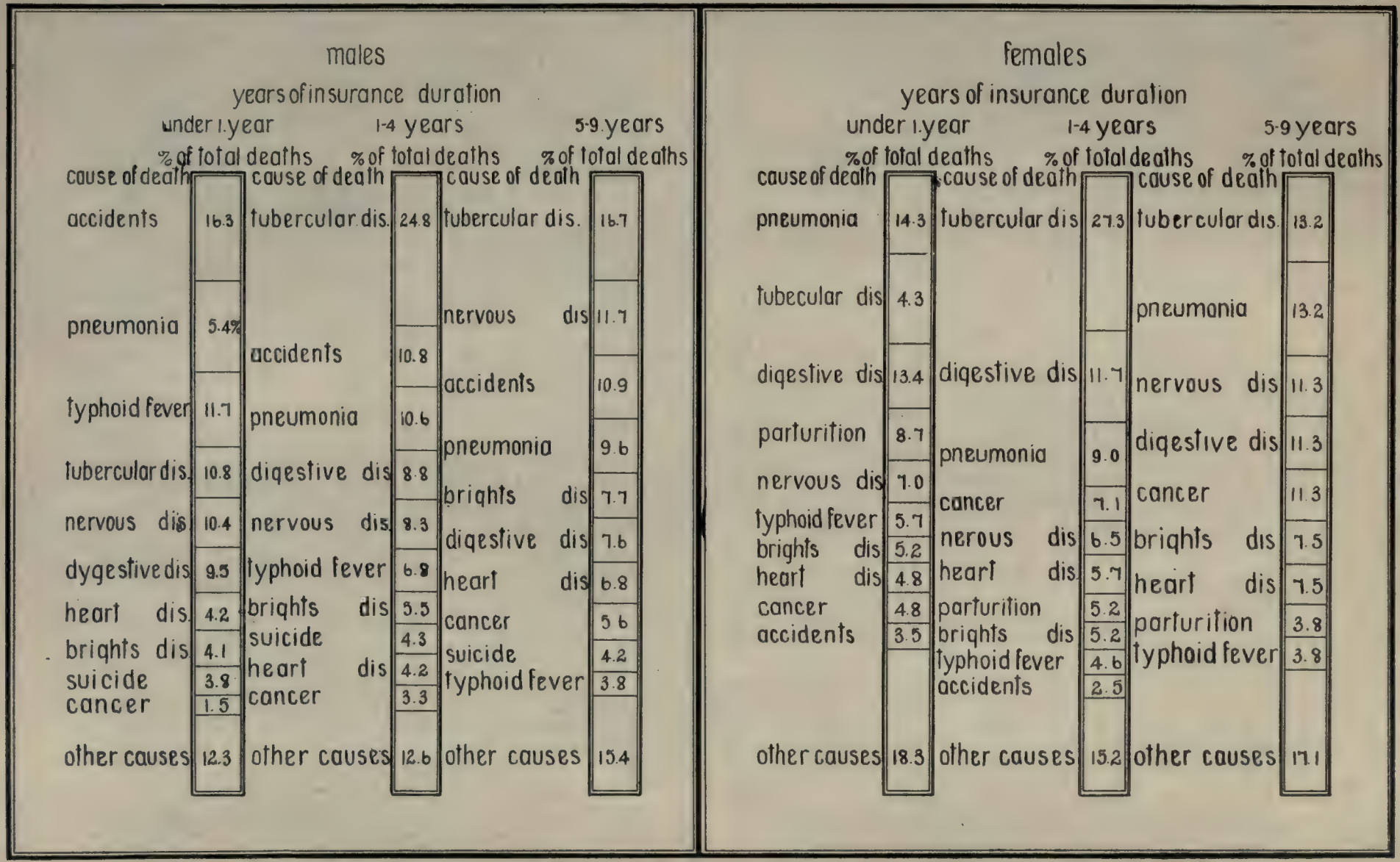
Care should also be taken, when lying down, to see that the pillow is properly placed and that the limbs rest so that when you once fall asleep they will not be in uneasy positions, as, for instance, the joints of your ankles; for though a bad position may at first give little pain and be hardly noticed, yet a continuance will render it less tolerable, and the uneasiness may come on while you are asleep and disturb your imagination. These are the rules of the art. But though they will generally prove effectual in producing the end intended, there is a case in which the most punctual observance of them will be totally fruitless. I need not mention the case to you, my dear friend; but my account of the art would be imperfect without it. The case is when the person who desires to have pleasant dreams has not taken care to preserve, what is necessary above all things—A Good Conscience.

Japanese to Grow Taller.

A REPORT from Japan says that in the schools there another detail of Western civilization has been adopted by placing seats for children. This innovation may do away with the fascinating pose of the geisha girl, and it may, moreover, increase their height, as well as that of the Japanese athletes, who, notwithstanding their physical prowess, are very short. This shortness is more pronounced from the knee down, and this the school authorities have decided must be the result of sitting on the floor with the legs folded. For generations this has been the custom, and hence the lack of growth is hereditary. Athletic men of Japan, it is said, are sensitive concerning their diminutive stature. Letting the legs dangle instead of folding them may change their height a bit. It is thought that future generations will grow taller following the change of posture.

Medical selection ordinary.

Mortality by duration of insurance.



The above Chart is taken from the splendid Exhibit of The Prudential Insurance Company of America at the World's Fair.

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Patterns of ANY design shown in our Fashion Department will be sent to any address in Canada, upon receipt of 10 cents for each pattern. In ordering patterns, send name and address, and tell the number of the pattern required, giving bust measure of waists and coats, and waist measure of skirts for adults, or age for children.
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Evening Dress

WAIST 5252 -SKIRT 5233

NO one of the many soft silks is prettier or better liked than radium and in no color is radium more lovely than in the yellow illustrated. The gown itself is laid in the fine tucks that suit the material admirably well, while the trimming is cream lace, the design of which is outlined with a gold thread that gives a peculiar effect of smartness and brilliancy. The waist is an eminently simple one yet is given an exceedingly dressy effect by the open neck and elbow sleeves while the skirt is made with a plain panel and circular portions that are tucked over the hips. For the waist will be required 4 yards of material 21 or 2 yards 44 inches wide with 2½ yards of lace banding and ⅞ yard of all-over lace for chemisette and long cuffs; for the skirt 12 yards 21 or 5 yards 44 inches wide.

Evening Dress

WAIST 5238 SKIRT 4866.

Decollete gowns are quite general for all formal dinners as well as for evening functions and this one made with square neck is both novel and very generally becoming. In the illustration radium silk is trimmed with Venetain point lace but every fashionable material that can be shirred successfully is correct, and that means a great many things. The waist is closed at the back and gives the effect of a bolero while in reality it is all in one. When lined, yoke and sleeves can be added, so that the design is really two in one. For a woman of medium size will be required, for the waist 2¾ yards of material 21, 2½ yards 27 or 1¼ yards 44 inches wide with 4 1-2 yards of applique, 1¾ yards of lace for frills, 1¼ yards of all-over lace when yoke and long sleeves are used ; for the skirt 11 yards 21, 8½ yards 27 or 6 yards 44 inches wide.

Reception Gown

WAIST 5257 -SKIRT 5164

This cashmere is dark claret red in color and is trimmed with rich Oriental embroidery worked upon heavy cream colored lace. The trimming is one of the very latest and makes an exceedingly desirable finish while the color combination is a most successful one. For the medium size will be required, for the waist 3¾ yards 21, 3¼ yards 27 yards or 2½ yards 44 inches wide with ⅝ yard of all-over lace, 4 yards of lace for frills, 2½ yards of banding and ⅞ yard of all-over lace if long sleeves are used ; for the skirt 12¼ yards 21, 9⅜ yards 27 or 6⅞ yards 44 inches wide.

Afternoon Gown

WAIST 5208—SKIRT 5141

Afternoon gowns made of light weight wool and simple silk materials treated in lingerie style are much in vogue this season and are exceedingly attractive. In this last case, lawn, batiste and other materials of cotton and linen will be found correct. The waist is tucked in groups between which the insertion is applied and is closed invisibly at the back. The skirt is five gored and simply tucked over the hips. For a woman of medium size will be required, for the waist 4¼ yards of material 21, 3¼ yards 27 or 2¼ yards 44 inches wide with 6½ yards of banding ; for the skirt 8½ yards 21, 7 1-2 yards 27, or 4 3-4 yards 44 inches wide.

Evening Dress
Waist 5252—32 to 40 bust
Skirt 5233—22 to 30 waist

Evening Dress
Waist 5238 32 to 40 bust
Skirt 4866—22 to 30 waist

Reception Gown
Waist 5257—32 to 40 bust
Skirt 5164—22 to 30 waist

Shirred Dress
Waist 5251—32 to 40 bust
Skirt 5063—22 to 30 waist

5232 Blouse Jacket with Tucked Eton, 32 to 40 bust

Broadcloth Costume

Blouse 5267 Skirt 4732

Chiffon broadcloths in light colors are much in vogue for the dressy costumes, both for late winter and for the between-seasons time. This one is chic and charming in the extreme and is shown in pastel blue with trimmings of lace and embroidery worked onto the material the whole effect being an exceptionally elegant one. The model is absolutely smart yet is simple in the extreme. The blouse is plain with the lace applied to form the V shaped yoke and can be made with the deep cuffs illustrated or narrower ones as liked. The skirt is seven gored and gathered at the belt falling in beautiful lines and folds. For a woman of medium size will be required, for the blouse 3 1-2 yards of material 21, 2¾ yards 27 or 1¾ yards 44 inches wide with 1⅛ yard of all-over lace and 1 1-2 yards of banding; for the skirt 9¼ yards 21 or 27 or 5⅜ yards 44 inches wide.

Princess Costume

Eton 5210—Skirt 5194

This costume is shown in chiffon broadcloth sage green in color, trimmed with handsome banding and combines a jaunty little Eton with a princess skirt. The little jacket is smart in the extreme and can be made either with the fancy fronts, as illustrated, or plain ones and also allows a choice of the three-quarter or full length sleeves, although those in three-quarter lengths are in every way to be recommended. The skirt is one of the best of the princesse sort and in this instance is tucked to form the girdle but can be shirred instead if the material is soft and pliable enough to render such treatment desirable. For a woman of medium size will be required, for the jacket 4 yards of material 21, 3¼ yards 27 or 2 yards 44 inches wide; for the skirt 10 yards 21 or 27 or 5¾ yards 44 inches wide if material has figure or nap; 9 1-4 yards 21, 7 yards 27 or 4 1-2 yards 44 inches wide if it has.

Afternoon Gown

Blouse 5240—Skirt 5164

The soft, or chiffon, taffetas take such attractive folds and lines that they are well adapted to tucks and shirrings and are greatly in vogue for occasions of semi-dress. This one is "Alice" blue in color, the trimmings being pipings of velvet and lace while the yoke is of lace over chiffon. The color is exceedingly rich and effective, one much to be desired wherever becoming, but it is not suited to all complexions and it may be well to suggest that the appricot shades are greatly in vogue and there are also a numbe

Afternohn Gown
Waist 5208—32 to 40 bust
Skirst 5141—22 to 30 waist

Broadcloth Costume
Blouse 5267—32 to 40 bust
Skirt 4732—22 to 30 waist

Afternoon Gown
Blouse 5240—32 to 40 bust
Skirt 5164—22 to 30 waist

Princess Costume
Eton 5210—32 to 40 bust
Skirt 5194—22 to 30 waist

5264 Fancy Blouse, 32 to 40 bust.

of very charming light blues and pale greens which will be equally available. The waist is made after a most satisfactory model and is closed invisibly at the left of the front while it allows a choice of elbow or full length sleeves.

Spring Suit
Eton 5191—32 to 40 bust
Skirt 5255—22 to 30 waist

5231 Fancy Blouse with Chemisette, 32 to 40 bust.

For a woman of medium size will be required, for the waist 3 3/4 yards of material 21, 3 yards 27 or 1⅞ yards 44 inches wide with 1/2 yard of lace for the chemisette and 3 1/2 yards of lace for frills ; for the skirt 12 1/4 yards 21, 9⅜ yards 27 or 6⅞ yards 44 inches wide.

Shirred Dress

WAIST 5251—SKIRT 5063

The costume illustrated exemplifies one of the best and latest models that is made of crepe de chine with trimming of velvet and of heavy lace. The waist is an adaptable one and in addition to serving for such simple gowns as this one, can be made with round neck and elbow sleeves when it is suited to more formal occasions, and the skirt is made with quite novel flounce that is shirred on serpentine lines. The little vest effect at the front is an especially note-worthy feature and there is a shaped girdle at the waist, which in this instance is of chiffon velvet. Material required for the medium size is, for the waist 5⅜ yards 21, 4¾ yards 27 or or 3 1/4 yards 44 inches wide with ¾ yard of all-over lace; for the skirt 10⅝ yards 21, 9 1-4 yards 27 or 5 3/8 yards 44 inches wide.

Fancy Blouse

5264.

Such a fancy blouse as this one is much to be desired for informal dinners, the theatre and all occasions of the sort and will be found effective made from any of the pretty soft silk and wool materials of the season. In the illustration silk veiling is combined with lace and touches of velvet.

The quantity of material required for the medium size is 3 3/4 yard 21, 3 1/2 yards 27 or 1 7/8 yards 44 inches wide with 1 yard of all-over lace, 3 1-2 yards of banding and 4 yards of lace for frills.

5262 Shirred Blouse, 32 to 40 bust.

Shirred Blouse

5262.

All variations of the shirred blouse are in demand and this one has so many new features that it is sure to find a hearty and speedy welcome. The sleeves are quite novel and extremely becoming while they allow a choice of elbow or full length. The little wedge-shaped piece at the front gives a decidedly chic air to the whole. The chemisette and and the long cuffs can with propriety be of lace in the lingerie style as illustrated, or

5253 Empire House Gown, 32 to 40 bust.

5252 Tucked Blouse, 32 to 40 bust.

5265 House Jacket, 32 to 40 bust.

5259 Blouse with Chemisette, 32 to 40 bust.

tucked or inserted taffeta or, indeed, almost anything that fancy may prefer.

The quantity of material required for the medium size is 4 1/4 yards 21, 3 3/4 yards 27 or 2 yards 44 inches wide with 7/8 yard of all-over lace and 3 yards of braid.

Spring Suit,

ETON, 5191—SKIRT, 5255

Prune color is one of the best liked shades of the season and is always exceedingly handsome in broadcloth with trimming of velvet. In this instance it is further enriched by Oriental banding and by a waistcoat of cream cloth, which successfully lightens the whole. The little coat is made in the favorite blouse style and allows a choice of three-quarter or full length sleeves. For the medium size will be required, for the coat 2 yards of material 44 or 1 1/2 yards 52 inches wide with 5/8 yard for vest, 1 yard of velvet and 3 yards of silk for the lining; for the skirt 4 1-2 yards either width.

Empire House Gown

5253.

Nowhere are Empire styles more successful than in the house and tea gowns. This one is among the very best that the season has brought and gives a jacket effect that is particularly charming while in reality it is eminently simple of construction. Illustrated it is made of a soft figured crepe de Chine with lace chemisette and frills but it is well suited to wool materials as well as to those of silk and exceedingly charming in cashmere, in veiling, or in challie as well as in silks of various sorts. The big collar is exceedingly becoming and the chemisette is always dainty and attractive while again there is a choice allowed of elbow or full length of sleeves. The quantity of material required for the medium size is 10 3-4 yards 27, 9 yards 36 or 6 1-2 yards 44 inches wide with 5-8 yard 18 inches wide for the chemisette, 4 yards of lace and 2 1-2 yards of ribbon.

Tucked Blouse

5252.

Square neck effects are among the favorites of fashion and are always charmingly attractive. Here is a waist that can be treated in various ways and that can be adapted to simple afternoon gowns, or to informal dinners according as the chemisette is used or omitted and the sleeves are longer or shorter. In the illustration chiffon taffeta is combined with lace and with bands of the material that are simply embroidered and finished with narrow braid.

The quantity of material required for the medium size is 4 yards 21, 3 1-2 yards 27 or 2 yards 44 inches wide with 3-8 yard of all-over lace for the chemisette or 7-8 yard when long sleeves are used.

Blouse with Chemisette

5259.

The popularity of the chemisette appears to be established and such a blouse as this one always finds a welcome place. It is so simple that very little labor is involved in the making yet it is exceedingly stylish and it can be made with long sleeves or with those of elbow length, which make it much more dressy in effect.

The quantity of material required for the medium size is 3 5-8 yards 21, 3 1-4 yards 27 or 2 5-8 yards 44 inches wide with 5 1-2 yards of banding.

House Jacket

5265.

The variations of the house jacket are very nearly without end and each new one is sure to find a welcome and a place. This one is tucked to form a girdle that is exceedingly attractive.

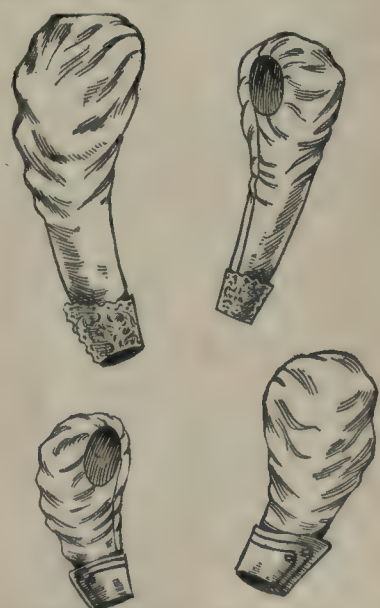
The quantity of material required for the medium size is 7 yards 27, 6 yards 36 or 3 3-4 yards 44 inches wide with 9 yards of lace and 8 yards of insertion.

One Seam "Leg o' Mutton" Sleeves

5263.

TO BE MADE IN ELBOW, THREE QUARTER OR FULL LENGTH.

The sleeve that is made in "leg o' mutton"



5263 One Seam "Leg-O'Mutton" Sleeves, Small, Medium, Large.

style; that is full above and plain below the elbow, is one of the notable favorites of fashion and is perhaps the most becoming of all models.

The quantity of material required for the medium size is for long sleeves 2 yards 21 or 27 or 1 yard 44 inches wide; for short sleeves 1 3-4 yards 21 or 27 or 7-8 yard 44 inches wide, with 3-8 yard of all-over lace for cuffs and 1 3-4 yards of braid for trimming.

Child's French Dress

5261.

The long waisted or French dress is always becoming to small children and is equally attractive in wool materials or in those of cotton and lawn. This one can be varied again and again as it is trimmed in one way or another or combined with all-over or the material itself. In the illustration it is made of pale blue cashmere.

The quantity of material required for the medium size (6 years) is 5 yards 27, 4 yards 32 or 2 3-4 yards 44 inches wide with 5-8 yard 27 inches wide for yoke and lower portions of sleeves and 3 1-2 yards of banding,

Girl's Costume

5260.

Entire dresses are much more becoming and better liked for girls of fourteen and under than any other sort and this one can be made adapted to school wear or to more dressy occasions as it is treated in one way or the other. The model includes a little chemisette and cuffs of all-over lace and is daintily charming. Cashmere, henrietta, veiling and the simple silks allowed for growing girls all are appropriate.

5254 Girl's Costume, 8 to 14 years.

5235 Misses' Box Plaited Blouse. 12 to 16 yrs.

The quantity of material required for the medium size (12 years) is 5 1-2 yards 27, 4 3-4 yards 36 or 4 1-4 yards 44 inches wide with 3-4 yard 18 inches wide for the chemisette and cuffs and 3 1-2 yards of banding.

Girl's Costume

5254.

Growing girls are always at their best when wearing entire costumes, and this one admits of so many charming combinations as to render it especially desirable. In the illustration it is made of dark red henrietta stitched with belding silk and combined with vest and cuffs of plaid while the trimming is narrow braid and dull gold buttons. The color effect is a particularly desirable as well as an eminently youthful one and the whole dress charming in the extreme.

The quantity of material required for the medium size (12 years) is 7 3-4 yards 27, 6 3-4 yards 32 or 5 1-4 yards 44 inches wide with 1-2 yard any width for the vest and cuffs.

5261 Child's French Dress, 2 to 8 yrs.

Blouse Waist

5231.

The waist made with a dainty chemisette is a favorite, and a well-deserved one, for it possesses a certain charm which is peculiarly its own. In the illustration peach pink taffeta is combined with chemisette of lace, collar and cuffs of velvet, and frills of ribbon of the same color as the silk. The quantity of material required for the medium size is 4 1-8 yards 21, 3 3-4 yards 27 or 2 1-4 yards 44 inches wide, with one yard all-over lace, 5-8 yard of bias velvet and 8 1-2 yards of ribbon to make as illustrated. The blouse comes in sizes 32 to 40 bust.

Tucked Eton

5232

The vogue of the short coat is a thoroughly established one, and almost every costume of the dressier sort shows one variation or another. There is a genuine blouse, which is attached to the fitted belt, and over this is the little tucked eton.

The quantity of material required for the medium size is: 5 3-4 yards 21, 4 1-4 yards 27, or 2 3-4 yards 44 inches wide, with 4 3-4 yards of applique to trim as illustrated. The pattern is in sizes from 32 to 40 bust.

Misses' Box Plaited Blouse

5235.

Pretty waists of this sort are much in vogue for young girls, made of silk, messaline satin and such materials, worn with the coat suits. The quantity of material required for the medium size (14 years) is: 3 5-8 yards 21, 2 3-4 yards 27, or 1 3-4 yards 44 inches wide, with 1 yard of all-over net to make as illustrated. The pattern is cut in sizes for girls of 12, 14 and 16 years of age.

5260 Girl's Costume, 8 to 14 years.

DEATH CLAIMS PAID

by

The Toronto Life

Insurance Co.

To December 31st, 1905

Name	Address	Amount of prem. paid to the Co.	Amt. of Ins. paid by Co.
Lloyd, F. R.,	350 Frederick St., Brandon, Man.	$ 3.10	$ 75.00
Baker, M. J.,	Maria St. Belleville	6.40	30.00
Connell, Margt.,	Cedar St., Collingwood	9.70	500.00
Theoret, Victor,	129 Bay St. Hamilton	28.60	500.00
Vollett, Walter,	129 Canada St., Hamilton	14.56	250.00
Hogg, C. T.,	36 Fullerton St., Hamilton	2.20	15.00
McCabe, S. J.,	91 Locomotive St., Hamilton	77.16	500.00
Asprey, Thos.,	101 Kemp Rd, Halifax, N.S.	19.46	500.00
Kirby, L. J.,	59 Gottingen St., "	166.40	1,000.00
Bartlett, Geo.,	483 Burgess St., Montreal	14.04	250.00
McGrath, Mary,	476 Seigneurs St., "	24.80	500.00
McCrudden, M.,	25 Mentana St., "	50.90	1,000.00
Mayo, Maggie,	3 Dufresne St., "	69·20	1,000.00
Spouage, C. F.,	348 Coleraine St., "	6.60	24.00
Cleminson, Maggie,	Main St., North Bay	109.52	500.00
Murphy, J. E.,	259 Bay St., Owen Sound	3.20	25.00
Coghlin, Lizzie,	150 Cooper St., Ottawa	96.50	1,000.00
Dansey, A.,	238 Murray St., "	30	16.00
Emerson, Abigail,	Concessive St., Peterboro	27.56	500.00
Farrel, Daniel,	83 Chatham St., Montreal, P.Q.	90.71	1,000.00
Ruelle, Asterie,	Rossland, B.C.	152.92	1,000.00
Walton, H. J.,	231 Ontario St., Toronto	20	13.00
Neilson, M. A.,	235 Simcoe St., "	50.56	500.00
Petry, R. G.,	58 Jones St., "	1.60	20.00
Watts, A. B ,	897 Queen St., E. "	26.00	500.00
Hancock, M.,	55 Widmer St., "	3.40	25.00
Florence, V. P.,	13 Florence St., "	52.18	500.00
Badgley, Robt.,	65 University Av. "	1.95	13.50
Blackstone, Veronica,	98 St. David St., Toronto	2.50	17.00
Harlard, T. A.,	Dundas St., Trenton	47.05	500.00
Byce, H.,	291 Lulu St., Winnipeg	33.34	250.00

Acknowledgements

The Toronto Life Insurance Co., March 17th, 1905
243 Roncesvalles Ave.,
Toronto, Ont.

Dear Sirs :-

The loss of my son was a great grief to me, and I wish to thank you for the courtesy and consideration extended to me by your Company's representative. I had a Young People's Endowment Policy in your Company and I have no hesitation in recommending it to anyone.

Wishing you every success, I am,
Yours sincerely,
Florence J. Petry, Toronto.

Toronto, July 19th, 1905

The Toronto Life Insurance Company,
243 Roncesvalles Ave.,
Toronto, Ont.

Dear Sirs ;—

Your agent has just handed me your cheque, No. 581, drawn to my order, being in full settlement of all claims under my late daughter's policy No. 2910.

She took out the policy on the 9th day of May, 1904, and died on the 9th day of June, 1905. The immediate cause of death was tuberculosis, and at the time she applied for insurance she passed a first class medical examination. This undoubtedly proves the uncertainty of life, and I wish to thank you most heartily for the business like methods you follow in settling claims immediately on receipt of proofs of death.

Yours truly,
Minnie Florence, Beneficiary.

Portage la Prairie, Man., Jan. 1906

The Toronto Life Insurance Company,
243 Roncesvalles Ave.,
Toronto, Ont.

Dear Sirs :—

Your agent, Mr. J. L. Bowman, just handed me your cheque for five hundred dollars ($500.00) which is the full amount of my late daughter's policy No. 4198. Although we have only paid a little over two years premium on her policy, the policy became a claim by her unexpected demise.

I am very glad of this opportunity of expressing my appreciation to the Company for their prompt settlement, and only wish I could be of some service to your local agent here in helping him to insure more people.

Yours truly,
Eliza Palmer.

Rossland, B.C.

The Toronto Life Insurance Company,
243 Roncesvalles Ave.,
Toronto, Ont.

Dear Sirs :—

I wish to express my appreciation of your Company for the prompt settlement of the claim arising under the policy for $1,000.00 on the life of my wife.

Wishing you every success, I am,
Yours truly,
Edouard Ruelle.

Brandon.

The Toronto Life Insurance Company,
243 Roncesvalles Ave.,
Toronto, Ont.

Dear Sirs :—

I must thank you for the prompt settlement of the claim arising under the Young People's Endowment Policy on the life of my son. I wish your Company every success, and shall always have a good word for it.

Yours truly,
Rose Ann Lloyd.

Insurance

Discrimination in Investments.

THE most convenient and the safest means offered to the thrifty for saving of small sums, lie without doubt, in an endowment policy in an insurance company, or in a savings bank. The habit of small savings, of petty economies, whether of time or money, is the first step towards becoming a man of means, and the habit of cutting off foolish wastes is one of the greatest blessings.

Voluntary savings in a savings bank, however, is spasmodic, for not one person in a hundred who plans to save regularly, accomplishes his purpose. There will be irregularities in the deposits, according to various demands on the income, and a consequent loss of interest. And in any case, whether the deposits be regular or spasmodic, the result of the savings from year to year is at the mercy of the greatest uncertainty—life or death.

On the other hand, if the savings are invested in an endowment policy, or a life policy, in an insurance company, death at any time does not leave the dependent family with nothing but the small savings, but gives them an amount of insurance which it would have taken many more years of life to accumulate in the savings bank.

One thing should be steadily kept in view, that is that life insurance is so valuable as a provision for the future, as providing security against old age and invalidity, that it is practically a necessity for a man with others dependent on his efforts, or in fact for any one whose sustenance depends on their own ability to provide, and who when approaching old age will wish to relax and take life easy. As Mr. Gage G. Tarbell, second vice-president of the Equitable Life Assurance Society said in an address which he delivered recently in Boston, before the Massachusetts' Reform Club,—

"I wish that time would permit me to dwell at length upon the benefits of life assurance. Think of the homes that have been made happy, the misery that has been averted, the children that have been clothed and educated by the more than three billions, five hundred millions that have been paid to beneficiaries by the American life insurance companies. In diminishing pauperism, in increasing thrift, in the distribution of wealth, there has been no such potent factor in this great country of ours."

In alluding to insurance as a safe investment, Mr. Tarbell says:

"There has not been a single failure of an old line insurance company during the past ten years. On the other hand, I am advised by R. G. Dun and Company, that during the past ten years, there have been more than 120,000 commercial failures with liabilities of nearly $1,540,000,000; more than 1,000 bank failures with liabilities of $250,000,000; and more than 150 railroad receiverships involving nearly 20,000 miles of railroad, and stock and bond issues to the extent of more than one billion dollars. What a contrast, and what an opportunity it affords for reflection, especially at a time when the public mind is in danger of being grossly misled in the opinion it is forming of our life insurance companies."

Financial Facts

January Bank Clearings

A COMPARISON of bank clearings at Canadian cities shows:—

	1906	1905
Montreal	$129,415,413	$95,249,202
Toronto	109,757,368	86,364,783
Winnipeg	35,506,258	26,276,193
Ottawa	9,716,447	8,701,982
Halifax	8,624,443	7,370,075
Vancouver, B.C.	8,292,718	6,430,014
Quebec	6,934,313	6,076,739
Hamilton	6,337,825	5,270,059
St. John, N.B.	5,013,481	4,163,227
London	5,053,197	4,342,730
Victoria, B.C.	3,517,434	3,205,685
Total	$328,168,897	$253,450,699

Fire Losses in January

THE fire loss of the United States and Canada for the month of January, as compiled from The Journal of Commerce, shows a total of $17,723,800, compared with $6,378,100 in January, 1905, and $21,790,200 in 1904.

Canadian Railways

THE following facts about Canada's Railways, are interesting: Canada's Railways have cost over a billion dollars, and the railway mileage per head of population is greater than that of any other country. The Grand Trunk Pacific will be 3,600 miles long and will cost, it is estimated, one hundred and twenty-five millions. The cost of Canada's Electric Railways so far is over eighty million dollars.

Our Imports

THE manufactured goods which we now import from the United States represent the output of two cities as large as Toronto, fifteen cities as large as Ottawa, or another city as large as Victoria, Vancouver, Winnipeg, Hamilton, Guelph, Brantford, Galt, Berlin, St. Catharines, Peterboro, StThomas, Stratford, London, Kingston, Ottawa, Quebec, Sherbrooke, St. John and Halifax combined.

Toronto Ahead of Winnipeg

TORONTO made a better showing in the building line than Winnipeg did last month. In the latter city the building operations last year amounted to a little over ten and a half million dollars, a little more than Toronto. Both cities started the year well, the permits for January representing a larger sum than for the same month last year. In Toronto, permits to the value of $492,065 were issued, and in Winnipeg to the value of $184,675.

C.P.R. Affairs

A C.P.R. director is quoted as saying:—"It will be interesting to know that before the end of the present fiscal year the company will have paid off to the Dominion Government its total indebtedness on account of land grant bonds, and the company will have added to its earnings the 6 per cent. interest on $20,000,000 of deferred payments, and, in addition, will have about $14,000,000 acres of land, which can be conservatively valued at $6 an acre.

THIRD ANNUAL STATEMENT

OF THE

Toronto Life Insurance Company

(INCORPORATED)

December 31st, 1905

To the Policyholders and Stockholders:

Your Directors have pleasure in presenting to you their Third Annual Report of the condition and affairs of the Company on the 31st day of December, 1905, and for the year ending on that date.

The Company secured applications for insurance amounting to **$1,683,119** and accepted risks covering **$1,586,619.** The balance, not being up to the physical standard, were either rejected or postponed by our medical department.

The number of contracts and the amount of insurance in force at the end of the year were **7,720** amounting to **$3,492,065** insurance, and the cash premium income received was **$117,028.22,** and on the Company's investments, **$6,441.30,** other receipts being **$78.098.21.**

The death claims paid during the year amounted to **$9,510.50.** The management expenses have been very low, and the gain of income over expenditure was the very creditable amount of **$125,366.28.**

You will observe after the stringent reserve required by the Government of **$196,105.23** has been provided for, the Capital Stock of the Company still remains intact, and the Company's books show a surplus of **$10,439.34** over and above all liabilities.

The Company's assets now amount to **$310,932.12,** and of this amount **$207,882.45** has been invested in real estate, mortgage loans, bonds and debentures, and the average earning power of our dividend bearing securities is about five and a half per cent.

A running monthly audit has been maintained throughout the year, and the auditor's report, revenue account and balance sheet are herewith submitted.

JOSEPH PHILLIPS, President

Income

Cash received for Premiums	$117,028 22
Mortgages discharged	34,780 50
Capital Stock	24,866 58
Premium on Capital Stock	13,719 68
Interest on Investments	6,441 30
Sundries	4,731 45
Total	$201,567 73

Expenditure

Commissions to Agents	$36,822 80
Payments to Policy-holders	9,770 50
Head Office Salaries and Auditors Fees	9,031 20
Printing, Stationery and Advertising	7,113 75
Medical Examiners Fees	5,289 11
License Fees, etc. and Law Costs	3,714 47
Sundries	4,459 62
Balance over Expenditure	125,366 28
Total	$201,567 73

Assets

Mortgage Loans	$80,960 91
Real Estate (purchase price)	63,434 62
Government Deposits	60,536 92
Deferred Premiums	47,832 27
Premiums in Transit	23,408 62
Cash in Bank and on hand	12.746 27
Accrued Interest on Bonds, Debentures and Mortgage Loans	3,285 99
Bonds of Central Canada L. & S. Co.	2,950 00
Head Office Furniture	1,210 64
Other Assets	14,565 88
Total	$310,932 12

Liabilities

Government Reserve for the protection of Policy-holders, Hm. Table, interest at 4½%	$196,105 23
Capital Stock (paid up)	73,216 58
Commissions	14,177 83
Premiums Paid in Advance	11,557 54
Death Claims Reported	3,320 00
Salary Contingent Fund	1,302 55
Medical Examiners Fees	538 05
Sundries	275 00
Surplus over all Liabilities	10,439 34
Total	$310,932 12

We have carefully examined the foregoing financial statement of the income and expenditure, and find them correct. Vouchers have been produced for all expenditure. The above statement of assets and liabilities is a fair and just statement of the Company's business. We have carefully examined all the mortgages, bonds, debentures and evidences of government deposits and other securities, and find them as here represented. We have conducted a running audit during the year, and certify that the books are well and systematically kept.

OSCAR HUDSON, C.A.
THOMAS G. HAND } *Auditors*

JOSEPH PHILLIPS, President

HEAD OFFICES: 243 Roncesvalles, Toronto, Can.

The Evolution of a Box

THERE is an old proverb which says "great oaks from little acorns grow," and evidence of the truth of the saying is given on this page. From barrels and boxes with the addition of a little paint or stain, draperies, hammer and nails, many attractive and useful bits of furniture, such as cabinets, bookcases, etc. can be made.

The illustrations accompanying this article afford a few suggestions for eminently practical and useful articles that can easily be made at home. Besides the illustrations shown, any woman who can handle simple tools, can, by using her own ingenuity, fashion attractive china cabinets to be suspended on a wall in the dining room.

In all cases where these rough packing boxes are used, the wood should be thoroughly sand-papered, the knots given a coat or two of shellac and any nail holes should be puttied up.

Clothes Hamper.

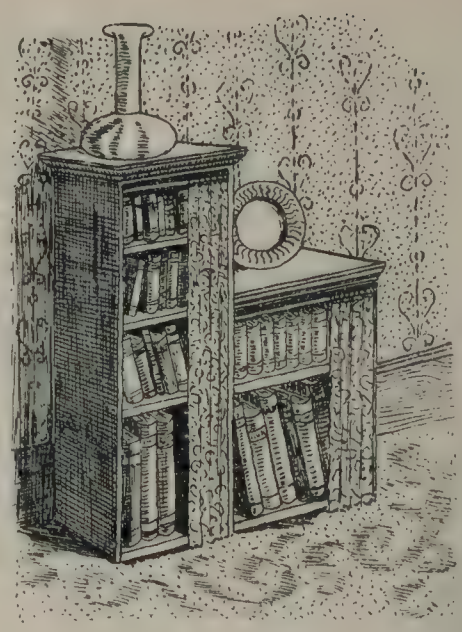
The design given for a clothes hamper is made of an ordinary barrel, lined and draped,

Obtain a large barrel and see that all nail points that may project inside, are driven down. Have a cover made of wood, and hinge to the barrel. Line the inside and cover with unbleached muslin tacked securely in several places, and select for the draping material some strong serviceable goods such as denim or heavy cretonne. Cover the top, drawing the goods tightly, and tack securely on the under surface four inches from the rim, and finish with a circular piece of lining to hide the raw edges of the covering.

Gather the draping fabric on stout strings for the upper and lower edges, and tack securely with brass tacks all around the top and bottom of the barrel, allowing sufficient fulness to give a fluted effect.

The illustration of a standing bookcase which is made from a wooden shoe box and a square wooden box such as canned goods come in, is easily carried into effect. The boxes are screwed fast side by side, and a cornice moulding nailed around the top of each. Shelves should then ne arranged the proper distance apart to receive books of the regular size, and six wooden balls made and arranged under the case to raise it from the floor.

The inside and outside of the case should be painted or stained to harmonize with the other furniture in the room. With the addition of brass rods and some light curtains, some books arranged on the shelves and bric-a-brac on the top, the standing bookcase will form a pleasing piece of furniture for a sitting room.

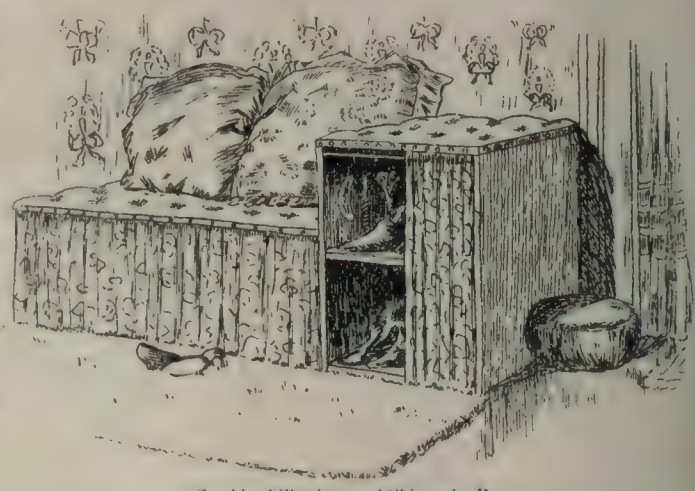


Standing Bookcase.

A combined shoe box and shirt waist box such as shown in the illustration, is invaluable in a bed room.

To make this, two boxes are necessary, one an ordinary soap box, the other somewhat longer. Stand the first one on end and arrange a shelf in it about the middle. To the other box fasten a lid with hinges, allowing it to project half an inch over the edge of the box. Screw these two boxes together, stain the inside of the upright box, and line the other with cheesecloth or light colored muslin, padded with cotton-batting on which sachet powder has been liberally sprinkled.

With some curled hair upholster the top of each box, and tuft with brass-headed nails. Finish the edges with guimp and brass nails. Cover the boxes with your material and arrange it on a rod as a curtain in front of the upright one.



Combined Shoebox and Skirtwaist Box.

Seasonable Recipes

HAM AND RICE CROQUETTES

Melt one-fourth a cup of butter and fry in it an onion cut in slices. When the onion begins to brown, add a shredded green pepper, or half a teaspoon of paprika. Cook two or three minutes, then add three level teaspoons of flour, and when blended with the flour, add gradually a pint of milk. Let boil, then remove from the fire, and stir in the beaten yolks of two or three eggs, a cup of coarse chopped lean cooked ham, and a cup of boiled rice. When cold, form into cylindrical shapes, egg and bread crumb, and fry in deep fat. Serve with tomato sauce made from the stewed tomatoes.

MENU FOR ONE WEEK IN MARCH

SUNDAY

BREAKFAST
Grape Fruit
Whealtets Cream
Ham and Rice Croquettes
Whole Wheat Muffins
Coffee

DINNER
Cream-of-Rice Soup
Roast Turkey, Clear Gravy
Mashed Potatoes
Tomato Timbales, White Sauce
Prune Meringue
Cafe Noir

SUPPER
Cottage Cheese, Currant Buns
Apricot Bavarian Cream
Cake Tea

MONDAY

BREAKFAST
Oranges
Breakfast Cereal, Cream
Corn Meal Griddle Cakes
Maple Syrup
Toast Coffee

LUNCHEON
Fried Oysters, Whole Wheat Muffins
Sliced Bananas Wafers
Tea

DINNER
Giblet Soup
Cold Turkey Currant Jelly
Baked Sweet Potatoes
Lettuce Salad
Chocolate Bread Pudding
Foamy Sauce

TUESDAY

BREAKFAST
Stewed Prunes Cream
Rolled Oats
Ham and Eggs
Coffee

LUNCHEON
Corn Oysters Graham Gems
Baked Bananas Jelly Sauce
Tea

DINNER
Cream of Corn Soup
Sirloin Steak Mashed Potatoes
Macaroni and Cheese
Stewed Figs Cream
Cake Cafe Noir

WEDNESEAY

BREAKFAST
Baked Apples Cream
Shredded Wheat Toasted
Codfish Balls French Fried Potatoes
Toast Coffee

LUNCHEON
Chicken Timbales Bechamel Sauce
Sliced Bananas and Oranges
Tea

DINNER
Clear Soup (bones from roast turkey)
Roast Pork Apple Sauce
Creamed Carrots Mashed Potatoes
Celery
Fruit Pudding Foamy Sauce
Cafe Noir

THURSDAY

BREAKFAST
Grape Fruit
Wheatlets Cream
Sausage Croquettes
Graham Gems Coffee

LUNCHEON
Baked Beans Tomato Sauce
Brown Bread
Apple Sauce Ginger Bread
Tea

DINNER
Cream of Celery Soup
Cold Roast Pork Currant Jelly
Escalloped Potatoes
Lettuce Salad
Cream of Fruits
Cafe Noir

FRIDAY

BREAKFAST
Sweet Oranges
Hominy Cream
Poached Eggs on Toast
Whole Wheat Muffins Honey
Coffee

LUNCHEON
Cheese Croquettes Celery
Potato Cakes
Preserved Pineapple Whipped Cream
Tea

DINNER
Vegetable Soup
Baked Finnan Haddie
Canned Peas in Cream Sauce
Creamed Potatoes
Lettuce and Egg Salad
Batter Pudding Liquid Sauce
Cafe Noir

SATURDAY

BREAKFAST
Bananas
Breakfast Cereal Cream
Fish Balls Fried Potatoes
Toast Marmalade
Coffee

LUNCHEON
Escalloped Salmon
Baking Powder Biscuits
Celery Cheese
Peach Short Cake Whipped Cream
Tea

DINNER
Tomato Soup
Roast Beef
Potatoes baked with the meat
Celery Tomatoes
Lemon Pie
Cafe Noir

Seasonable Recipes

SAUSAGE CROQUETTES

Season two cups of hot potato that has been passed through a ricer, with half a teaspoon of salt, a few grains of pepper, two tablespoons of butter, and the yolk of an egg, cover evenly, cold cooked sausages with the potato mixture, roll in crumbs, dip in egg, roll again in crumbs, fry in deep fat, and drain on soft paper.

CHOCOLATE BREAD PUDDING

Soak two cups of stale bread crumbs in four cups of milk thirty minutes, melt two squares of chocolate and stir into half a cup of bread and milk, and when smooth add to the rest of the bread and milk with one egg, two yolks, two-thirds a cup of sugar, and one-fourth a teaspoon, each, of salt and cinnamon. Bake in a buttered dish, in a moderate oven, forty-five minutes, and serve with the following sauce.

FOAMY SAUCE

Beat the whites of two eggs until stiff, add slowly one cup of powdered sugar and beat again, add one-fourth a cup of hot milk and one teaspoon of vanilla.

BAKED BANANAS

Loosen a section of skin on each banana, arrange in a pan and bake in a hot oven until the skins become discolored and the pulp is soft. Remove the bananas from the skins, roll in pulverized macaroons and serve with the following jelly sauce.

JELLY SAUCE

Melt half a cup of currant jelly, slightly beaten, in two-thirds a cup of boiling water, add one tablespoon of arrowroot, diluted with two tablespoons of cold water; cook five or six minutes, and just before serving, add one tablespoon and a half of butter, one teaspoon of lemon juice, and sugar as desired.

CORN-MEAL GRIDDLE CAKES

Sift together half a cup of flour, one cup of corn-meal, one teaspoon of soda, half a teaspoon of salt, and a tablespoon of sugar. Beat an egg until thick and light colored, stir into it a pint of thick sour milk or buttermilk, add one tablespoon of melted butter, and stir into the dry ingredients. Bake on a hot griddle. The mixture should be very thin. If too thick add sweet milk until of the right consistency.

GIBLET SOUP

Clean and cut in pieces, the neck, wings, gizzard and heart of a turkey, add a chopped onion and one-fourth a cup of butter, or fat from the soup kettle. Stir and fry to a light brown. Drain off the butter and add two quarts of beef broth, made from bones of roast beef, trimmings from steak, etc., and one quart of water. Add also salt, a red pepper pod, a few stalks of parsley, half a cup each of thin slices of carrot and turnip, two white stalks of celery cut small, and one-third a cup of rice. Cover, and let simmer about forty minutes. Remove the parsley and fat, and serve.

BAKED FINNAN HADDIE

Make a thin white sauce with a pint of rich milk, one-fourth a cup of butter, two tablespoons of flour, and a few grains of salt and pepper. Put the haddie into a buttered granite baking pan, pour the sauce over it, cover and let the pan stand where the sauce will simmer very gently half an hour. Then remove the cover, baste the fish and add more sauce if needed. Sprinkle with a generous half-cup of fine soft bread crumbs mixed with three tablespoons of melted butter, and bake about fifteen minutes in a moderate oven. Remove to the serving dish and pour the sauce around the fish. Garnish with parsley.

FRIED OYSTERS

Wash and drain the oysters, roll them in cracker crumbs seasoned with salt and pepper. For one pint of oysters beat two eggs with two tablespoons of cold water, until the whites and yolks are well mixed; now dip the oysters, crumbed, into the egg, and roll again in crumbs. Fry *one minute* in deep fat, *smoking hot.* Drain on soft paper and serve at once.

WHOLE-WHEAT MUFFINS

Sift together one cup of whole-wheat meal, one cup of white flour, two tablespoons of sugar, half a teaspoon of salt, and half a teaspoon of soda. Add nearly a cup and a fourth of thick sour milk and two tablespoons of melted butter. Mix thoroughly, and bake in hot, well buttered muffin pans. An egg, well beaten, may be added with the milk if desired.

COTTAGE CHEESE

Heat thick sour milk over a dish of hot (not boiling) water, or on the shelf of the range, until the curd separates from the whey. Be careful not to scald the milk during this pro-

cess, as if too hot, it makes the cheese tough and unpalatable. Pour the milk into a bag, and drain or wring out the whey. Season the curd slightly with salt and a little melted butter or sweet cream; mix thoroughly, then make into cakes with the hands or press in a mould.

CHICKEN TIMBALES

Cook two tablespoons of bread crumbs in half a cup of chicken broth, flavored with vegetables, two or three minutes. Remove from the fire. Add one pint of cold cooked chicken, chopped fine, two well beaten eggs, half a teaspoon of salt and a little pepper. cut round pieces of paper, and fit them into the bottom of eight or ten little moulds. Butter the moulds and papers carefully, and turn in the chicken mixture. Cook standing in a pan of hot water about twenty minutes, or until firm to the touch. The timbales may be cooked on the top of the range, or in the oven, or in the blazer of a chafing dish. The water should be at the boiling point when poured around the moulds, but should not boil thereafter. Turn from the moulds, insert in each a celery tip or sprig of parsley, and pour around them bechamel sauce.

BECHAMEL SAUCE

Cook one cup and a half of white stock, one slice each of onion and carrot, a bit of bay leaf, a sprig of parsley, and six peppercorns, twenty minutes. Melt one-fourth a cup of butter. Add one-fourth a cup of flour, and when cooked until frothy, add gradually one cup of milk, and the stock from which the vegetables and seasonings have been strained. Heat to the boiling point, let simmer ten minutes, then remove from the fire, and add the beaten yolks of three eggs. Pour the same around the timbales.

CHEESE CROQUETTES

Melt three tablespoons of butter, add one-fourth a cup of flour, two-thirds a cup of milk, and the yolks of two eggs. Then add half a cup of grated swiss cheese, and one cup of ordinary cheese cut in small cubes. Season with salt and pepper. Spread on a shallow pan to cool. Shape, dip in crumbs, in egg, and again in crumbs, and fry in deep fat. Drain on soft paper.

CREAM OF FRUITS

Soften one-fourth a package of gelatine in one-fourth a cup of cold water, and dissolve with one-fourth a cup of scalded milk. Add half a cup of sugar, one-third a cup each of cooked prunes and cooked figs, cut in pieces, and a tablespoon of lemon juice. When beginning to cool, pour over the whites of two eggs beaten stiff and a cup of very rich cream diluted with one-third a cup of milk, beaten stiff. Add a few grains of salt to the whites of the eggs before beating. Fold the cream and eggs into the fruit mixture, and turn into a mould decorated with cooked prunes and figs. Chill and turn from the mould. Garnish with cooked prunes.

Burning the Brush *Continued from page 48*

Other customers were filling the Crystal Cafe and the street traffic had long since resumed its course as though the event of the morning had never taken place.

That night when Wayne had an hour oft she stole down the Boulevard by herself. She remembered the number whither the ambulance had been directed and she wanted just to be near that lovely woman again.

It was a good way down the Boulevard, a fine, stone house with a massive porch and clusters of little gothics and towers. The red light in the porch showed in large dark lettering the name "Dr. Gresholm." A small lawn with clumps of dark shrubbery surrounded the place and in the dark she could hear the water as it fell from the shadow figure in the fountain.

On the way home she paused, fascinated by the music floating from the open windows of a beautiful mansion in a great lawn. There was a verandah around two sides, hung with lights. Two great bronze lions kept watch by the steps and the September night wind came whispering uncannily through the pines that clustered about the gate. She had often noted the place before; but she noted it especially to-night. Gay young voices, music and light and luxury there.

The lonely girl lingered a moment, sighed and went back to her tables, her apron, and her tray.

THREE weeks passed.

The click, click of the typewriter sounded through the transoms, the quick steps of errand boys and the more ponderous ones of business men echoed along the great halls of the Majestic Building.

Giles Peterson, "Lumber King," sat at his desk in a luxuriously furnished office off one of the corridors. Everything, the polished floor, the deep-piled rug, the leather chairs and the few pictures on the walls, bespoke taste and means on the part of the occupant of the office.

Mr. Peterson himself, after a careful scrutiny, one saw to be the same polished, self contained man who brought a little girl away from Wiggin's Siding one spring night in the past. But that man wore a shining black wig. This man had close-cropped hair, quite gray, and was partially bald. He had too a considerable amount of stubby beard in place of the moustache. Nevertheless they were one and the same man. Like the ostrich, he had covered up his head in fear. It was in fear lest the child should meet him on the streets of Detroit and recognize him. If she should meet him and still recognize him he would pretend he had never seen her. The child would be easily deceived into thinking she had been mistaken.

Evidently the Lumber King was not over-rushed with work this morning. He stretched himself back in his chair smiling at his thoughts as though he were quite satisfied with Mr. Giles Peterson. Without sound of footfall or creak of hinge, the door opened suddenly. A woman glided in—a woman scarcely middle-aged but with rich waving snowy hair and great appealing dark eyes. It was easy to recognize one of the victims of the automobile accident opposite the Crystal Cafe.

At the sight of her the smile died on Mr. Peterson's face. His pale lips mumbled an attempt at "Good morning." The lady was weak and deathly pale, perhaps from her late accident. She sank into the proffered chair before the desk. The strength and indomitable courage in her eyes were all the more marked in contrast with her bodily weakness.

"You were the victim of an unfortunate accident, I saw by the papers, Mrs. Gresholm. How are your step-daughters?"

"Recovering nicely thank you."

"And you yourself?"

"I am taking my first drive this morning, thank you. But it is not of our accident I came to speak."

They faced each other for a moment in silence, and the little bronze clock between them seemed weighing the seconds.

(Continued in April Issue.)

Helps to HouseKeepers.

BEFORE sweeping carpets, sprinkle them over with a little moist salt. This will restore the colors and renew the brightness and freshness of a new carpet, and also lay the dust during the process of sweeping. Moist tea leaves can also be used in the same manner.

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THE

NATIONAL MONTHLY

AND CANADIAN HOME

VOL. XI. TORONTO, APRIL, 1906 No. 3.

Entered according to Act of the Parliament of Canada in the year one thousand nine hundred and six, by THE NATIONAL MONTHLY PUBLISHING CO. of Toronto, at the Department of Agriculture

CONTENTS.

CURRENT EVENTS AT HOME AND ABROAD *Illustrated*
BURNING OF THE BRUSH, CHAP. V. - *Serial Story*
THE JAPANESE WOMEN - - - - - *Illustrated*
PRINCE RUPERT - - - - - - *Sketch*
MEN AND WOMEN - - - - - - *Illustrated*
THE WORLD OF PRINT -
Selected Articles from the World's Periodicals
FASHION DEPARTMENT - - - - - *Illustrated*
INSURANCE AND FINANCE.
APRIL MENU AND SEASONABLE RECIPES.

The National Monthly and Canadian Home

AN ILLUSTRATED MONTHLY MAGAZINE

PUBLISHED BY THE NATIONAL MONTHLY PUBLISHING COMPANY
241 RONCESVALLES, TORONTO, CANADA

SUBSCRIPTION PRICE, ONE YEAR, $1.00. SINGLE COPIES, 20c.

Subscribers ordering change of address must give both old and new address in full | Advertising rates sent on application

Advertisers desiring change of advertisement must send copy not later than the tenth of the previous month.

To our Readers.

SINCE the March number of THE NATIONAL MONTHLY AND CANADIAN HOME appeared, we have had a number of enquiries from subscribers regarding the non-appearance of our February number, though it was clearly stated on the first page of the March issue that we had purposely omitted the February number. However, for the benefit of those who may have overlooked the reference made, we will mention again our reasons for this step.

Owing to the stress of business it was deemed advisable, in order to enable THE NATIONAL MONTHLY AND CANADIAN HOME to appear earlier in the month than had formerly been the case, to omit the February number, and in order to prevent our subscribers from incurring any loss through this arrangement, we have advanced the time of each subscriber one month. Thus any whose subscriptions would have expired with, for instance, the July number, will have their time extended to August, so receiving full value for their money.

SOME of the contributors to THE NATIONAL MONTHLY AND CANADIAN HOME do not appear to understand that in submitting a manuscript for consideration postage for the return of the same should be enclosed if the writer wishes to receive the manuscript back, in case it proves unsuitable for our purposes. Otherwise we do not guarantee its return.

WE have another request to make to our readers, and that is, in case they are moving from their present abode that they will duly notify us of their change of address. Every spring, when the moving fever attacks the community, we have scores of magazines returned from the post office marked "moved away," and we have no means of learning the whereabouts of these subscribers. Ultimately we receive indignant letters asking why these same subscribers have not been receiving the magazine, and on some occasions we have found it impossible to duplicate the numbers that have been missed, which invariably leads to regrets for those who are in the habit of keeping complete volumes for reference. Thus, if our readers will, as we suggest, notify us of any change of address this trouble will be avoided.

The March Number.

IN reference to the present number we have a few words to ssy. In "Current Events" are combined the two former departments "The Nation's Progress" and "World Affairs," and the reader will find himself or herself, through this department, enabled to keep in touch with all the important events at home and abroad. While we are essentially a Canadian magazine, we realize the importance of dealing with subjects which have apparently no direct bearing on the affairs of Canada. Those who take no interest in affairs outside their own little sphere must perforce become narrow-minded as well as prejudiced and insular in their views. For the women this department is perhaps particularly important. The men, as a general rule, gather facts of world-wide interest from the daily papers, while the women often skip reading these matters which are there dealt with in such tiresome length of details. But the woman of to-day, who is well informed, cannot afford to entirely overlook the subject, and the magazines which give a slight *resume* of events of the times, affords at once entertainment and information.

A short sketch on the work of Japanese women will prove of interest to our readers. We are so accustomed to the conception we have of Japanese women as helpless little individuals sitting on the floor in their many colored kimonas, and endlessly drinking tea out of quaint little cups, that it is a surprise to many to hear what these little Eastern women are really doing, and how they are learning to fill their place in the work of their country, a place little dreamed of ten or fifteen years ago.

All of our readers who were fortunate enough to hear Jan Kubelik the wonderful young violinist, who is but twenty-five years of age, will be pleased with the short article on his life and work. Every year more and more interest is taken in music by the general public, and nowadays the home without the love of music is a rarity. And is it not a good thing thus to encourage a talent which helps to make life a little more beautiful, a little brighter and happier?

Current Events at Home and Abroad.

Our Exports

A CANADIAN commercial agent in Manchester, says that a much better market than ever before for Canadian creamery butter has existed this year. The quality has been generally satisfactory, some of the Canadian creameries producing an article that compares most favorably with the production of any other country. There are still some factories however, who persist in shipping a poor grade, thus compromising the whole of the Canadian export of butter. Some complaints come from a Canadian agent at Bristol who says that Canadian cheese is frequently in a damaged condition when it reaches its destination, owing to the fact that the covering of cloth is too light for the purpose of protection.

The Minister of Agriculture in speaking before the members of the Dominion Shorthorn Breeders' Association, did not exaggerate when he said that live stock is closely related to the present prosperity of the country. The number of live animals exported to the United States in the face of a heavy customs duty, and to Great Britain in spite of the law requiring them to be killed at the place of landing is very large, and the returns to stock breeders are correspondingly large.

Another complaint comes from Cape Town where a recent shipment of Manitoba flour arrived in bad condition. The report mentions that Canadian flour shipped during the winter always shows a larger percentage of damages than when forwarded during the summer. It is thought that possibly the cause is that the transfer of flour cargo at West St. John from cars to steamers takes place during the wet weather and absorbs moisture, with the result that the flour is liable to sweat while in transit through the tropics. It is to the interest of every individual exporter and for the benefit of the country at large, that everything possible to be done for the betterment of our export trade should be strictly adhered to, in order that the high standard of Canadian goods may be maintained.

Lumber Trade

THE conditions of the lumber trade throughout the country are in better condition than at any previous time in the history of the industry. The demand for everything which is manufactured from lumber is increasing monthly. However, as an offset to these conditions, there is an increased price in logging, because of higher wages, and each year the lumbermen are forced to go farther back into the country for their supplies, thus entailing more expense, so that matters on the whole, just about equalize.

Famine in Japan

CONDITIONS of famine exist in some of the northern provinces of Japan, which have not been equalled since the disastrous scarcity of food in 1840. These conditions are regarded as extremely serious, and great efforts are being made to afford relief to the sufferers.

The primary cause of the famine is the failure of the rice crop in the Provinces of Miyagi, Nukushima and Iwata. These three districts have a population of 2,821,557.

According to reports, thousands of people are living on roots and leaves, sometimes mixed with a small quantity of rice or flour, when it is possible for them to secure these. Many others are using a flour made of grinding acorns. By some process the bitterness is removed.

In one section in a population of 889,297, at least 280,000 are in extreme distress, with no possibility of saving life without aid.

The official statement made by the Japanese Government at Tokio, it is declared, does not show entirely the terrible conditions in the provinces mentioned and the suffering the people must endure until the new crops are harvested. This means the people must be in want not only during the remainder of the winter, but also through the spring months.

Ontario Engineers

THE stationary engineers of Ontario are in a state of expectancy over a compulsory license law.

If the engineers of Ontario were merely working in a personal cause they might be less earnest in this business. But a compulsory license law is recognized as a measure which if it ever gets a chance to put this Province in the same line of progress with other provinces, will safeguard the public quite as much as it will raise the status of the engineer.

All the other provinces have some sort of compulsory license law. The two new provinces have a compulsory license law taken from the Territories which in their day were supposed to be wild and woolly. British Columbia has a compulsory license law and 1,026 certificated engineers, every one of whom has paid his good money for a first, a second, a third or fourth class certificate. Manitoba has a compulsory license law. The Maritime Provinces have a compulsory law. So has Quebec. In some cases the law is civic compulsory; in others it is provincial—but it is always compulsory. In any case Ontario is at the tail end—without a rag of a license law of any description, except an optional law.

It is scarcely necessary to revert to the list of fatalities caused by boiler explosions under a con-compulsory license law in this Province, or to allude to the large number of casualties which might have been but for something in the shape of Providence.

This agitation has also a direct pressure on the boiler

Mr. A. H. U. Colquhoun
Recently appointed Deputy Minister of Education of Ontario.

manufacturer. A compulsory license law will not permit a manufacturer to install a boiler not up to standard specifications.

Now as to the engineer's personal side of it. The Ontario engineer wants a compulsory certificate. He does not believe in being at the tail end of the Provincial procession. He takes pride in his province and in his profession. He believes in education. He knows that whereas industrial conditions are constantly changing to meet new and improved conditions in civilization, the engineer, who is the first mechanic of our times, cannot afford to remain stationary.

The Land of Promise

"I AM simply amazed at the ignorance which exists in England in regard to the national resources of Canada and the opportunities she offers," were the words of a Liverpool philanthropist who recently made a tour of Canada to obtain information for the amelioration of the condition of the unemployed in England. "It seems to me" he continued, "almost criminal not to take vigorous steps to secure for those with us a share of the superabundance of employment and prosperity which at present exists in Canada.—A government office should be opened, aiding and supervising emigration within the empire, granting loans to assist passengers to any place where there may be a demand for labor of our people."

Though the most desirable type of emigrants, are those who have saved enough to pay their own passage, rather than those who are sent out by any charitable enterprise, the Rothschild emigration agency has shipped to Canada what appear to be men calculated to prove useful members of the community. One hundred and ninety emigrants are the first consignment of these people who have already arrived in this country. There are no unemployables sent by this emigration scheme, every man's life chart undergoing the strictest investigation, and every one has a situation and home ready for him when he reaches his destination.

The arrangement, so far as fare is concerned, is that it will be advanced by Lord Rothschild's fund. Each man signs an agreement to repay the amount in monthly instalments, amounting to 30 per cent. of his wages received in Canada. In addition to this amount, should the man leave any debts he agrees to pay the same at the rate of 10 per cent. per month of his wages, making a total of 40 per cent. per month to be returned until the whole debt is cleared off. In the case of a young man who has been in the habit of supporting his parents, the agreement secured from those is to continue contributing at least £1 a month. So far as possible, only one family is to be placed in a locality in Canada, and a small amount of money has been sent to whatever point the emigrant is going to for use on arrival there.

The Strathcona fund for bringing emigrants to Canada is another effort on the part of philanthropists in England to deal with the question of the unemployed. They recently handed over to the Church Army (which works on the same lines as the Salvation Army) the sum of $2,500 for their immigration work in Canada.

Since the demonstration a few months ago of the unemployed in the streets of London, England has been wakening up to the importance of this unsolved problem, and largely at the Queen's instigation generous sums of money have been subscribed for the poor funds.

The immigration in Canada has opened two weeks earlier than usual this season. Between Saturday, February 10 and Monday, February 12, about fifteen hundred immigrants were landed at St. John, Halifax and Portland. Most of them were bound for points in the West and in Ontario.

The Salvation Army alone is receiving just now six hundred applications each day, of persons desiring to come to Canada.

Emigrant Children for Canada.

Toronto's Building Record

IT is estimated that the equivalent of over ten solid miles of building, costing $10,347,910, a record exceeded no time in the history of the city, represents the building operations for the year which has just closed.

Toronto has been experienceing a boom during the past few years—though not a boom, either, in the ordinary sense of the word. There has been nothing unnatural about it. No artificial means were employed to bring it about.

The popularity of Toronto as a place to pass the summer, the beauty of its parks and its well-kept streets, and its splendid situation as a point of distribution—these advantages have all combined in swelling its population for the past number of years at the rate of 13,000 per annum.

The Last Six Years

Following are the building figures for the last six years :

1900	$1,903,136
1901	3,568,883
1902	3,854,923
1903	4,356,457
1904	5,896,120
1905	10,347,910

President Castro in his Study.

Diplomatic relations have been broken off between France and Venezuela on account of President Castro's arbitrary closing of the offices of the French Submarine Cable Company.

G.T.P. Terminal

EVER since the project for the Grand Trunk Pacific has been afoot, the liveliest interest has been taken in the selection of the western terminus of this railway. For a long time Port Simpson was thought to be the most suitable and likely spot, and as a consequence speculators began to invest in all the available lots. But while these speculators were risking their money on possibilities, the Grand Trunk managers were quietly looking about, and strangely enough, their attention seemed directed to almost every quarter but Port Simpson, and finally they decided on Kaien Island, some forty miles below Port Simpson as the most desirable site.

Kaien Island is near the mouth of the Sheena River, along the banks of which in all probability the railway will be built; it is about thirty miles south of the southern extremity of Alaska and is connected with the oldest records of the history of Canada.

The site having been chosen, the G.T.P. Company turned their attention to obtaining a suitable name for their terminus, and a prize of $250 was offered to the individual who would make the most available suggestion. Upwards of twelve thousand answers were sent in, and the prize winner was Miss Eleanor MacDonald of Winnipeg, who, because of the historical connections, suggested the name "Prince Rupert." The significance of this name for the Pacific terminus of the railway is given in a short sketch on "Prince Rupert" in another part of this issue.

So far as can be judged, the British Columbia Government has made a good bargain with the company in connection with the transfer of the site. The land is Crown property, and it had to be bought from the province. The Government sold no more than 10,000 acres, which the company was allowed to have at $1 an acre. Thus the province retains all the land over and above the 10,000 acres, and will profit by the advance in the value consequent upen the construction of the railway. In addition, the province retains a one-fourth interest in the land the Grand Trunk gets. So that the public shares in whatever money is derived from sales. The company, seeing that it furnishes the railway which gives the land its added value gets three-fourths of the benefit; and the province, seeing that it owns the land, gets onefourth of whatever may be made. There is to be a complete wharfage outfit at Kaien Island, or, as it will be termed, Prince Rupert, and an ocean service will be inaugurated.

Morocco Dispute

THE fear of war over the disputed claims of France and Germany in Morocco has not, as had been hoped, been allayed by the Algeciras Conference, which through the vacillating policy of Germany at first seemed an utter failure. It is stated though, that however dangerous the situation created by this failure, there will be no war in the immediate future. The universal feeling at the present, is one of acute exasperation at the attitude which Germany is taking in the matter. France has done her best to come to a friendly understanding, but Germany lacks both reason and moderation says a leading French paper, and the sentiment is confirmed by an eminent German who represented his country at the last Hague Conference. He has written an article on the subject of the Morocco dispute in which he says:

"A revolution of far-reaching significance is on the eve of breaking out in North Africa. Islam, with its political system and primitive ideas, is about to be conquered by Christian civilization and European methods of government. Algiers and Tunis already belong by right and fact to France; Egypt has fallen to the lot of England, not by right, but in fact. Tripoli, which belongs by right to the Sultan of Turkey, will in fact become an Italian province to-morrow. There is no region of North Africa independent now, excepting Morocco, and Morocco is entirely hemmed in by the magnificent colonial empire created by France during the last twenty-five years. Just as that country was about to lay hands upon Morocco, Germany interposed and barred the way. The result has been most serious. Last June we were within an ace of going to war over the question—and even at this moment we do not feel sure that the yawning abyss on the brink of which we then stood will not again open at our feet."

The Sultan of Morocco in Turkish Uniform

The Sultan would not dare to show himself before his subjects in this uniform. The photo was taken in secret.

Canada's Military Service

OUR Canadian Military Service is a question which deserves the earnest attention and co-operation of all Canadian men. There are many people who do not take the Canadian Militia seriously, but we have probably called this down on our own heads owing to the unimportant position it has been awarded in the progress of the nation's affairs.

A paper read by Colonel Merritt of the Govenor-General's Body Guard in Toronto, recently, calls attention to the importance of the subject, dealing with this question which ought to receive the early attention of the Government. In substance the following is the subject as Col. Merritt dealt with it.

Militarism as the term is usually understood, is not wanted in this country, but we must provide adequately for defence. How to do this in a manner as free as possible from militarism is what Lieut.-Col. Merritt conceives to be the problem that the department now presided over by Sir Frederick Borden will some day be called upon to solve. It will not do to put it off until the enemy, from whatever quarter he may come, is at our gates. A plan which seems to be admirably adapted to our country is that which goes by the name of the Swiss system.

The positions of Canada and Switzerland are exactly the same. Both countries are dominated by great nations. The Swiss have been following the proper lines, and we have not. If we wish to make our militia system satisfactory, we should change it, and make it more suited to the conditions of the day. Under these circumstances a study of the Swiss system would be advantageous. It has been created entirely for defence, and is based on the idea of universal service.

Though in territory and population Switzerland is relatively insignificant, it has a formidable army of hardy, well-trained soldiers. It could put a quarter of a million men into the field on the shortest notice, and it would require probably twice as many of the best soldiers of any other country in Europe to overcome them.

The strength of the Swiss army is due to the fact that it is co-extensive with the male population of Switzerland. It is the duty of every man in the country, unless he is physically or legally unfit, to become a member of the national militia at twenty years of age, and he is not likely to be released until he is fifty, or, if an officer, fifty-five. But the service sits more lightly upon him than does that of a volunteer in a city regiment.

A private in the infantry which is all any man is obliged to be, has only 125 days of training during his first 13 years and 135 days during 25 years, this being an average of $5\frac{1}{2}$ days a year. The only regulars in the service are instructors. The full strength of the militia is about 282,000, with an annual cost about $5,560,000.

Every village must have its rifle range of 300 metres, which is partly assisted by the Government. Every man has to fire 30 rounds at the ranges each year.

The expenditure on the Canadian and the Swiss militias amounts to about the same figure, while the Swiss militia is seven times as large as ours.

Lieut.-Colonel Mason, formerly of the Royal Grenadiers in speaking on the subject of Canada contributing to the defence of the Empire, urged that the people of Canada should contribute largely.

He advocated a return to the old system of military schools in addition to the present system, and said that where ten qualified now, one hundred would qualify for commissions under the old system.

Boys in the schools throughout the Dominion should be given a certain amount of military training.

With regard to the navy, Canada should contribute one battleship every few years, and this would cost probably $1 per head of the population, distributed over that period.

Col. Mason also strongly advocated a system of naval militia.

Types of the Indian Army represented at a recent Review before the Prince of Wales

Over 50,000 troops, British and Native, took part in a military parade before the Prince of Wales. Among the native troops who marched past were samples of the best soldiers that India produces—stalwart Sikhs, gallant little Gurkhas, the famous Corps of Guides, superb Lancers, Dogras, and last but not least interesting, some Khyber Rifles, a fine force composed of Afridis. *"From the Graphic."*

Newfoundland Fisheries

RETURNS issued by the Newfoundland Customs Department, show that as a result of the Newfoundland Exclusion Act, less than two-thirds as many American vessels obtained herring cargoes during the season just past, as a year ago, while the total catch is only half what it was then. On the other hand, the number of British registered vessels which secured cargoes was over three times the usual number. The figures for 1905 are: 41 American registered vessels with 48,919 barrels, and 39 British with 38,861 barrels; in 1904 there were 67 American vessels with 85,688 barrels, and 14 British with 11,353 barrels. It is estimated that as a result of the Act, every American vessel going to the Bay of Islands this past winter for herring, lost hundreds of dollars.

New Cabinet Minister

THE new Minister of Marine and Fisheries, the Hon. L. P. Brodeur is a man who has held aloof from machine politics and in consequence one whose appointment is heartily endorsed by the public. Mr. Brodeur was called to the bar in 1884 and was first elected to the House of Commons for Rouville in 1891. He was re-elected at the general elections of 1896 and 1904. In 1896 he was made deputy speaker of the House of Commons, and in 1901 he was promoted to be the speaker. In 1904 he entered the Laurier government as minister of inland revenue.

Mr. Brodeur was in his youth a diligent law student and a great reader, and has been known as a studious hard working man. He enters upon his new office at a most important juncture when there are opportunities for all the ministers to prove of inestimable benefit in their official capacity. The development of the country is proceeding so rapidly that undertakings which would have made one gasp with astonishment ten years ago, are now commonplace affairs.

New British Parliament

LABOR has thrown down the gauntlet to capital in England. Political leaders who are anything but alarmists admit that a fierce struggle is about to begin in the House of Commons—a fight of vested interests and private ownership of every description against communism and public control.

On the one side are the great landed monopolies, holding between them literally millions of acres of English soil; the great railway systems, controlling millions of dollars, and ramifying through every section of the country; the owners of the coal mines, the canals, water and gas companies—in fact, every source of wealth in the hands of private individuals. As England is one of the richest countries in the world, practically untold wealth will exert its uttermost power to preserve its existence.

On the other side, are the forces of labor, lined up and generaled as they never have been before, perhaps, in the history of the world. Backed by millions of the working classes, representing the trades unions throughout the country, and led by skilled parliamentarians, controlling, at the same time, sufficient monetary power to enable them to fight without feeling the exigencies of want—such as would be their fate in strikes and lockouts—the forces of labor are not to be ignored.

The Labor representation committee has already formulated its policy, and begun work, and when Parliament convenes, it will come out strongly for this programme; Taxation of land values; nationalization of railways; forcing the government to provide work for the unemployed; improvement of housing conditions of the working classes; extension of municipal trading to fire insurance, the coal supply, the milk trade and even to the making of bread; arbitration of trades disputes; compensation of workmen injured by accident; establishment of pensions for aged workers who have passed the 60-year limit; the right of all adults to vote, whether men or women; abolition of child labor and sweating in factories; insistence on an eight-hour day throughout England.

Nearly all the labor representatives have risen from the lowest rungs of the social ladder.

It is generally believed that the Liberals and Labor members will work well together, chiefly because the Liberals have committed themselves indefinately to so many of the reforms the Labor party is upholding. However as the Liberals have a clear majority of eighty-five over all combinations, between Unionists, Nationalists and Laborites, Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman can count on carrying out the Liberal programme without much risk of defeat.

Chinese Unrest

A FAR Eastern topic of constantly increasing interest is the growing unrest in China. There have been continued warnings to foreigners in China that serious danger is impending, some predicting a second Boxer rising worse than the last, and foreigners have been advised to leave the country. The feeling is principally anti-American, though the Chinese have a hatred of all other nationalities except the Japanese, terming us all the "foreign devils."

There appear to be several causes for the extremely bitter feeling which is simmering in China. For one thing false stories are continually circulated through China of the massacre of Chinese in America; this and the exclusion law have done a vast amount of harm.

R. P. Schwerin, general manager of the Pacific Mail and Steamship Co., who has had intimate business relations with the people of China for more than a dozen years, claims that present disturbances are due largely to the aggressive methods of certain American labor organizations on the Pacific Coast who have applied a boycott to Chinese goods of all descriptions. The feeling in China against Americans and their goods is now very strong. In inland towns no American goods are being sold, while the stock of these goods on hand has in many cases been burned.

Hatred of the foreigner springs from these causes—The exploitation of China's resources by foreign promoters, and the campaign of Missionaries. British, American, German and French business men have built railways, telegraph lines and factories in China, and have fairly crowded western inovations down the throats of resisting Chinese. For one real grievance, there will be a dozen imaginary ones aroused by the superstition of the people. For instance, it is believed by the majority of Chinamen that a Chinese baby is killed and placed at the foundation of each bridge pier built by the foreigners, in order that the work may stand securely.

In the matter of missionaries there are also some real and some fancied injuries which are magnified and elaborated by repetition and bitter feelings.

Then too, the cry of "Asia for Asiatics" has been taken up by China, and has spread like wild fire from province to province. Mr. Thomas F. Millard, the war correspondent of *Scribner's*, who has been in the Far East studying the subject of the Chinese boycott of American goods, is convinced that it is largely instigated by Japan, that such has been the policy of a large number of newspapers throughout China which are controlled by the Japanese interest. The attitude of the *Eastern Times* of Shanghai, a paper which Mr. Millard declares is directed from Tokyo, became so offensive that the American consul-general called the attention of the Japanese consul-general to the matter, but beyond polite expressions, nothing was done.

The war department of the United States are taking precautionary measures, by making preparations to send regiments to the Phillipines, in order to have them within striking distance, and the issue of the present disturbance it is impossible to conjecture.

Burning the Brush.

By Maude Petitte

CHAPTER V.

"WAYNE Woodward is a waitress in the Crystal Cafe."

"Well?" snarled Mr. Peterson and this time the silence was so long he was forced to look up and meet those tragic eyes again.

The woman leaned forward and for half an hour there was only the sound of a subdued, but impassioned voice. The very soul seemed breaking from those eyes where the tears trembled but did not fall. She looked up once or twice in fear at the open transom. But her voice was inaudible to any but her listener. But faint as it was with weakness and fear—the Lumber King listened with head bowed in shame. All his proud look was gone now. His shoulders hung down as with a weight. The pallor had deepened on his face.

Without looking up at her he seemed to see her, her white forearm resting on his desk, the diamonds on her fingers, the handsome cloth suit, the sad eyes, and the hair piled like drifts of snow against the black brim of her Gainsborough hat above a face that he knew ought still to have been young.

The clatter of a boy's feet came bounding down the corridor to the door. The woman drew back in her chair. The boy handed Mr. Peterson a telegram, received his signature and hurried away.

But the little interruption from the outside world seemed to give both the man and the woman time to find their ground. The look of shame on Mr. Peterson's face changed to one of anger. He spoke out, fearless of passers-by, when the lad had gone.

"I tell you Mrs.-a-Gresholm, there isn't one man in a thousand would have acted as I have in this matter. I have done now all I intend to do. The more you educate her the more troublesome she will prove to us both, when you educate people in her position you make them dangerous. Leave her alone and she will never trouble either of us. You raked this thing all up when I brought her from Wiggin's Siding. Now I have done all I intend to do for her and I don't want to be reminded of her existence any more."

"You forget your promise to the dead then?"

"I have fulfilled it. She is grown up and able to make her own living."

"As a table waitress! the daughter of such a race serving at the tables of a Cafe!"

The man flushed angrily.

"You were a foolish man to bring her to Detroit. Those features are not so common as not to be recognized."

"Do you think people are going to look for those features in a second class restaurant?"

"If you choose to put them there. For myself I see the hand of an all-ruling God in the accident that threw me at that door."

"It's nice to have a God to lay one's carelessness upon. You should have got out of the way of the street car."

"I was not running the auto. But that is not the question. You surely do not mean to leave a girl of her blood and lineage in a Cafe."

"Why not?"

"She's too clever. She's a girl with an unusually brilliant mind and high aspirations I have learned."

"Then she ought to be the more able to take care of herself."

"But you know that the cost of her education would mean nothing to you. It is simply that you are afraid to educate her for fear she will find out her history and cross your life again."

"Well I have told you my mind. I shall not change it."

"Then if you will not do anything for her I must. In the Crystal Cafe she shall not be left. I will tell my husband everything."

"He will scorn you."

"He is the most magnanimous man I ever knew."

MR. PETERSON seemed debating in his mind for a moment.

"I am no longer bound" she contiuued "by our promise to the dead to keep the secret, since you no longer keep the child. I longed from the first to confess all to my husband. The last barrier will break between us now. I shall know how great or how little is his love for his wife. I have an uncle, an old superannuated minister away in Canada. I shall see if I can get him to take Wayne. Her living will cost less in a little town. I will do as much as possible for her out of my allowance. And perhaps Dr. Gresholm will be willing to do the rest, toward bearing the burdens of his wealthy neighbor a little farther down the Boulevard—who has probably a hundred times his means."

"My dear woman you don't realize what you're doing. Don't make such a fool of yourself. I entreat you for your own sake let it drop. Forget her. She's all right. She has known nothing better. We have each our own families, our own homes to consider. The past is buried. Leave it alone and be happy."

"I can't" she sobbed.

He muttered something under his breath.

She rose to go but turned back once from the door.

"Good-bye," she said very gently. "I shall never trouble you again. It is my burden henceforward. I shall face you no more till the hour when we both stand before the White Throne in Judgement."

The door closed after her as silently as it had closed on her coming. The clickety! click! click! of the type writers in adjoining offices came through the long row of transoms. A few messenger boys turned to look back at the sad and stately woman going down the hall. Otherwise life in the Majestic building went on as before.

But up in his office the Lumber King felt a pang like a knife go through his head. A cold clamminess was benumbing him and things were getting white—so white. He had a weak heart. And he disliked the odor of old memories.

A little later there was a group of men in his office. They were putting water on his head, telephoning for his carriage, his physician.

"Oh it's—it's nothing gentlemen," he stammered as he revived. "That White Th—I beg pardon. I've a little weakness of the heart. It's passed off now. I thank you gentlemen very much. Sorry to have taken up your time."

"Awfully considerate fellow, Peterson, isn't he?" said two or three as they hurried away.

CHAPTER VI.

IT was the maddest and merriest of winds on the gayest and gladdest of October mornings. It chased the whitest and frozliest little lumps of cloud across the sunniest of skies.

It swept the bosom of a great lake and the little waves went scurrying before it like children in white sun-bonnets racing home to shore.

In a break in the hills on that same shore a little town nestled. On the hill to the westward a stately old house stood like a sentinel looking across the lake. Everything about it was stamped with stability and respectability.

Peace and plenty were in its atmosphere. Pigeons strutted over its roof in a lordly fashion. There was a great square lawn with asters and holly-hocks, an old verandah with big rocking-chairs and geraniums and fuchsias, and old fashioned flowers in pots, and in the back-ground a few acres of orchard where the wind tossed red apples, ripe peaches and pears down into the grass. There was a glimpse too of well-pruned grape vines with great knots of purple or reddish fruit. A peacock sunned his tail on the back fence and in a wired-off run the hens were cackling and making a great to-do over the morning eggs.

On the stage an old patriarchal gentleman would have opened the door at this juncture. And that is just what happened. He was dressed in a clergyman's coat of the best black cloth. He had a long white beard and a tall silk hat. A soft white well-manicured hand clasped his gold headed cane. His face was one of the gentlest and kindest of faces but withal firm enough about the mouth. He was Dr. Gleeson—the Rev. Dr. Gleeson, a man known in the Sunday School papers and religious publications through-out America and to some extent across the sea, a man of ability who could have distinguished his name in the secular magazine but who had devoted himself to this other line of work offering less fame and less remuneration. The lake was the Edie, the little town Port Dover.

THE old man stood toying with the asters with his cane as if he awaited someone. At the same moment a girl of about fifteen possibly a granddaughter crossed the garden and joined him. She was dressed with the same faultless taste as he, a pretty willowy, refined-looking creature with eyes like a fawn, and a wealth of shining hair, her brown tailored suit, her dainty gloves and shoes, her brown hat rolling back from the freshest of faces. These people were evidently country gentry in the most favored of circumstances.

They were the very picture of peace and plenty and refinement. The girl had a little of that never-much dignity that comes just where the brook and river meet—a dignity too new not to be a little formidable. But the next minute a collie dog came running across the yard. The girl forgot herself and gave chase. Her hat floated off and her hair floated free.

"Now reddy! reddy! red-head!" called a hoarse-voiced parrot from an up-stair window.

"Poll! Poll! you're saucy cut your sermons shorter" said Dr. Gleeson.

"The Lord help thee to do likewise" replied the ready Poll.

The old man laughed good-humoredly and turned with the girl out of the gate toward town. A day-laborer passing lifted his hat respectfully. "Mornin' Doctor. We're wishin' you'd take the prayer-meeting again Doctor. That new minister we got now don't give the Lord no show at all in the meetin'. He does all the talking hisself."

A few more words were exchanged and Dr. Gleeson and his companion went their way again. A little maple grove lay between them and the town. It was evident that both the old man and the girl were lovers of Nature. They stopped for a moment to watch the movements of a wild bird in the thicket. Then the girl vaulted the snake-fence lightly as a colt, went to the root of a tree and brought back something, probably a variety of moss. The two examined it together, the fence between them.

A clearer picture, artist could scarce have found—the red-dish flush of the maples in the back-ground, the old rail-fence, with the golden rod in its corners—the blues and whites of sky above, the venerable old man, and the girl with her hair and clothing that seemed chosen to blend with the autumn tints behind her.

A FEW minutes later they were ushered into what was probably the best house in the little town of Dover where it is true lordly houses were not too many. It was the house of Dr. Cotwold the leading physician of the town and for several terms the representative of the south riding of his county in the Upper House of the Canadian Parliament.

"I am so sorry but the Doctor had an urgent call this morning," said Mrs. Cotwold, a somewhat portly lady, crisp, smiling and snowy-haired. "He'll be back soon though, but never mind you'll have a chance now to tell me about that book you were starting to review the other day. And you my dear," turning to the girl "you and Allan can amuse each other I know. What is this people are telling me Doctor Gleeson that your girl is sweeping everything before her in the High School, going to be a gifted elocutionist? Take care—take care my dear! you mustn't outshine everybody or the world will grow jealous and be on bad terms with you. Remember a clever woman is a dangerous thing, and hard to get along with," she finished with a warning laugh.

"Ha! ha! ha! I wonder then," said Dr. Gleeson "how my friend Cotwold has been able to get along with his consort so many years."

"Ah Doctor you always had the Frenchman's gift."

Meanwhile young Allan Cotwold, the only son of the house, a lad of about sixteen seemed nothing loathe to undertake the entertainment of their girl guest. He was a dark handsome lad with an unusual face perhaps just a trifle too sensitive and too self-conscious. But he was without the awkwardness so common in boys of his age.

They were evidently quite used to each others society, these two—boy and girl chums, with no hint of flirtation in their intercourse, just charming, simple good comradeship. Allan was discussing with her a bronco behind which they had ridden the day before.

"Father broke that horse in" said the boy with glowing eyes. "Father just loves breaking in wild horses. I've never seen anyone handle horses like father does. He has the most wonderful way of just subduing them and making them do his will. Everybody said when he got this bronco he'd break his neck. But father said he'd break the bronco first and I knew he would too."

Meanwhile the girl was thinking. "This boy if he has one great fault it's the way he is always bragging about his father and what his father has done. There is that little bump near his right ear I wonder if that is what it is filled with. Still Allan's an awfully nice boy enough."

A few minutes later her attention was attracted by a painted portrait on the wall.

"You look like that picture," she said quickly.

"I'm glad I do," said Allan. "That's my grandfather. He's just like his father and father's just like him. The Cotwold's never change from generation to generation."

The girl was silent.

"He was an awfully clever man. Don't know that he was any cleverer than father though."

The girl looked almost defiantly at the portrait now.

"Still there are some disadvantages" said she in having clever ancestors."

"Disadvantages?"

"Yes. For no man makes a success of life who is not a greater man than his father was before him. And it must be a terrible struggle to surpass a really brilliant father."

The boy flushed and looked uneasy. She had such ways

of putting things, this fifteen year old philosopher. He understood instinctively that this girl would never respect him for what his fathers were. He must do something himself if he would win the respect of minds like hers. He was silent and a little angered at her words. But far on in the after years, the man remembered the boy in the bow-window and the impulse given his life by the girl with red-gold hair.

AND the girl—she was silent too. This boy beside her could talk of family traits, and honors, things old, established, venerable. She? She could talk of none of these things. She looked over at Dr. Gleeson her grand uncle. Certainly he was the picture of a venerable old man but beyond her relationship to him—"I do not know" she thought "I do not even know who I am. I came here a few months ago. I go to High School, I take music, French, Latin, physical culture, everything that other young ladies take. I am kept well-dressed and supplied with pocket money. Everybody is nice to me, and because I am Dr. Gleeson's niece I am asked out everywhere. Life is good, very, very good. People tell me I am clever. But I do not know who I am. People ask me questions about myself that I cannot answer. This boy's life is all settled around him. It is all change for me, I am always being moved, shifted. I know not when I sleep at night but I shall be somebody else in the morning. Once I was the daughter of a saw-mill man. I played among the logs at Wig—"

Ha! Matches! We are sure of it now. Matches from Wiggin's Siding come back to us in another guise! But what a change—metamorphosis! When we saw you last you were a waitress in a restaurant. Now you have come back to Canadian shores again and are a guest of an ex-member of parliament. How has this change come about?

Wayne conld have told you no more than you already know. In fact she could not have told as much. For she had heard nothing of a conversation between the Lumber King of Michigan and a certain beautiful woman in an office of the Majestic Building, during which the woman had alluded to an uncle, a superannuated minister in Port Dover. She did not even know anything of the Lumber King, or of the beautiful woman except that such a one had once been hurt in a street accident at the doors of the Crystal Cafe.

All Wayne knew was that one bright morning some three or four months ago as she waited on the tables of the Cafe she had noticed a little old man in a clerical coat with the kindest face she had ever seen. She had served him an omelette. He had seemed to watch her but not in a way that offended her. He had pushed back his plate presently and gone to the kitchen instead of to the cash-desk.

A long colloquy had followed. Then Dark Van Schwartz had gone upstairs to his wife and another colloquy had followed.

"An' he offered yeh this much money fur 'er?" asked Mrs. Van Schwartz.

"In cash."

"Well yeh better let 'im take 'er. She'll leave us anyway when she gits a bit older. It kind uv goes to one's heart to see 'er servin' the tables so patient like when she hates it so. He'll eddicate 'er an make a lady uv 'er."

So the little clergyman came out and announced that he was her mother's uncle and that she was to go home with him to live. She obeyed unquestioningly, unhesitatingly. There was no doubting the face of this good old man.

She was taken to a down-town store and dressed appropriately from head to foot. For contrary to most literary men, Dr. Gleeson had excellent taste in matters of dress and knew how to superintend the matter.

WAYNE was then brought home to Gleeson Ridge, his residence on the outskirts of Dover to settle down with the quaint old housekeeper, Mrs. Gurney, the collie dog, the green parrot, the grey cat, her books and her music, and as she grew better acquainted, her companions at the High School. The first night the Doctor had taken her up to his study and shown her what lay before her.

"You will say nothing about having been a waitress in a Cafe. It was honorable work but you don't need to tell everyone your affairs. Your boarding with the Thompsons you may mention if you wish. You have a chance of a good education. If you show aptitude for it you will be sent to college. You should make a splendid woman, a grand woman. I expect nothing less of you."

She questioned about her relatives if she had any.

"No you must not know who you are—at least not for some years to come. It is not for you to know. If people question you and they will question you in Dover, you can betray nothing for you know nothing."

Wayne found ere long that it was useless to question. That gentle mouth could close with the firmness of a steel trap.

Dover wondered and talked awhile.

Dover was excited at first. Who was she, this beautiful creature with shining hair? Why did she know nothing of her family history? Why did Dr. Gleeson disclose nothing? Rumors of divorce, of an insane mother, of a bigamist father, of a vast fortune and another heir with murderous intentions, all manner of stories in short were tried and applied to the case but no one seemed to know which might be true and after the usual nine days gossip, little Dover had to give it up.

There is after all no one better fitted to keep a secret than your open-browed open-hearted man. He is so open the world does not suspect him of having any recret and ceases to try to unearth one. Your wily, secretive man betrays himself by his very stealth and caution. For to betray you have a secret is to half betray your secret.

So easily did Wayne lend herself to her surroundings that in a few months you would have thonght she had been part and parcel of these country gentry all her life. Only once or twice to-day did some out-of place gesture or mannerism draw the keen eyes of the keen Mrs. Cotwold and make her say under her breath:

"I wonder who she is, this grand niece of our Doctor Gleeson. And I wonder why she doesn't know anything about her people and why he does'nt tell us anything. A strange affair—a girl not to know her own history."

WAYNE had always been a hero-worshipper. It was the minister's wife at Wiggin's Siding. At Detroit it was Sister Verona of the convent school. She had not been three weeks in Dover before Dr. Gleeson was her hero. "Mon petit maitre," she called him always. And he was indeed her master in everything. He was her Gamaliel. She literally sat at his feet. His study upstairs was to her the Holy of holies. And the girl was not mistaken in her estimate of his character. He was without doubt the noblest soul she had ever known.

His early manhood had been devoted to the care of his widowed mother and four sisters, the youngest of whom he had raised from infancy. He had relinquished the love of his youth without a murmur because of his family.

In course of time his sisters had married, his mother had died. He had married a young wife who almost worshipped him. In three years time her spirit had passed out at the Gates of the Morning, and with her his infant son. But through it all he had kept his heart sweet and his brow sunny. That is to be a hero—perhaps the greatest of heroes. He had become a well-known writer with years. He had inherited money. And owing to a weak throat he had retired early from the ministry, bought Gleeson Ridge and settled down to literary work. He needed Wayne and Wayne needed him.

There was something else that counted in Wayne's

(Continued on page 88)

The Japanese Women.

THE following selections from an article on "Japan since the War," by Mary Crowford Fraser, which appeared recently in *The World's Work*, throw an interesting light on the development of the Japanese women, due undoubtedly. largely to the effects of contact with Western modern civilization. The author from personal intercourse with the Japanese, having lived in Japan for some years, is thoroughly familiar with her subject.

In the work at home the Japanese ladies have shown an intelligence and devotion which have surprised even their most ardent partisans. Fifteen or sixteen years ago, when I first came among them, the Japanese ladies were without initiative, timid of anything approaching novelty; admirable in their

A Japanese Lady of Rank.

home duties, but incapable of originating or organizing public enterprises. Their charity and zeal during the China-Japan war were beyond all praise; but much money was thrown away, many sacrifices were made in vain, because there was no proper direction, no experience of working methods, no applying of the principles of common sense to the good work attempted. A great deal of money was distributed among the sufferers from the war, with the result that poor women, who had never handled more than tiny sums at a time, had their heads turned, and launched out into relative extravagance and dissipation. It seemed a very beautiful and heroic thing for great ladies to dismiss their servants and do their own washing and cooking, in order to devote the money saved in wages to the assistance of soldiers' families. There is something in even the most sincere and generous feminine heart which asks for a dramatic setting of pain and sacrifice where good is to be done; but when the sweet, brave ladies of Japan came to sum up the results of their many self-denials and activities, they were appalled to find that they had done more harm than good. To them as well as to others that episode of the China-Japan war was a lesson as to how things should not be done, and they acknowledged their mistakes with characteristic honesty and humility.

Having done this, they quietly studied out the questions of how best to assist the working classes in times of stress. The ease and readiness with which the conditions were met when war broke out again, and some hundreds of thousands of breadwinners were called out of the country, showed that time and thought had been devoted to the subject during the ten years that intervened between the two wars. When, in the spring of 1904, the men began to be drafted away to Korea and Manchuria, the ladies were ready with their plans. They had struck the common sense note without which benevolence is mostly wasted; the object this time was not to give away money, but to provide work and pay for it.

ONE of the most useful of the charitable organizations has been the Association for the Aid of Soldiers' Families, headed by Baroness Senge, the wife of the Govenor of Tokyo. The committee rented a group of houses in Ayabu, a high, leafy quarter of the town, and here they gathered in the mothers, the wives, the daughters, of the absent soldiers, and started to teach them two trades, laundry work and sewing. Nurseries were provided for the children who were too young to go to school, and kindergarten teachers were engaged to keep the little ones good and happy all day.

"Will you come and see them at work?" I was asked.

A day was set, and I started out on my pilgrimage of inspection. After a drive through roads set between deep green hedges (Ayabu is only half town as yet), we passed an immense enclosure where several hundred khaki uniforms were hanging on bamboo scaffoldings waiting the weather's pleasure to dry.

"That is our laundry ground," said my companion, "we will visit it when we have seen the work rooms." In a few minutes we alighted at the foot of a steep garden road leading up to an old Japanese doorway. At the old-fashioned entrance we were met by Baroness Senge, a calm-faced, sweet-looking woman, Viscountess Ito, the wife of the Admiral, and one or two others. The place was as poor and bare as possible, the committee room into which I was ushered differing in nothing from the rest, save that it had a table and chairs, and on the walls a number of tickets on which were the names of the women enrolled among the workers, and the amount which each had put into the Savings Bank.

SOON we were passing through the rooms where women of all types and ages sat on the floor between low tables, working away for dear life at shirts and drawers for the soldiers. It was the plainest, most uninteresting kind of work, but they seemed utterly absorbed in it. As we went by, they made the regulation bow—then in an instant the busy fingers were moving again as if everything in life depended on finishing the garment in hand.

"They seem desperately in earnest!" I remarked. "They are," was the answer. "We pay them by the piece. The quickest workers can make as much as sixty-five sen (thirty-

two and a half cents) a day, and that is a very high wage for women of this class."

I pointed to an old woman who was sewing feverishly at a shirt. Her face was so sad, her eyes so eager. "That is a soldier's mother," I was told. "She is taking care of his children—the wife is dead. That young girl next to her is the daughter of a man who was killed at Port Arthur. We have many widows and orphans here, and the poor things are so thankful to learn how to maintain themselves."

"Here is the machine room. Do you see that poorly dressed girl in the corner? She is the best worker we have." I came nearer and saw a young woman with a homely face redeemed by beautiful eyes and an expression of the most earnest resolution. Even among all those poor women, her dress, though clean, looked shabby in the extreme. She hardly glanced at me—hands, feet, eyes, were all working their hardest. The wheel was a mist, the needle invisible, and the garments seemed to slip through and come out complete with the rapidity of lightning.

"Who is she?" I asked. "The wife of a soldier in Manchuria," was the reply. "She has not missed coming, for a single day, since the place was opened, and she will hardly stop working long enough to eat. She never spends a penny on herself—she is supporting her own mother and her old father-in-law, besides sending money to her husband. We keep back a percentage of all money earned, and put it into the Savings Bank—so that there will be something to show for the labor besides daily bread.

"NOW let us show you the laundry, for we are very proud of that."

This, then, was whither those cartloads of soiled uniforms were being carried—cartloads which had made me turn my head more than once in the peaceful streets near my house in Ayabu. The great barn-like building was piled up with a fresh consignment, and if any one doubts the pathetic personality of mere clothes, he should see, as I did, the mountains of stained and ragged uniforms, clogged with mud and dirt, and alas, blood also, which lay tied in bundles on the floor of that laundry. They were not pretty and they did not smell sweet, but I could not get past them. All the war seemed to pass before my eyes as I stood and looked at the forlorn piles, badges and pipings still telling the regiments of their owners. Incidentally, I was struck with the scrupulous economy of the authorities who are attempting to have such wrecks cleaned and mended up to wearing point—but one learns many lessons in that way in Japan.

Then I was shown the last new thing in drying rooms, with a thermometer affixed to every sliding cupboard, and once more I was impressed with the way in which the organizers of this charity have brought the arrangements up to date without expending an unnecessary penny on accessories. At last we left the laundry, with all its tragic associations, and went to visit the children's quarter, the gayest, sweetest place imaginable. I do not know how many there were; the playroom was a moving rainbow of bright colored robes and merry little faces. Boys and girls, tiny toddlers and elderly people of five or six, they were all revolving round their pretty, smiling teacher, who was taking them in detachments to play little games where march and song and gesture were full of life and harmony. "This is the way the pigeons fly," was going on when we arrived, and the air was full of the whirl of sleeves doing duty for wings; then the pigeons were fed—in pantomime, and all the time the song went on, while the second teacher played the tunes on a wheezy old harmonica in the corner. Two or three very old ladies, soldiers' mothers and grandmothers, were taking care of the babies in arms—that is the recognized occupation of very old people in Japan. The youngsters, being dressed according to privilege of their age, in flaming reds and pinks, made a pretty spot of color in their corner of the room. The ceiling was all garlanded with paper chains and toys and tiny lanterns, and the aspect of the whole place was bright and wholesome as possible.

THIS is only one of the many charitable undertakings evolved from the necessities of the war. There are many others, industrial schools especially, equally deserving of praise; but this one is typical, and my object is not to go into the details of all that the Japanese women are doing, but to point out how well they are doing it, to show what sense and energy are applied to benevolent work, and what a solid support these women will be to the nation in the difficult task it now has on hand. Less than twenty years ago the Japanese great lady was useless for all work which entailed publicity or initiative. Publicity is still a great trial to her, and all undertakings are carried on as quietly and impersonally as possible. But the events of her time have drawn her relentlessly into the foreground, and she is showing such fitness for the activities of modern life that she is already a power in the land, a supporter of industry, of progress, of education. The men of Japan confess at last that there is a great deal of fine and necessary work which only women can do, and they are proud to see that their women are doing it wisely and well.

Japanese Ladies in their Jinrikisha.

Cost of Russo-Japan War

THE Imperial Council at St. Petersburg has announced that the total cost of the war for the Russians was 1,966,600,000 roubles or $983,000,000, while a despatch from Tokio says that Japan's expenses aggregate $911,000,000. Japan confidently expects to have this debt paid off by the year 1930.

Prince Rupert

A Sketch of His Career

PRINCE RUPERT, the name selected for the town as the Western terminus of the Grand Trunk Pacific, is an exceptionally good name, as Prince Rupert himself was one of the first men identified with affairs in Western Canada. There is a fitness in the recognition of this Prince, though so many years dead, because to tell the truth, the charter of the Hudson's Bay Company which he, a Prince, cavalry officer, admiral, pirate and speculator, secured, was the document which saved the west to Canada. Only the circumstance that England owned the country by right of possession and had exercised that right of ownership by making the grant to Prince Rupert and the Hudson's Bay Company barred the United States claim.

But who was this Prince Rupert? How came he here and what does history tell about him? History tells a little and biographers tell a great deal which is of interest, and we find the life of this daring Prince Rupert as fascinating to read as any novel of the Cavalier period.

ABOUT the year 1612 or 1614, when King James I. was reigning over England, the dearly loved and lovely Princess Elizabeth, daughter of King James, was married to the Prince of Bavaria. Elizabeth was idolized by the English people high and low, and she carried with her to her new home the loyalty of the sturdy English hearts who would gladly have died for her.

Not many years after their marriage, the Prince of Bavaria was offered the throne of the little kingdom of Bohemia, and amidst the wildest joy of their new subjects, the King and his beautiful Queen, who immediately won all hearts by her winsome ways, were crowned and shortly after, the birth of their son Prince Rupert, the only Prince of the reigning house born in Bohemia for over a hundred years, again aroused the wildest joy of these passionate people.

However, their reign in Bohemia was short. Enemies gathered against them, and the tiny kingdom tottered and fell, while the King and Queen, with their little family, were forced to fly for their lives.

They appealed for help to the Qeen's royal father, James of England, but he jealous that he had not been consulted in the first instance, would not come to their assistance, and so they were forced to live on the hospitality of other courts of the European countries. It was not long ere the King, broken in spirit, died, leaving the young mother with the responsibility of training their sons.

FROM his very earliest childhood Rupert seems to have been the favorite of both father and mother. He was a bright, fearless lad, over venturesome and reckless of his safety, and his greatest delight was in playing at soldiering or in hunting. If the dates of chroniclers are correct the young Prince was in actual service at the age of thirteen; but it is certain anyway that he was a mere boy when he distinguished himself for his great bravery while fighting under the Prince of Orange.

His mother, fearing the evil influence of military life for such a youth, insisted that he return to college to continue his education, but it was not long before he was again in the field of battle.

At the age of sixteen Prince Rupert visited the English court on the invitation of his uncle Charles I., then King of England, and at that early date he was named as the leader of a proposed expedition to Madagascar.

He returned to the Hague and three years later fought with the Dutch against the Austrians. On this occasion he showed the most audacious bravery, attacking foes which outnumbered him ten to one. But in the end the Austrians were victorious, and Prince Rupert, now a Colonel in the army, found himself, utterly unprotected, surrounded by his foes. He would not surrender, but fought on desperately until he was taken prisoner, and confined in the castle of Lintz.

Here he passed three weary years, longing with all the energy of youth to be up and doing. During his imprisonment in the castle he was allowed certain privileges, dining occasionally with Count Kuffstein, owner of the castle, who was in high favor with the Austrian Emperor, and who sought by every means to convert the young Prince to the Roman Catholic faith and to obtain the promise of his services for the Emperor.

Hard indeed must it have been for the youth to remain true to his protestant convictions when promised the favor of his Imperial enemy, and the advance of his worldly interest if he would but change his faith.

There was still another more potent force at work to convert him, and romance entered into the life of Prince Rupert even during his imprisonment.

Count Kuffstein had one cherished child, a daughter, who is described as one of the brighest beauties of her age, and who was as a sunbeam in the stern old castle.

These two were thrown together on many occasions, as the imprisonment had no suggestion of dungeons, but permitted certain freedom on parole, and access to the beautiful gardens.

It is not difficult to imagine the friendship that sprang up, how the impetuous youth would welcome this flower in the wilderness, and how she, young and unspoiled by the world, should have her romantic imagination kindled by the heroism and misfortunes of the noble Prince. She was charged by her father to cheer her prisoner and win him over to her faith, and who can wonder that the grim old castle seemed brighter to the young couple as side by side they spent the innocent hours within its walls, or held sympathetic converse as together they stood by the ancient battlements of the fortress and watched the Danube rolling by.

But all attempts to win him to their faith were in vain, and after three years imprisonment he was released on the demand of the King of England who had been tardy in his efforts, though Prince Rupert's mother had again and again begged him to lend his aid.

Though Prince Rupert left his lady love lonely in the castle, yet he apparently never forgot her in all the wild vicissitudes of his reckless career, and from the old manuscripts through which her character shines forth fair and pure, we find that "he never named her without admiration and expressing a devotion to serve her with his life."

IT was after this that Rupert's career really began. Troubles were then beginning in England, and Prince Rupert was called to the aid of the cause of the Stuarts. He was made General of the Horse of the Royalists Army and was present at the raising of the standard at Nottingham in 1642.

He at once displayed astonishing activity, bringing with him several military inventions.

Always he fought valiantly and inspired the greatest en-

thusiasm in his men. But though he won many battles, eventually he seem always to meet with defeat. In the war, Rupert figured at Naseby and at Marston Moor. His troops killed John Hampden, but Cromwell's steel-clad horsemen eventually wiped out Rupert's cavalry, making them, in the language of the Protector, "as stubble to our swords."

At last at the Siege of Bristol which he had promised to hold for four months, but which he was forced to surrender in three weeks, he angered Charles who ordered him from the country, revoking all his commissions. Rupert receiving the news broke through the enemy, reached the King and challenging an investigation of his conduct, was honorably acquitted by the council of war. The Queen though at first having been won by the charm of his personality, soon proved a false friend, and was against him at every turn, and Rupert was constantly maligned for the disastrous defeats of the Royalists, and soon was forced to fly to Paris. From here in 1649 with a large part of the English fleet which had adhered to Charles, and which Rupert was now to command, he set out on a naval expedition.

He relieved John Grenville at the memorable Scilly Isles, and practically crippled English trade. But fortuue seemed against him; everywhere, he was followed and finally blockaded by Blake in the Tagus at Portugal. Blake demanded his surrender, but Prince Rupert by some daring means, broke through the blockade, sailed to the Mediterranean, and then began a piratical career about Madeira, the Canaries and the West Indies, practically sweeping the ocean. Eventually, owing to Blake's persistence, he was forced to return to France, and soon after that the restoration was accomplished.

IT was about this period that Prince Rupert became identified with Canada. Interest had been aroused in America, the new world.

There came from Lake Superior to Quebec a fur trader by the name of De Groseliers, who had heard from an Indian that a great country full of game lay to the north and the west. De Groseliers went to France with the story, and tried to interest the King in what he had learned. It was, however, without success that he laid the matter before the court.

Failing to make an impression in that quarter, De Groseliers interested Prince Rupert, who was then living in Paris. The result was the fitting out of an English expedition to explore Hudson Bay, with De Groseliers taking part. The vessel entered the bay and reached the southern part of James Bay, where the foundations of Rupert House, at the mouth of Rupert River, were laid. This was the beginning of the Hudson's Bay Company, of which corporation Prince Rupert was the first Governor. The Prince took a great interest in the promotion of the now famous corporation. The charter of the company was given to him by Charles II., and it was provided in that franchise that what is now Western Canada should be known as Rupert's Land. By that designation it was described until the rights of the company were bought out by the Dominion, and the West to the Pacific Ocean became ours.

Prince Rupert later took up his residence at Windsor where he fitted up the Round Tower, converting it into a workshop, and there carried on scientific experiments in which he had always been interested. Always loyal to the country of his adoption, he spent the remainder of his life there, beloved by all who knew him, and ever staunch to his Protestant faith for which at many times he had suffered so dearly.

Such is a slight sketch of the valiant Prince Rupert, a man who one of his biographers declares to have been, one of the most misjudged men in history, constantly forced to deny various evil charges which envious persons brought against him.

Men and Women.

Richard Mansfield

RICHARD MANSFIELD the ever popular actor who is now taking his farewell tour of America in a dramatic role, had a strange beginning to his exceptionally brilliant professional career. Though his mother was Madame Rudersdorf, the prima donna, Mansfield who was born in 1857 in Heligoland, a little island in the North Sea, was brought up with the idea that he was to be an artist.

While attending school at Derby, England, he received the first lift towards a dramatic career. The boys on the occasion mentioned had arranged to act "The Merchant of Venice" for Speech Day, and young Mansfield was to take the parc of Shylock. He acquitted himself so well, that a bishop who was present, after the performance, shook hands with the boy and exclaimed with feeling, "Heaven forbid that I should encourage you to become an actor; but should you, I mistake not you will be a great one."

School days past, Mansfield was continuing with his art studies at South Kensington when, the family fortunes failing, he was obliged to enter into business, sailing for Boston where an opening had been made for him in the dry goods house of Jordan, Marsh & Co.

But business did not appeal to this young man who spent all his spare time painting pictures for which he found a ready sale, and before long he again set sail for London. Here unfortunately success did not crown his efforts and for seven years he suffered the bitterness and disappointment of hope deferred. He could not dispose of his pictures, and found himself in actual want.

The incident he has used in his play "Monsieur" of his hero's engagement to play the piano and falling from the stool in weakness caused by hunger, is drawn from his own experience. The episode occurred at a public concert hall.

It was his ability to play and sing at little entertainments that kept body and soul together during these awful days, and through this means he was eventually given a small part in a light operatic piece "The Sorcerer." This led to him settling definately on the stage for his profession, and it was not long before he came to America, playing in New York in what is now the Manhattan theatre, in "Les Manteaux Noirs," and later in a musical setting of "Rip Van Winkle."

Up to this time he had appeared entirely in comic opera and it was due to the fact that a sprained ankle prevented him continuing his work in this field, for the time, that led to an engagement in a small part in straight drama, and very soon, through the fact that Mr. Stoddard of "The Bonnie Brier Bush" fame declined the leading part in the play "A Parisian Romance," Mansfield was given the leading role which he made a great success.

After this, except on one occasion, he continued his work in the drama in "Prince Karl," "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde," "Bean Brummel," "Monsieur Beaucaire," and other plays.

Jan Kubelik

THE story of the life of any public character, which deals with the more personal side of his career, has a peculiar charm for most readers. It is the simple home interests which appeal to us, and we are delighted to find that even

Jan Kubelik and his wife
With their twin daughters.

these great men are as human as their less talented brothers and sisters.

One of the foremost men in the musical world to-day is Jan Kubelik the Bohemian violinist -probably the most successful of living violinists—who has been making a tour of this continent and winning the hearts of the people as he passes on his way.

Born a market gardener's son, his genius has raised him to a position in the highest ranks of great men, until he is the honored guest of Kings and Queens, and is married to a beautiful Countess of Hungary. The American dollars, the English pounds, and the marks, francs, and kroner of the Continent that this young man, who is but twenty-five years of age, has won by his magic bow, were invested in an imposing castle—Bycher Castle near Kolin—in his beloved Bohemia. Kubelik's words when mentioning his home in a letter to a friend, Dr. M. Baumfield, are:

"Within the pleasure grounds are gardens ten times as large as the little vegetable patch at Michle from which my father won the maintenance for his wife and family. My flower and vegetable beds of to-day yield me no revenue, but their maintenance demands a yearly sum which my dead father would have deemed a satisfying income. How very sad the world is."

KUBELIK'S surroundings in childhood were extremely simple. He was born in a pretty little village outside Prague, where his father was a market gardener. He seems to have inherited his musical talent from his father who played on various string instruments. As a little child in his old home, Kubelik had but the one great ambition, to become a violinist, and he says that from his seventh year he knew it would be so. It was the father who throughout his son's education was ever the one to encourage and have faith in his boy's talent, and it has since been one of Kubelik's greatest sorrows, that his father died before he saw the reward of the public for that which he had struggled. Kubelik's mother, however, is still living not far from the old home, and though never herself a performer, she is very fond of music.

KUBELIK'S possessions in Bohemia entitle him to a seat in the Bohemian legislature, and it has now become a great ambition with him to be of some political use in his native land to which he is devoted with all a musician's passionate love. While in London in October last he was discussing the subject with an American writer. The young musician's swarthy but delicate face lighting up with eagerness every now and then as some new idea struck him. On such occasions his English would fail him, and he would go sputtering off into his own language at distracting speed. He is really bent on being something beside an ideal of the concert hall, as his conversation shows.

"I really want to be useful in Bohemia," said Kubelik, twisting his slender fingers nervously about his knee. "Most Bohemians never get out of the country, whereas I have travelled all over the world, and think that maybe I could bring some broader ideas to a parliament that is virtually standing still, wasting time over sectional issues. I am going to read your newspapers in America with much care, for over there you don't talk so much, and do more. We quarrel over trifles. It is a great pity more has not been done to solve the question of the equilibrium between Germans and Bohemians. Both nations have their rights in Bohemia, but, of course, I think the Germans want too much. If I become a legislator I shall want to work. Dvorak was made a member of what you call our senate, but that was entirely an honor. He did no work, and never went near the place."

Kubelik was asked what his greatest ambition was, and the response was prompt and definite.

"To be entirely my own master," he said. Asked what he meant by this, he was content to let the statement go unexplained, farther than to say that although he would be glad enough to be very rich he had no ambition to become a Vanderbilt, and that his idea of the best use of wealth was, as he expressed it, "to do good things for people."

Kubelik has a poor opinion of music as an occupation for anyone who is not especially gifted. He seemed to believe that there was less intermediate ground to music than in any other profession between great success and comparative drudgery.

"Music," he said, "is good for the public, but bad for the artist; those who are not very successful are as a rule very hard up. If any boy or girl should come to me for advice about taking up music as a profession I would say: 'Don't do it if you can possibly do anything else.' That would be good advice, because if that young person had musical genius in him the music would come out anyway, in spite of anybody's advice."

Bycher Castle in Bohemia.
The beautiful home of Kubelik.

"Do you want your little twin daughters to become musicians?"

"Not unless they have great gifts for it. I'll tell you, though, what I do wish, and that is that one of them should be a painter. I loved drawing in school, and believe I might have been successful as a painter if I had not been a musician. I never miss a picture gallery in any city that has a good one. Whistler, in particular, is my delight."

"The little girls are fifteen months old now, and, of course, I shall try to teach them music, not necessarily with the idea of making musicians out of them, but because the teaching would enable them to listen to music with different ears. Already they are remarkably attentive to the violin, and will stop crying instantly at any time if they hear me play. I don't believe it hurts children to begin music early if they have a sense of music. It is an instinct, and the gratification of it can do them no injury. I began at four and it didn't hurt me, as you plainly see."

Evidently it didn't, for the young violinist's brown eyes are clear, and his nerves are sound, and he appears to be generally in the pink of condition. But that, perhaps, is due partly to the fact that he lives as simply and quietly as if he were not a public idol and quite able to gratify every whim.

The Spanish Betrothal

THE Royal romance enacted at Biarritz and San Sebastian between the youthful King of Spain and Princess Ena of Battenburg, promises not only to result in a union of two youthful hearts but in drawing nearer together the countries of the prospective bridegroom and bride, and though there is no formal deed of alliance between Spain and Great Britain, the marriage of the Spanish Sovereign with an English Princess cannot fail to create a strong bond of friendship between the Northern and the Southern peoples.

Princess Victoria Eugenie Julia Ena of Battenburg was born in October 1887, and is thus only a little over eighteen years of age, while King Alfonso will not be twenty until May 27, when rumour has it he will have the wedding take place. On the score of age, a boy of twenty and a girl of eighteen are far too young to marry under ordinary circumstances. But in this instance it is different, King Alfonso came of age at sixteen, and it is deemed advisable that he should marry early and settle down.

It is no secret that the young people are much in love with one another, and the Royal wooing at Biarritz has been surrounded with a degree of romance which is rarely attendant on the courtship of Kings or other Royal personages. King Alfonso has paid his court to Princess Ena in genuine Spanish fashion, making daily visits to his betrothed in his motor-car, during his stay in Sebastian, and the fact that the prospective marriage is purely a love affair appeals strongly to the fancy of the warm-hearted Spanish people with whom it is highly popular. The Queen-mother too expresses her pleasure at the prospect of the alliance.

THERE is a legend connected with Mouriscot which is interesting in its old world flavor. The Basque country abounds in legends and this one belongs to the now historic Mouriscot, and in reply to the King who had put some questions to Baron Von Pawel-Rammingen about Lake Mouriscot which lies immediately below the Park, the Baron related as follows:

"When the late Mr. Bellair bought Mouriscot thirty years ago, the proprietor said to him 'You do not know what you have bought. This house is the "Maison du bon Dieu." Years ago where now there is a lake stood a village inhabited by wicked people. One day a poor stranger came and asked for food and shelter at every house in the village. No one would listen to him. In despair the stranger then turned his steps to this house, where the proprietress took him in and supplied his needs. When the stranger retired to rest he strictly enjoined the woman not to look out of the window

King Alfonso and Princess Ena of Battenburg.

Taken during King Alfonso's visit to his betrothed at the Villa Mouriscot, Biarritz. The photo in the lower right corner is from Princess Ena's best likeness.

before daylight on any account, even if she heard cries. Hear them she did, and fearful ones too, but paralyzed with fear she lay still. Next morning the stranger took his departure when, screwing up her courage, she looked out of the window. The village had disappeared and in its place was a magnificent lake. All had been destroyed.' This legend has been handed down through countless ages, so much so that the workmen employed refused to demolish the old house on the spot where the present Mouriscot now stands, thinking this would be fatal to them."

When Alfonso heard this legend he said to Princess Ena, "Let us congratulate ourselves that we are here in La Maison du bon Dieu and let us hope it will bring us happiness."

Burning the Brush *Continued from page 81*

development. It was the religious atmosphere in which she found herself. She was just at that age when the tendrils of the soul are seeking something to which to cling. She drank in the sweet child-like faith of "Mon petit maitre," as a hungry babe. She loved to go with him to the class-meeting in the little church and hear the testimony of the humble working folk. She loved to look at Dr. Gleeson on communion Sunday as he stood within the altar rail helping the pastor administer the sacred rites. She loved to kneel with the others and receive his blessing.

And so day by day she was coming closer into the presence of the Christ. And each morning as she knelt at her bedside He touched her and she was conformed more nearly to His image within, though her animated spirits so often hid her inner life that the world did not always give her credit for these deeper feelings.

DOVER was soon anxious to claim Wayne as their own. Bright, versatile, clever, pretty, she made her way into the hearts of all. At school she was a brilliant student. The masters were proud of her. But the humility she learned from "Mon petit maitre" at Gleeson Ridge made her accept her little triumphs so gracefully, that even the other students took them as inevitable and were in no wise jealous. Her animation, her gift of mimicry, her sparkling sallies of wit, made her a coveted member of all the little social gatherings. Besides she was so perfectly happy in her new life as to look out upon the world always with eyes that said plainly "The world is good to me what can I do for others to make them as happy as I." Such a spirit is not easy to resist.

She studied, practiced, read, skated on the lake in winter, gathered the nuts of autumn and the wild flowers of spring. She seemed to have time for everything. In fact it seemed to Dr. Gleeson sometimes when he looked at her that there was a sort of madness in the way the girl developed. She was like a wire that never tired of vibrating and was ever ready with a varied multitude of notes. It was as though she were making a sort of wild rush for maturity, crowding every hour of life with joyous growth—as though perchance she heard some sweet wild music in the years to come, toward which she hurried. Part of the secret was no doubt her rare gift of almost perfect health. She could stand on the sod in the wind and sun and feel her heart overflow with the mere joy of being alive. Life! life! life! It was such a wonderful gift to her. To race the hills under sunny skies, to read the wonderful things men had written, to go into rhapsodies over music, to laugh with the young people—her neighbors, to drift in a little boat on the great lake with its infinite quiet at evening, to watch the stars, to chase the chipmonks, to cull the flowers, to look up into the face of a loving God—Oh it was wonderful! It was all wonderful this divine thing called life.

"I'm so glad I ever was born!" she said to Dr. Gleeson one morning as she burst into his study with an armful of wild cherry blossoms.

"I just hope I'll have a dozen children some day so they can all enjoy living. I'll put these flowers right here, little master, and you can think of that pretty description of Fraser's we read the other day. "The wild cherry threw perfumed kisses from pale lips to the wind."

She turned toward him in the midst of her chatter. He looked at the rich red in her cheeks and smiled—but sadly.

In after years she understood why.

But there were sad moments too that stole into the life of this exuberant young creature. But they were always when she was alone. No one saw them come or go, but year by year their shadow lingered a little deeper in her eyes. It was the burden of her birth that weighed upon her. Sometimes in a crowd of young people she paused just an instant in her gaiety. "Why am I not like these others?" she asked herself. "No dark mystery encircles them. Why do I not know my mother, father, brothers, sisters if I have any? Why am I alone so lonely?"

Then she laughed and chattered and hid her thoughts. But often up in the wide corner window of her room at night strange fancies came and went. She saw herself being told that she was some princess in disguise. She saw venerable white-haired statesmen coming to make the announcement to her and welcome her back to her place in the world. Then the light would change to shadow. Or was it some crime from whose stigma she had been hidden. Then her heart hungered for her mother wherever she might be. "My mother! my mother!" Softly her lips framed the words. Still she was not lacking someone to love, Mrs. Gurney mothered her from the first, and all the devotion of her young heart was given to Dr. Gleeson.

"You really are my master, in all things you know," she said "my beloved little master."

And he too had a name for her though she knew it not. She was to him "the girl of many gifts." In three years time she had taken her place at the organ in the church. She was indispensible at every concert in the little town where she played the part of elocutionist. Dover had long since ceased to question her antecedents. She was Dr. Gleeson's niece and one of themselves.

IT was about this time that Dover was being boomed as a watering place. Rows of summer cottages were built from the lake-front. It had become fashionable for the people of Cleveland and Buffalo to take cottages for the summer in the little Canadian town. Excursions poured in by rail or steamer almost every day. Dover was in the height of fashion just then. Speculators were advertising freely.

Wayne found here the social life in which her animated spirits fitted her to shine. There were the beauties of nature too in which her soul revelled.

One afternoon the Doctor paused in the shelter of the shrubbery as he entered his gate. A group of young people were playing some kind of game on the lawn. Wayne stood in the midst of them all in white, Allan Cotwold, the son of his old friend Dr. Cotwold, was in the act of placing a crown of white roses on her head.

"Now three cheers for the Queen of Dover!"

The young voices rang out clear on the summer air. The

(Continued on page 95)

JOSEPH PHILLIPS

Publisher of the National Monthly and Canadian Home
President of The Toronto Life Insurance Company
Formerly President of the York County Loan and Savings Company

The World of Print.

Medicine for Bad Temper

(From The Canadian Journal of Medicine and Surgery)

"WITH all due submission to Sir Lauder Brunton (who suggests that fits of bad temper may be controlled by the administration of quieting drugs), the best way to control bad temper, or preferably to prevent the temper from becoming bad in a considerable number of persons, is to prevent or relieve indigestion. Nervous exhaustion, overwork, pain are all well-known causes of outbreaks of temper. These latter causes are often so apparent, and the physical unfitness of the bad-tempered person so suggestive to those in his environment, that rest, good food, a glass of wine, or perhaps an opiate, are given with the happiest results. Explosions of bad temper in an arthritic man often depend on another cause, and call for very different treatment. An arthritic man looks well, feels well, is an active worker, and consumes large quantities of meat; but at certain times, when he is beset with uric acid toxemia, gloom and despondency seize him, or he gives way to unreasoning and uncalled-for bursts of temper, and makes everyone in his immediate neighbourhood uncomfortable. Instead of ordering temper powders for such a man, a physician should advise him to eat little or no meat, drink no wine, beer or liquor, eschew tea and coffee, and take muscular exercise regularly on an empty stomach. The patient may not bless the doctor at first; but, if he sticks to the anti-uric-acid regimen, he will recognize unmistakable signs of the soundness of the advice regarding abstention from certain foods and drinks—a sweeter temper, more complete self-control, even under trying circumstances, greater working power with less fret. His family and friends will recognize the change in the bad-tempered man, but will be loath to ascribe the happy result to the real cause, probably because the doctor's advice would go against the grain, if given to themselves. There are other forms of bad temper, for which moral treatment is necessary."

Auctions in Japan

THEY have a queer way of holding auctions in Japan. The auctioneer puts up the object to be sold and asks for bids. Each bidder then writes his highest price on a bit of paper and deposits it in a box. The box is opened and the object handed over to the one who has offered the most for it.

Our Shop-made Nobility

(From the Literary Digest)

MR. W. GORDON writes in the *Grand Magazine* on "Coronets and Commerce," or noble British houses founded by business men. The facts adduced may be summarised thus:—

Present Title.	Trade Origin.
Baron Ashburton Earl Northbrook Baron Revelstoke Earl Cromer	John Baring, clothmaker.
Duke of Northumberland	Hugh Smithson, haberdasher.
Duke of Leeds	Edward Osborne, merchant's apprentice.
Duke of Bedford	Henry Russell, barge-owner.
Marquis of Northampton	John Spencer, clothworker's apprentice.
Marquis of Ripon	Robinson, tradesman in York.
Marquis of Bath	John o' th' Inne, publican.
Earl of Craven	William Craven, farmer's son.
Earl of Denbigh	Godfrey Fielding, mercer's apprentice.
Earl of Warwick	William Greville, wool stapler.
Earl of Dudley	William Ward, goldsmith's apprentice.
Duke of Marlborough Earl Spencer	John Spencer, grazier.
Earl Carrington	John Smith, draper.
Earl of Radnor	Lawrence de Bonverie, merchant's apprentice.
Lord Mountstephen Lord Strathcona	Shepherd boys.

The Real Czar

(From The World To-Day)

W. T. STEAD, who has twice had a personal interview with the Czar of Russia, writes thus of him:

I have been assured that the emperor was a very stupid, ignorant and even half-witted man, who reads nothing, knows nothing, and spends his life in terror. I have been told that he was a nervous wreck, that his hair had turned gray, and that his face was haggard with wrinkles plowed by care. He has been represented as false, treacherous, cunning and heaven knows what. So the old hag, Rumor, spins her spider web of calumny round the person of the emperor until the Czar, to many of his subjects and the outside world, has completely disappeared and been replaced by a kind of mythical monster who is only saved from being a hobgobin by the consciousness that he is impotent to harm. The people who say these things and the still greater number who believe them will be somewhat rudely surprised when the douma releases Nicholas II from his prison house and restores him to his proper place as the Czar-tribune of a loyal and self-governing people.

There is not a word of truth in the popular legend as to the physical weakness or nervous prostration of the emperor. It was six years since I had seen him. And such six years! But when he greeted me at Peterhof only a few weeks since, he did not seem to have aged a day since I bade him good-bye at Tsarkoe-Selo on the eve of The Hague Conference in 1899. His step was as light, his carriage as erect, his expression as alert. His brow bore no lines of haggard care. I could not see a gray hair on his head. His spirits were as high, his courage as calm and his outlook as cheerful as ever. The last time I had seen him was on the eve of the greatest victory of his reign. I was now meeting him on the morrow of his worst reverse. But the man was exactly the same. He might simply have returned instantly from the door that had been closed six years before to repeat his adieu.

President Roosevelt's Creed

THE President once answered in this wise a man who had expressed admiration for his successful career, writes Henry Beach Needham in McClure's:

"It has always seemed to me that in life there are two ways of achieving success, or, for that matter, of achieving success what is commonly called greatness. One is to do that which can only be done by the man of exceptional and extraordinary abilities. Of course, this means that only one man can do it, and it is a very rare kind of success or of greatness. The other is to do that which many men could do, but which,

as a matter of fact, none of them actually does. This is the ordinary kind of greatness. Nobody but one of the world's rare geniuses could have written the Gettysburg speech, or the second inaugural, or met as Lincoln met the awful crisis of the Civil War. But most of us can do the ordinary things which, however, most of us do not do. Any hardy, healthy man, fond of outdoor life, but not in the least an athlete, could lead the life I have led if he chose—and by choosing I of course mean choosing to exercise the requisite industry, judgment and foresight, none of a very marked type."

Fallieres' Kindliness

(From the London Telegraph)

ONE more story of M. Fallieres',—the new President of France,—ingenious kindliness is told. He was presiding at a banquet at Agen, when a piece of money dropped from his waistcoat pocket on to the floor. His neighbor said, "I think you have let fall a 2f. piece." But he replied, "Let it be; that will be a lucky find for the waiter," and he called the latter, whispering him to look out for a 2f. piece, which he would find somewhere under his seat on the floor. Toward the end of dinner M. Fallieres was seen by his neighbor to be feeling with a preoccupied air in his waistcoat pockets. As he rose he looked round, fancied he was not observed, and gently let a 2f. piece slide down on to the floor. His neighbor, who had noticed the strange proceeding, asked M. Fallieres afterward if he would tell him what it meant. "The fact is," M. Fallieres answered, "that I remembered that I keep only coppers in my left-hand pocket, from which the piece dropped that you supposed was 2f., whereas it must have been only 2 sous. So I took out of my right pocket, in which I keep my silver, another coin, which that time really was a 2f. piece, and dropped it for the waiter to find. I did not want to disappoint the man after telling him you see."

Chinaman's Queue

(From the Buffalo Express.)

A YOUNG Chinese student who has been in Washington for some years explains the cause of the Western impression that the Chinaman who had his queue removed, disgraced himself, his ancestry, and his posterity. He says that Chinamen of rank will, for the most part, become queueless when the Empress Dowager Tsi An dies. She is the one, it seems, who holds out for the queues, while the general opinion of the majority of the upper crust of Chinese is that the queue should go. It is not expected, said the student, that the Empress Dowager will live many more years, so that young Chinese students coming to the United States for their educations can now afford to take a chance and have their queues cut off upon their arrival in this country. When, some years from now, these queueless Chinamen return to their native land—said the student, naively—there will probably be no Empress Dowager, so it'll be all right.

Anti-Seasick Chairs

(From Toronto Mail and Empire)

THE Hamburg-American Steamship Company announces the installation of a new chair to prevent seasickness, says the Paris Herald.

The apparatus is very simple, and consists only of a small electric motor, which keeps the seats of specially-made chairs in constant motion.

Passengers who are liable to seasickness take their places on the chairs, and experience a similar feeling to that of driving in a motor car.

It is claimed for the chair that the up and down vibratory movement renders the pitching, heaving, and rolling of a vessel less perceptible, as the lengthy downward motions of the ship become neutralized by the rapid succession of vibrations imparted by the chair.

Benefits of Physical Culture.

(Marie Spitzener in the New York World)

ANY young woman who tries can very easily become as perfect in health and figure as I am. It is a simple matter of following common sense rules of daily exercise. There is no secret whatever about being able to rid yourself of many ailments in which the lungs and digestive organs play an important part, and to be utterly free from headaches, languor, dyspepsia and a hundred other minor ills to which women are subject.

Who, to look at me now, would believe that three years ago I was slowly dying of consumption? One doctor after another treated me and at last they learnedly agreed that there was no hope. I had wasted away until I weighed only eighty-seven pounds, and each day I grew weaker. Nothing, it seemed, could save me. Then it was that my brother, Max, startled mother and me and all of us by saying that if the doctors could not save me he would, as a last resort, try another kind of cure. He would try athletics.

You may guess that he had hard work to persuade my mother to consent. Everyone said how cruel it was to subject a dying girl to such treatment.

"All right," said Max. "She's my sister anyway. Athletics worked poison out of my system. I'll take a chance on results."

The next day he took me to the gymnasium and I began. The first exercise was teaching me how to breathe. My experienc teaches me that half the lung trouble and cartarrh arise not only from foul air, but want of knowledge how to breathe properly—the breathing from the lower nose instead of from the upper nasal passages. The one way to breathe is to act as though you were snoring.

This inflates the lungs. Thus my brother taught me how to breathe from the lungs for ten minutes every day—long, deep breaths expanding the chest and lungs, forcing the lungs to do extra work until all the poison had been worked out of them.

Then I began to put on strength and flesh and eat a little better than I had done in years.

It was not until I was able to work for many minutes without the slightest effort that my brother began the calisthenic exercises. My first work was the free body movement—working hands and arms at full length over the head, side to side and forward and backward, giving every muscles full play. Thus I gradually arrived at the exercises with dumbbells of from one pound to two pounds in weight, with the same movements.

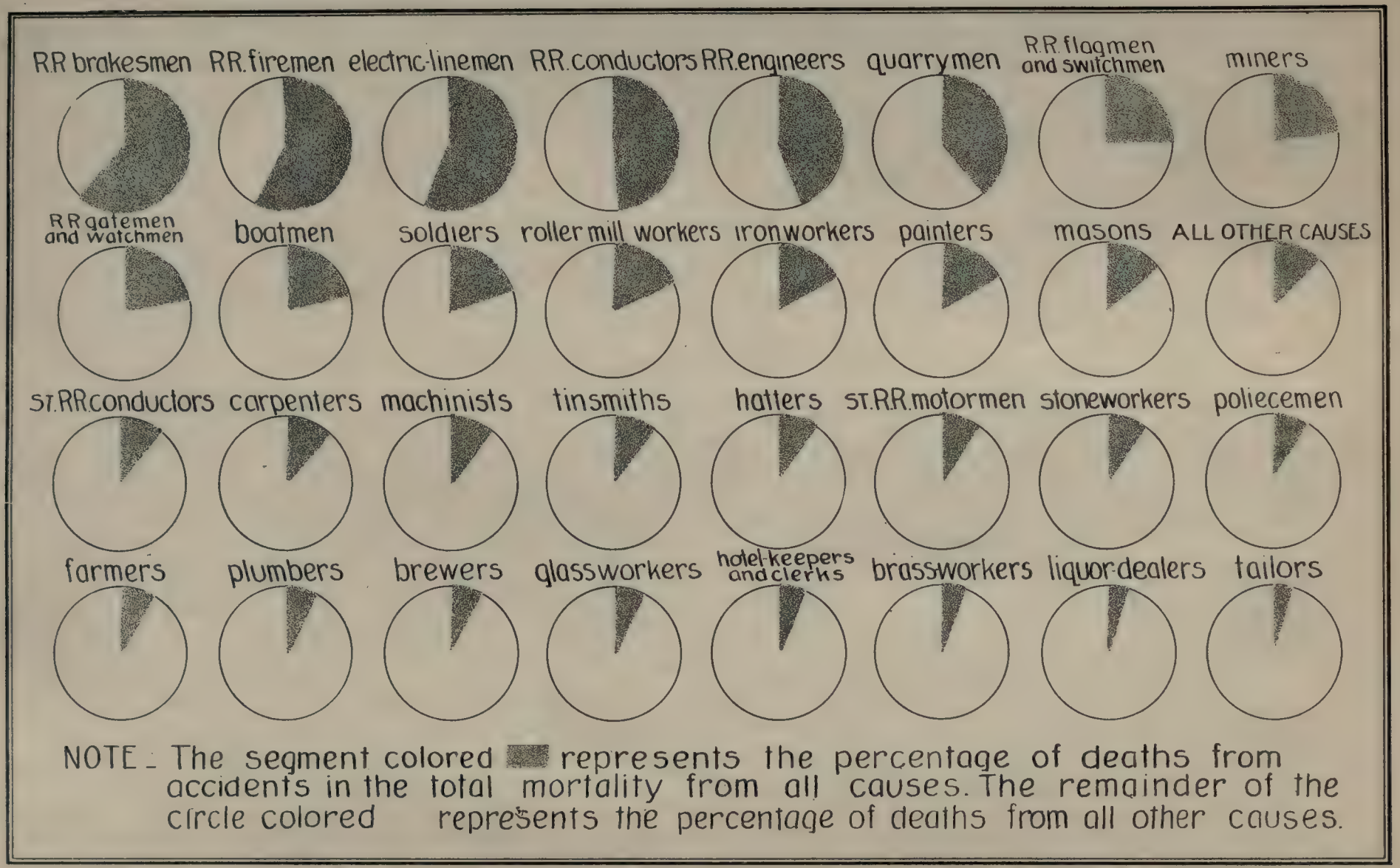
You know, of course, that the creed of physical culture is abstinence from all flesh food, and adherence to certain set rules of diet. For instance, I eat no breakfast, but instead take a long walk of three or four miles. For luncheon a salad sandwich with graham bread and a glass of milk.

For supper I take grapes, nuts, figs, and other fruits and cereal coffee. Now, while this form of diet suits my case it might not be suitable for all other women, and for those who do not care to adopt the diet I would recommend light meats, such as fowl or fish, with vegetables. Never under any circumstances should beef or mutton be eaten by a woman who seeks perfect physical condition.

What I have accomplished is open to all other women. Almost any sister or wife may gain perfect health by devoting just a few minutes in the morning to the kind of exercise indicated here.

Occupation and Mortality.

ACCIDENTS



NOTE - The segment colored ▬ represents the percentage of deaths from accidents in the total mortality from all causes. The remainder of the circle colored represents the percentage of deaths from all other causes.

The above Chart is taken from the splendid Exhibit of The Prudential Insurance Company of America at the World's Fair.

Insurance and Finance

No Cut in Premiums

SINCE the recent investigation into Insurance Companies in the States, it has been thought by some, that the result would be cheaper insurance. However this does not seem to be the opinion of the big managers throughout the country. Mr. Morton, president of the Equitable talks very frankly on the subject.

"We are certain" he says, "to increase dividends in time, thereby decreasing the cost of insurance. I have not yet been able to discover that premiums are higher than they ought to be. Premiums are about the same in all companies, and in all countries. In Germany, France and Great Britain policyholders are obliged to pay a trifle more than Americans pay, and the charges for insurance everywhere are based upon long experience and actuarial calculations. Premiums could not be changed without disturbing all insurance. The cost will be reduced indirectly by increased dividends. The policy-holder will receive a portion of his money in the form of dividends. Dividends have not been realized as promised because the rate of interest has gone down from 6 and 7 per cent. to less than 4, and subsequently the returns from investments have been much less than was anticipated. In addition to this there has been extravagance in management. Nevertheless, insurance is cheaper at the same price to-day than it was twenty years ago, because there have been a great many modifications in the policy that you buy. A policy now has a surrender value after three years; formerly if you surrendered it you lost all you had paid in. You have more privileges in travelling in tropical countries, etc. Under a good many policies you have the right to borrow money at 5 per cent. etc. In other words, while there has been no great concession in the cash premiums, the policy-holder is getting more options for his money."

The Mutual Life people take the same position. They say that there will be no reduction in premiums, except indirectly in the way of an increase of dividends, which they confidently expect will be considerable, because of economies and reforms that have been introduced by the new management. Nor do they consider it either advisable or practicable to curtail the compensation of agents, because the most of them have to work hard to make a living on the commissions paid at present. Cutting down commissions by deferring the payment of a part of them to future years is not a real reduction, they say, but may occur in some companies.

"The recent investigation has shown that although 35 or 40 per cent. of the first year's premiums on premiums on policies go to general and local agents, the average of all premiums paid to agents is not more than 15 per cent. and that is considered only fair compensation. One of the ablest insurance men in this city, in discussing the question of expense in securing new business, said:

"The growth of American life insurance and the corresponding spread of its benefits is directly due to the energy and persistence of local agents. And, in the consideration of this subject, we must admit that the laborer is always worthy of his hire, and that in the insurance ance business he is doing good work for the community as well as for himself and the company he represents."

The rates now charged by American companies are a trifle lower than those of the French and German companies. The average premium on an ordinary life policy issued at the age of 35 in the United States is $28.11 per $1,000. The same policy in an English company would cost 2 cents a year less, or $28.09. In Germany the annual rate would be $28.62 and in France $30.70 per $1,000.

The following table will show the ordinary life rates on a participating policy for $1,000 per year in standard English, French, German, American and Canadian companies:

	English.	French.	German.	American.	Canadian.
Age 25	$21.75	$23.50	$21.82	$21.49	$21.30
Age 35	28.09	30.70	28.62	28.11	27.95
Age 45	38.13	42.60	40.21	39.55	38.85

The English rates are the average of sixty-nine companies. The French rates are those adopted by the Compagnie d'Assurance Generales, a representative company. The German rates are the average of thirty-nine companies.

On a nonparticipating policy for $1,000 the comparative rates are as follows:

	English.	French.	American.	Canadian.
Age 25	$18.17	$21.20	$17.37	$16.75
Age 35	23.75	27.60	22.90	22.85
Age 45	33.13	38.40	32.60	32.85

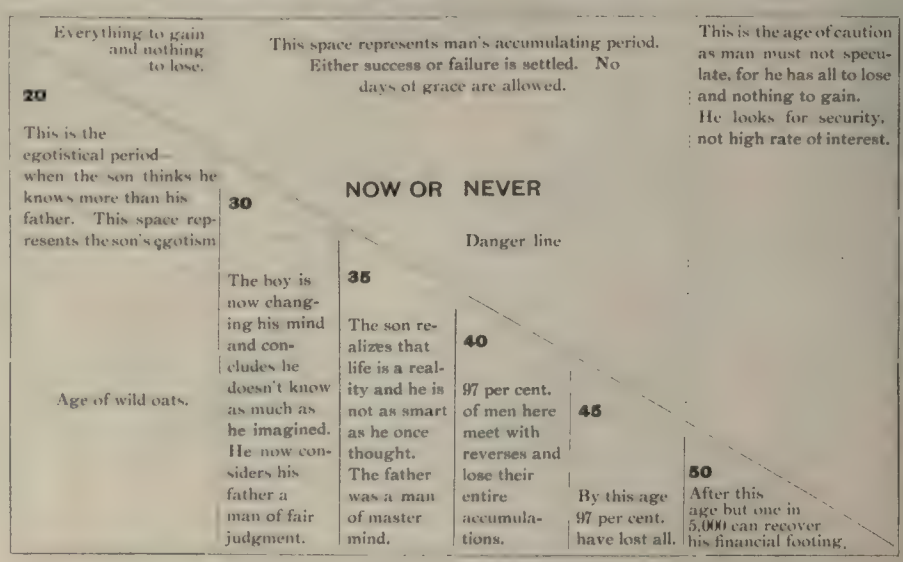
The English rates are average of sixty-one companies. The French rates are those of the Compagnie d'Assurance Generales. The Jahrbuch for 1905 says twenty German companies write business on the nonparticipating plan, but does not give their rates.

A Striking Card.

(From the Independent.)

A WELL known Boston insurance broker recently issued an advertising card bearing a diagram which is herewith reproduced and which is well calculated to inspire serious thought on the part of the average man. The data appearing upon this card is an eloquent if silent appeal in favor of the frugality signified by certain forms of endowment insurance. The habit of saving, once formed by means of an insurance policy or otherwise, cannot fail of being exceedingly valuable to every young man.

Diagram Showing that the Habit of Saving Must be Formed and Exercised Early in Life.


Everything to gain and nothing to lose.
This space represents man's accumulating period. Either success or failure is settled. No days of grace are allowed.
This is the age of caution as man must not speculate, for he has all to lose and nothing to gain. He looks for security, not high rate of interest.
20
This is the egotistical period—when the son thinks he knows more than his father. This space represents the son's egotism
30
NOW OR NEVER
Danger line
35
The boy is now changing his mind and concludes he doesn't know as much as he imagined. He now considers his father a man of fair judgment.
The son realizes that life is a reality and he is not as smart as he once thought. The father was a man of master mind.
40
97 per cent. of men here meet with reverses and lose their entire accumulations.
Age of wild oats.
45
By this age 97 per cent. have lost all.
50
After this age but one in 5,000 can recover his financial footing.
At sixty, 95 per cent. of men are dependent upon their daily earnings or their children for support.
60

If you do not securely lay up during the harvest, the drouth of old age will catch you without provender at sixty. *By Henry J. Fischer, Cleveland, O.*

Toronto Life Insurance Company

Death Claims Paid

by

THE TORONTO LIFE INSURANCE CO.

To December 31st., 1905

Name	Address	Amount of prem. paid to the Co.	Amt. of Ins. paid by Co.
Lloyd, F. R.,	350 Frederick St., Brandon, Man.	$ 3.10	$ 75.00
Baker, M. J.,	Maria St., Belleville St.	6.40	30.00
Connell, Margt.,	Cedar St,, Collingwood	9.70	500.00
Theoret, Victor,	129 Bay St., Hamilton	28.60	500.00
Vollett, Walter,	129 Canada St., Hamilton	14.56	250.00
Hogg, C. T.,	36 Fullerton St., Hamilton	2.20	15.00
McCabe, S. J.,	91 Locomotive St., Hamilton	77.16	500.00
Asprey, Thos.,	101 Kemp Rd., Halifax, N.S.	19.46	500.00
Kirby, L. J.,	59 Gottingen St., "	166.40	1,000.00
Bartlett, Geo.,	483 Burgess St., Montreal	14.04	250.00
McGrath, Mary,	476 Seigneurs St., "	24.80	500.00
McCrudden, M.,	25 Mentana St., "	50.90	1,000.00
Mayo, Maggie,	3 Dufresne St., "	69.20	1,000.00
Spouage, C. F.,	348 Coleraine St., "	6.60	24.00
Cleminson, Maggie,	Main St., North Bay	109.52	500.00
Murphy, J. E.,	259 Bay St., Owen Sound	3.20	25.00
Coghlin, Lizzie,	150 Cooper St., Ottawa	96.50	1,000.00
Dansey, A.,	238 Murray St., "	30	16.00
Emerson, Abigail,	Concessive St., Peterboro	27.56	500.00
Farrel, Daniel,	83 Chatham St., Montreal, P.Q.	90.71	1,000.00
Ruelle, Asterie,	Rossland, B.C.	152.92	1,000.00
Walton, H. J.,	231 Ontario St., Toronto	20	13.00
Neilson, M. A.,	235 Simcoe St., "	50.56	500.00
Petry, R. G.,	58 Jones St., "	1.60	20.00
Watts, A. B.,	897 Queen St. E., "	26.00	500.00
Hancock, M.,	55 Widmer St., "	3.40	25.00
Florence, V. P.,	13 Florence St., "	52.18	500.00
Badgley, Robt.,	65 University Av. "	1.95	13.50
Blackstone, Veronica,	98 St. David St., Toronto	2.50	17.00
Harlard, T. A.,	Dundas St., Trenton	47.05	500.00
Byce, H.,	291 Lulu St., Winnipeg	33.34	250.00

Acknowledgments.

Sarnia, Ont., Jan., 1906

Toronto Life Insurance Company,
243 Roncesvalles Ave.,
Toronto, Ont.

Gentlemen:—

Your collector, Miss K. McKenzie, has just handed me your cheque for seventy-five dollars ($75.00), payable to me as I am beneficiary under my late child's policy in your Company. I am very glad of having this opportunity to thank you for the prompt attention you have given this matter and wish your Company every success.

Yours truly,
Cathrien Blundy.

Toronto, Feb. 24th, 1906

Toronto Life Insurance Company,
243 Roncesvalles Ave.
Toronto *Re* Sadie Brack Estate

Dear Sirs,—

Your letter of 23rd enclosing cheque for $100 in full of this claim received. I enclose you receipt for same duly signed.

Thanking you for what appears to be a generous and voluntary payment by your Company in order to meet the particular circumstances of this case in a fair and broad minded manner.

I remain,
Yours truly,
J. E. Cook

Cornwall, Feb. 1906

The Toronto Life Insurance Co.
243 Roncesvalles Ave.
Toronto, Ont.

Dear Sirs,—

I hereby beg to acknowledge the receipt of your cheque under recent date in full payment of all claims covering my late daughter's policy in your Company. I take this opportunity of thanking you for the prompt manner in which settlement has been effected and can sincerely say that I wish your Company every possible success.

Yours truly,
Philomen Cowhey, Beneficiary

Timothy Cowhey } Witness
V. L. White }

---

83 Agnes St., Toronto,
February, 1906

The Toronto Life Insurance Co.
243 Roncesvalles Ave.
Toronto, Ont.

Gentlemen,—

I take great pleasure in thanking the officials of The Toronto Life Insurance Company for their treatment towards me.

On the 25th day of September, 1903, my son Charlie took out a policy in your Company for $2,000, and his unexpected death occured last December. I have this morning received your cheque, for which I am very thankful, and I can assure you I will recommend the Toronto Life Insurance Company in the highest terms to those seeking life insurance.

Yours respecfully,
Sarah Tugendhaft, Beneficiary.

THIRD ANNUAL STATEMENT

OF THE

Toronto Life Insurance Company

(INCORPORATED)

December 31st, 1905

To the Policyholders and Stockholders:

Your Directors have pleasure in presenting to you their Third Annual Report of the condition and affairs of the Company on the 31st day of December, 1905, and for the year ending on that date.

The Company secured applications for insurance amounting to **$1,683,119** and accepted risks covering **$1,586,619.** The balance, not being up to the physical standard, were either rejected or postponed by our medical department.

The number of contracts and the amount of insurance in force at the end of the year were **7,720** amounting to **$3,492,065** insurance, and the cash premium income received was **$117,028.22,** and on the Company's investments, **$6,441.30,** other receipts being **$78.098.21.**

The death claims paid during the year amounted to **$9,510.50.** The management expenses have been very low, and the gain of income over expenditure was the very creditable amount of **$125,366.28.**

You will observe after the stringent reserve required by the Government of **$196,105.23** has been provided for, the Capital Stock of the Company still remains intact, and the Company's books show a surplus of **$10,439.34** over and above all liabilities.

The Company's assets now amount to **$310,932.12,** and of this amount **$207,882.45** has been invested in real estate, mortgage loans, bonds and debentures, and the average earning power of our dividend bearing securities is about five and a half per cent.

A running monthly audit has been maintained throughout the year, and the auditor's report, revenue account and balance sheet are herewith submitted.

JOSEPH PHILLIPS, President

Income

Cash received for Premiums	$117,028 22
Mortgages discharged	34,780 50
Capital Stock	24,866 58
Premium on Capital Stock	13,719 68
Interest on Investments	6,441 30
Sundries	4,731 45
Total	$201,567 73

Expenditure

Commissions to Agents	$36,822 80
Payments to Policy-holders	9,770 50
Head Office Salaries and Auditors Fees	9,031 20
Printing, Stationery and Advertising	7,113 75
Medical Examiners Fees	5,289 11
License Fees, etc. and Law Costs	3,714 47
Sundries	4,459 62
Balance over Expenditure	125,366 28
Total	$201,567 73

Assets

Mortgage Loans	$80,960 91
Real Estate (purchase price)	63,434 62
Government Deposits	60,536 92
Deferred Premiums	47,832 27
Premiums in Transit	23,408 62
Cash in Bank and on hand	12.746 27
Accrued Interest on Bonds, Debentures and Mortgage Loans	3,285 99
Bonds of Central Canada L. & S. Co.	2,950 00
Head Office Furniture	1,210 64
Other Assets	14,565 88
Total	$310,932 12

Liabilities

Government Reserve for the protection of Policy-holders, Hm. Table, interest at 4½%	$196,105 23
Capital Stock (paid up)	73,216 58
Commissions	14,177 83
Premiums Paid in Advance	11,557 54
Death Claims Reported	3,320 00
Salary Contingent Fund	1,302 55
Medical Examiners Fees	538 05
Sundries	275 00
Surplus over all Liabilities	10,439 34
Total	$310,932 12

We have carefully examined the foregoing financial statement of the income and expenditure, and find them correct. Vouchers have been produced for all expenditure. The above statement of assets and liabilities is a fair and just statement of the Company's business. We have carefully examined all the mortgages, bonds, debentures and evidences of government deposits and other securities, and find them as here represented. We have conducted a running audit during the year, and certify that the books are well and systematically kept.

OSCAR HUDSON, C.A.
THOMAS G. HAND } *Auditors*

JOSEPH PHILLIPS, President

HEAD OFFICES: 243 Roncesvalles, Toronto, Can.

Burning the Brush—*Continued from page 88*

handsome dark eyes of young Cotwold were still lifted slightly toward the face of the young queen. She was just a shade taller than he and her hair shone golden in contrast with the white of the roses and of her long trailing robes.

"A-humph! Allen Cotwold, Edgar's son. Well he's a fine lad clean-living and true. A fine lad. He'll make his mark too as a physician some day."

And the old Doctor smiled to himself and went quietly into the house.

* * *

Then the first parting came. It was decided Wayne should go to college for a year. Dr. Gleeson had decided on Mt. H——the old college on the coast of Maine where his mother had been trained.

"You will probably make up your mind while there as to your vocation. I notice you seem to be hesitating between that of an elocutionist and a trained nurse. You will have to decide soon my child. But think of it carefully and think of it prayerfully."

"One thing only may I ask more?" Wayne had said the night before she left home. "May I know—may I know my story—who I am?"

There was a long moment of silence.

"No, Wayne, not to-night, not this year. Go to College first. There will be time when you come home."

And the old man sighed and looked older.

Chapter VI.

ANOTHER year has passed.

A crowded hall—a burst of band music—a flutter of white gowns. It was commencement night at H—College. A lithe young figure straight and strong as a willow stepped into the foreground to deliver the Valedictory address. She had scarcely uttered a dozen words when you recognized Wayne Woodward. Two years at H—had finished the work begun in the dear little old minister's home on the hillside. She stood before you now the "rose of a hundred leaves."

"There's talent there," said a gentleman in the audience, "That girl should be on the stage."

"Going to train for a nurse they tell me. It's a pity. Gifts thrown away. Girls seem to have a craze for being nurses now-a-days."

Some one in front whispered "hush!" and the two settled into the quiet that pervaded the rest of the hall.

So ho! my lady fair you have audiences like this admiring you now. Gray-haired professors, ladies that look like fashion-plates, men with broad brows and intellectual eyes sit and admire you. But ah Matches! Matches! We know you still. You used to "speak pieces" for the saw-mill men while you stood on the logs in the mill-yard. Old Jerry Purkiss used to shake his head and say "That's fine! That's fine!" You dress your hair low now in rich auburn puffs on your beautiful neck. It used to float wild in the breeze. Matches! Matches! Do you remember yet, my elegant lady standing there in your long white gloves with the roses on your breast? Ah yes you have not the face of the woman who forgets. Besides it was there with the sun on the hills, and the odor of the pines and the violets and the simple homely faces—it was there you got some of the power that makes these people hold their breath and listen to you to-night.

Suddenly a bright spot reddened like a sting on the cheek of the valedictorian. Only the teacher who had trained her noticed it. What was it? Was she going to give out now in the great hour after all her successes. But no! She was going grandly on—stronger—stronger—with a strength as though she wrestled and the issue meant life or death. Only her teacher, only one in all that crowd had noticed that her breath was almost lost for a moment—that she was close to a breakdown. None in all the room could have told why.

Down in the heart of the audience the girl had seen a pair of dark sad eyes fixed upon her. The eyes, the snowy hair, and the touches of youth still on the face—there was no mistaking it. She had seen that face in the Crystal Cafe in Detroit. It was the woman who had been hurt in the automobile accident. Would she recognize her? Would she tell everyone "this girl was once a waitress in a Cafe?" For Wayne had kept silence concerning that part of her history, just as Dr. Gleeson had advised her to do at Dover. Was she wrong in doing so? Was it all to be made known now in the last days? Ah well, if so, so let it be. She would leave all in the hands of Him who planned all things little and great.

THAT night when the congratulations were over, when the music had ceased and the lights were out and the college halls were still at last, Wayne drew the wilted roses from her hair and laid away the white robe. She had lived happy days here. She had been beloved and successful. She was far too excited to sleep. To-morrow she would start for home. And now life was beginning in earnest. Her application to a hospital had been accepted. She was to begin her course in a couple of months.

NEXT day the train was puffing through the hills of New England toward the Canadian line. The last "Rah! Rah! Rah!" of the college boys had died away. Wayne was last of the X— students left on the train. The sun was dropping behind the hills. The train-lamps just lighted shone like little ghosts in the day-light. There was a movement in the seat beside Wayne—a rustle of skirts.

She looked up and the beautiful dark-eyed lady was seating herself beside her. She had not known before that she was on the train. A sudden something akin to fear stole over the girl. Who was this woman that came stealing out of the past upon her like a visitant from another world? Yet fearing she was fascinated by her pursuer.

They talked of commonplaces for a while. The dark-eyed stranger had once been an X girl too. Wayne thawed out; still she was uneasy. It was something in the woman's eyes not her words.

Then with a suddenness she could not understand Wayne began to blurt it all out. Her cheeks flushed. She sat very erect and her voice had a ring of challenge in it.

"You live in Detroit I think," she said.

"Yes."

"You are Mrs. Gresholm, wife of Dr. Gresholm on the Boulevard.',

"Yes."

Now what was in the beautiful smiling eyes of the elder woman that drew her on?

"Yes," she repeated.

"You were injured. Your automobile was hit by a street-car in front of the Crystal Cafe. It is six or seven years ago."

"Yes."

"Well—I—I was the young waitress in the white apron. You remember her and you have been wondering ever since you saw me on the platform last night if I were the same girl."

"No you are wrong, my child. I have not been wondering if you were the same. I knew you were."

There was a moment's silence, each looking into the other's eyes.

(Continued in May Issue.)

Latest New York Styles

Patterns of ANY design shown in our Fashion Department will be sent to any address in Canada, upon receipt of 10 cents for each pattern. In ordering patterns, send name and address, and tell the number of the pattern required, giving bust measure of waists and coats, and waist measure of skirts for adults, or age for children.

In sending for patterns it is advisable to order them a week in advance of the time when they will be required, as it takes that length of time before an order can be completed. Remittances may be sent in stamps or coin.

Address :—Pattern Department, THE NATIONAL MONTHLY AND CANADIAN HOME, 241 Roncesvalles Ave., Toronto.

Fancy Blouse Waist

5279

The fancy blouse is one that is in constant and certain demand and this one is among the most charming and most attractive that yet have been seen. In the illustration it is made of crepe de Chine in one of the lovely peach shades and is combined with cream colored lace and applique while the belt is of chiffon velvet in the same color as the crepe. The elbow sleeves will continue all their vogue throughout the spring and summer and always are pretty when becoming, but the model includes long ones also, so there is a choice allowed. Again, when liked, the fulness at the shoulders can be arranged in gathers in place of plaits. The quantity of material required for the medium size is 3 1-4 yard 21, 3 yards 27 or 1 3-4 yards 44 inches wide with 7-8 yard 21 inches wide for belt, 3-4 yard of all-over lace and 4 yards of lace for frills, or 1 1-8 yards of all-over lace when long sleeves are used.

Girl's Sailor Suit

5296

Nothing takes the place of the sailor suit for girls of fourteen and under. It is always becoming, always attractive, always useful and should be included in every wardrobe. This one is made of blue serge with a shield of white and trimming of blue braid but will be found an excellent model for linen, chambray and material of the warm weather as well as for the wool materials of the immediate present. The little blouse is made in the regulation style with the applied yoke at front and back and with the sailor collar that is so generally becoming to youthful figures. The skirt is box plaited and generously full. The quantity of material required for the medium size (12 years) is 7 1-2 yards 27, 6 1-2 yards 36 or 4 1-2 yards 44 inches wide with 5-8 yard any width for the shield, 1-2 yard any width for the tie and 6 yards of braid to trim as illustrated.

Round Yoke Waist

5298

There is a certain charm about a bertha waist that renders it eminently attaactive and always to be desired. This one is absolutely simple at the same time that it makes a most graceful effect and would be charming in any one of the light weight, or "chiffon," materials that are so fashionable. As shown it is made of white crepe de Chine combined with German Valenciennes lace but among the silks are a great many fabrics. The quantity of material required for the medium size is 4 1-2 yards 21, 3 1-2 yards 27 or 2 1-8 yards 44 inches wide with 1 1-8 yards of all-over lace and 3 yards of insertion to make as illustrated.

Girls' Dress
Waist 5275—12 to 16 years
Skirt 5009—12 to 16 years

Muslin Gown
Waist 5292—32 to 40 bust
Skirt 5293—22 to 30 waist

Afternoon Dress
Waist 5297—32 to 40 bust
Skirt 5021—22 to 30 waist

Summer Silk
Waist 5298—32 to 40 bust
Skirt 5293—22 to 30 waist

Eton Suit

COAT 5074 SKIRT 5255

The fashionable costume, both for the between-seasons time and for the spring, will be made with a short coat, and the Eton in all its variations takes first rank. The model illustrated is shown in chiffon broadcloth with trimming of handsome banding and buttons and is charmingly graceful. The little coat is one of the prettiest and can be made with either three quarter or full length sleeves and without the vest, as illustrated, or with one of velvet or other contrasting material as may be liked. There is a fitted girdle at the waist which extends slightly over the skirt, forming a point at the front. The skirt is one of the best liked of the circular sort, made with a front gore that is laid in plaits that turn toward the centre, the fulness of which is laid in double inverted plaits at the back. It can be cut in round or in walking length as preferred. For the Eton will be required 4 1-2 yards of material 27 or 2 7-8 yards 44 inches wide; for the skirt 7 yards 27 or 4 1-2 yards 44 inches wide.

Spring Suit

JACKET 5104 SKIRT 5255

The costume that is made with just such a simple little Eton as this one is a favorite for the incoming spring and is just as charming, graceful and chic as can be. As illustrated the material is voile, in one of the lovely greens that are so well liked this season, trimmed with handsome braid of the same color; but every seasonable material is appropriate, the design being an admirable one for the little checks and stripes as well as for the plain wool fabrics and also for the linen and silk suitings which will be in demand with the coming of still warmer weather. Wide braid makes one of the most effective of all trimmings and is always simple and easy, but the narrow soutache sort, applied in some pretty design, is also in vogue. The Eton allows a choice of the loose sleeves or those that are gathered into roll-over cuffs, and is simplicity itself, finished with a little flat collar. The skirt is cut in three pieces, the front gore being laid in plaits that turn toward one another, and the fulness at the back in double inverted plaits that give a similar effect. For a woman of medium size will be required, for the Eton 2 1-2 yards of material 27 or 1 3-8 yards 44 inches wide; for the skirt 7 yards 27 or 4 1-2 yards 44 or 52 inches wide.

Fancy Blouse Waist

5291

Such an attractive blouse as this one is sure to be in demand. It is exceedingly simple and involves the minimum of labor in the making. In the illustration it is made of chiffon velvet with trimming of heavy lace and is cut low at the neck, designed for evening wear, but with

5291 Fancy Blouse Waist, 32 to 40 bust.

Street Costume
Jacket 5294—32 to 40 bust
Skirt 5090—22 to 30 waist

Eton Suit
Coat 5074—32 to 40 bust
Skirt 5255—22 to 30 waist

Spring Suit
Jacket 5104—32 to 40 bust
Skirt 5255—22 to 30 waist

"Pony" Suit
Jacket 5287—32 to 40 bust
Skirt 5255—22 to 30 waist

5285 Fancy Blouse Waist, 32 to 40 bust.

only the addition of yoke and cuffs it becomes adapted to afternoons and other simple occasions, while it is appropriate for almost all the pretty soft and crushable materials in vogue. Crepe de Chine and some of the newer weaves of silk, such as clare de lune, radium and the like make exceedingly attractive evening blouses of the sort, while for daytime wear the chiffon voiles, eoliennes and the like are equally desirable. When made with high neck and long sleeves the yoke and cuffs can be of lace or of any contrasting material that may be preferred. The quantity of material required for the medium size is 3 yards 21, 2 1-2 yards 27 or 1 5-8 yards 44 inches wide with 7-8 yard, 21 inches wide for the belt, 1 1-8 yards of all-over lace when low neck and short sleeves are used, 1 1-2 yards when high neck and long sleeves are used.

Street Costume

COAT 5294 SKIRT 5090

Gray unquestionably takes the lead of all colors for the incoming season and is shown in most fascinating shades and combinations Illustrated is a costume that is appropriate for broadcloth, for the pretty mixed suitings and, indeed, for all seasonable fabrics but which as illustrated is made of Panama cloth with trimming of lace and velvet. The little jacket is one of the jauntiest that yet have appeared with a vest that allows of various combinations and treatments of many sorts. The stole effect is eminently becoming and the little revers give an exceedingly smart touch. When liked the sleeves can be made to the wrists, although the elbow length is by far the more fashionable for all dressy occasions. The skirt is circular and can be made either with or without the seam at the centre front. For a woman of medium size will be required, for the Eton 3 3-4 yards of material 21, 3 yards 27 or 1 3-4 yards 44 inches wide with 5-8 yard of velve for collar and cuffs, 3-4 yard 21 inches wide for the vest and 1-4 yard of all-over lace for

5279 Fancy Blouse Waist, 32 to 40 bust.

the revers; for the skirt 5 1-2 yards 27 or 4 1-4 yards 44 inches wide.

"Pony" Suit

JACKET 5287 SKIRT 5255

The jaunty little coat known as the "pony" jacket is an unquestioned favorite both for the late winter and for the coming spring, and is as chic and charming as well can be. In the illustration the material is amethyst colored broadcloth trimmed with handsome banding and the coat is combined with one of the favorite skirts. This is made with circular side and back portions and a front gore, then laid in double inverted plaits, the fulness at the back being similarly treated. Broadcloth makes one of the most fashionable materials

5286 Blouse or Shirt Waist, 32 to 42 bust.

5298 Round Yoke Waist, 32 to 40 bust.

for handsome suits and the amethyst is a favorite color, but there are a great many spring suitings which can be utilized for the design and it also will be found an admirable one for the warm weather when linen, pongee and the like will be exceedingly fashionable so made. Material required for the medium size is, for the coat 3 3-4 yards 27, 2 3-8 yards 44 or 2 yards 52 inches wide; for the skirt 7 yards 27, 4 1-2 yards either 44 or 52 inches wide.

Fancy Blouse Waist

5285

The fancy blouse waist will be the prevailing one for the dressier costumes of the coming season and is to be noted with sleeves of varying length. This one is charming in the extreme, has the merit of closing invisibly at the left of the front, and allows a choice of the elbow sleeves or those that extend to the wrists. In the illustration it is made of Nile green Chefoo pongee with ecru lace and bits of velvet as trimming but it is appropriate for all the seasonable materials. The quantity of material required for the medium size is 3 1-2 yards 21, 3 1-4 yards 27 or 1 7-8 yards 44 inches wide with 1 1-8 yards of all-over lace when short sleeves are used, 1 3-4 yards when long sleeves are used.

Blouse or Shirt Waist

5286

The simple blouse is one that is always in demand. Combined with a skirt of the same material it makes a most satisfactory simple gown for home wear while the separate waist is always needed for a tailored suit. The model illustrated suits both purposes equally well and also is adapted to the wool and silk and cotton and to linen, so that it can be utilized in numberless ways. In the illustra-

5271 Coffee Coat with Ripple Basque, 32 to 40 bust.

tion it is made of the new linen poplin and is trimmed with embroidered banding, the lining being omitted. The sleeves are the very latest, with deep cuffs above which they are moderately full. The quantity of material required for the medium size is 3 3-4 yards 21, 3 1-4 yards 27 or 2 yards 44 inches wide with 4 1-2 yards of banding.

Coffee Coat with Ripple Basque

5271

TO BE MADE WITH ELBOW OR LONG SLEEVES.

The morning jacket that is confined at the waist is one in great demand and has many advantages. It gives a more trim effect to the figure than the looser sort, while it is quite as comfortable, and it is apt to be far more generally becoming. This one includes also one of the big cape collars that are always good in effect and ripple basque portion that extends well over the hips. In the illustration it is made of pale blue cashmere with trimming of ecru lace and banding which is threaded with ribbon. The quantity of material required for the medium size is 4 1-2 yards 27, 3 yards 36 or 2 1-4 yards 44 inches wide with 5 yards of embroidery and 2 yards of insertion.

Empire House Gown

5278

Whatever hesitancy women may feel about Empire styles for gowns of a more formal sort, they meet with ready acceptance for those of home wear. Illustrated is one of the simplest and best models that yet have appeared which can be made available for various times and various uses. When it is made from simple cashmere or challie it becomes adapted to morning wear while if some pretty flowered silk be used it is quite sufficiently dressy for the afternoon tea hour. Again, there can be a high or slightly open neck and elbow or long sleeves, so that almost every possible requirement is provided for. In the illustration a prettily figured challie is trimmed with banding and is held at the edge of the short waist with soft folds of ribbon, finished with a rosette and long ends. The quantity of material required for the medium size is 9 1-2 yards 21, 8 1-2 yards 36 or 6 1-2 yards 44 inches wide.

Six Gored Skirt

5299

The skirts of the season make an interesting study and are graceful, attractive and charming in the extreme. This one gives long slender and becoming lines to the figure while at the same time it is abundantly full. In the illustration it is made of dotted eolienne, pale green in color, simply stitched with sewing silk, but it will be found desirable for every light weight material, those of the immediate present and also those of the coming warmer weather. The tucks give it sufficient weight

5278 Empire House Gown, 32 to 40 bust.

to render it desirable for the thinnest and lightest possible stuffs while they also make effective trimming. The quantity of material required for the medium size is 17 1-2 yards 21 or 27 or 8 yards 41 inches wide, if material has figure or nap; 11 yards 21, 8 yards 27 or 5 1-2 yards 44 inches wide if it has not.

Afternoon Dress

WAIST 5297 SKIRT 5021

Nothing makes more attractive gowns than the rough woven pongees that are to be so exceedingly fashionable during the spring and summer. This one is pale blue in color, the yoke of the waist being made of tucked white mousseline inset with lace medallions, while the trimming is of lace banding, the color combination being an exceedingly attractive and dainty one. The model, however, is one of those desirable and adaptable ones that can be utilized for a great variety of materials and trimmed in various ways. When made from lingerie material the lining would be omitted, but in the case of silk or wool it is better that a foundation of some light weight material be used. The skirt is made with deep kilted flounce, which is joined to a deeply fitted yoke and allows of all the grace and freedom of the full plaits without increased size. For a woman of medium size will be required, for the waist 3 yards of material 21, 2 1-2 yards 27 or 2 yards 44 inches wide with 3-4 yard of tucking for the yoke, 1 1-8 yards of all-over lace if the deep cuffs are to be added, making the sleeves full length; for the skirt 10 1-2 yards 21, 9 1-2 yards 27 or 5 1-2 yards 44 inches wide.

Muslin Gown

WAIST 5292 SKIRT 5293

Notwithstanding the fact that the winter has been an exceptionally mild one, the trains that start southward each day bear evidence to the fact that the exodus is a very general one. Illustrated is a charming costume that is suited to present needs in Florida, California and other resorts and which will be correct throughout the summer season at home. As shown the material is one of the lovely new flowered tissues combined with yoke of white tucking and trimming of Valenciennes lace, but the model is suited to all lingerie materials, to the many soft and pretty silks and such simple wools as voile, batiste and the like. The blouse is made with a deeply pointed yoke, while the skirt is tucked in groups, each alternate group extending over the hips only. For a woman of medium size will be required, for the waist 2 3-4 yards of material 27 or 1 3-4 yards 44 inches wide, with 1 1-2 yards of tucking for the yoke and cuffs; for the skirt (without folds) 10 yards 27 or 5 1-4 yards 44 inches wide.

Summer Silk

WAIST 5298 SKIRT5293

There is something essentially charming and attractive about the radium silk that is so fashionable this season. It is soft and pliable in the extreme and lends itself to frills, tucks

5299 Six Gored Skirt, 22 to 30 waist.

Buy Suburban Real Estate Wisely.

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and shirrings with perfect succes. In the illustration the color is the gray, that makes such a notable favorite, with little dots of the same color, combined with yoke and trimming of cream colored lace. The yoke is lined with chiffon only and the gown is altogether dainty and charming in the extreme. The model is eminently simple, the waist being made with a bertha frill and allowing a choice of elbow or full length sleeves while it is tucked at the waist line to give a girdle effect. The skirt is seven gored and laid in tucks, each alternate group of which extends over the hips only while the intervening ones are of greater depth. In this instance the trimming is gathered frills of the material but applied folds or bandings of any sort, or, indeed, any trimming which might be preferred is equally appropriate. The skirt is quite plain at the lower edge, so allowing of treatment of almost any sort. In addition to the radium, the various pongees and other soft silks are to be commended and also chiffon voile and the still simpler cotton and linen fabrics, which are so numerous and so exceptionally lovely this year. For a woman of medium size will be required, for the waist 4 1-4 yards of material 21, 3 1-2 yards 27 or 2 1-8 yards 44 inches wide with 3-4 yard of all-over lace; for the skirt 10 yards 27 or 5 1-4 yards 44 inches wide.

6396 Girl's Sailor Suit
8 to 14 years.

Girl's Dress

WAIST 5275 SKIRT 5099

Pongee makes one of the best and most desirable of all materials for the dressier frocks for young girls' wear. It is more youthful than silk, a little more elaborate than wool and altogether desirable, and, as it is shown in a long list of colors, is becoming to each and to all. In the illustration, however, it is of the natural undyed sort, which is so lovely in tone and is combined with cream colored lace. The blouse is soft and full, made with a yoke that is extended to form a narrow insertion at the front and with the fashionable elbow sleeves and when liked can be cut out in the outline of the round yoke, so becoming decollete and suited to evening wear. The skirt consists of straight upper portion and straight flounce, which are joined beneath the lowest tuck. In addition to the pongee, veiling, cashmere and all similar light weight wools are appropriate as well as China and messaline and other simple, girlish silks. For a girl of fourteen will be required, for the waist 3 yards of material 21, 2 5-8 yards 27 or 1 3-4 yards 44 inches wide; for the skirt 6 yards 21, 5 1-2 yards 27 or 3 3-8 yards 44 inches wide.

WESTON'S WHOLE WHEAT WAFERS

A Biscuit made only of the finest No. 1 Wheat
Especially adapted for family use.

AN EVERY DAY BISCUIT

Price, 15c. per lb., or 10c. per package.
Sold at all Grocers.

Immigration from the States

AN increasing number of inquiries from Americans regarding the possibility of securing agricultural lands in northern Ontario are reaching the Immigration Department. The President of a Montana bank has written, saying that he would like to buy, for cash, 20,000 acres of land in the great clay belt, with a view to establishing a colony. Letters from farmers in Oklahoma give evidence of a number who are anxious to settle in New Ontario.

Shorthand Made Easy.

CLARKE'S ECLECTIC SHORTHAND COLLEGE.—Four years ago a new and unique school was established in Toronto, presided over by shorthand specialists of years of experience in Commercial, Newspaper and Court Reporting. In this college the essentials of shorthand are taught in a practical manner, and young people are thoroughly and quickly qualified for the highest salaried positions available. Each pupil receives strictly individual instruction, and is not placed in a class, but is allowed to go forward just as fast as thorough work is done. The teachers are practical shorthand writers—not mere theorists—and teach from their own experience. The pupils are trained in all branches of shorthand work. The graduates of this school occupy the best positions available and receive the highest salaries paid for this class of work. Young people desirous of taking up shorthand will do well to call on and get particulars for a course of instruction at this college, cor. of Church and Carlton Streets, Toronto. Both day and evening sessions are held.

MENU FOR ONE WEEK IN APRIL

SUNDAY

BREAKFAST
Oranges
Force, Chopped Dates, Cream
Cheese Omelet, Corn Meal Muffins
Coffee

DINNER
Clear Soup, Croutons
Brazed Beef, Carrots, Baked Potatoes
Lettuce Salad Parkerhouse Rolls
Jellied Fruit
Cafe Noir

SUPPER
Baked Custard Nut Sandwiches
Angel Cake, Cocoa

MONDAY

BREAKFAST
Apples
Shredded Wheat Milk
Bacon and Eggs
Toast Coffee

LUNCHEON
Cream of Potato Soup
Cold sliced Beef Chili Sauce
Potato Balls
Rhubarb and Raisin Pie
Tea

DINNER
Cream of Asparagus Soup
Broiled Steak Creamed Potatoes
Lettuce Salad
Pine Apple Fritters

TUESDAY

BREAKFAST
Oatmeal Cream
Hamburg Steak Gravy
Raspberries Toast
Coffee

LUNCHEON
Pea Puree
Nutted Apples Cream
Rolls Cocoa

DINNER
Bouillon
Lamb Chops Currant Sauce
Mashed Potatoes
Waldorf Salad Chocolate Souffle

WEDNESDAY

BREAKFAST
Life Chips Cream
Herb Omelet
Oranges
Toast Coffee

LUNCHEON
Cream of Asparagus Soup
Banana Fritters Lemon Sauce
Currant Buns Cocoa

DINNER
Vegetable Maigre
Veal Cutlets Egg Sauce
Creamed Potatoes
Garden Cress
Date Pudding Hard Sauce

THURSDAY

BREAKFAST
Rolled Oats
Sliced Apples Cream
Creamy Eggs Raspberries
Toast Coffee

LUNCHEON
Meat Pie
Brown Betty Plain Sauce
Cocoa

DINNER
Cream of Spinach Soup
Pork Beans Apple Sauce
Lettuce Salad
Macedonne of Fruit

FRIDAY

BREAKFAST
Apples
Malta-Vita Milk
Eggs a la Creme
Bananas Cream Toast
Coffee

LUNCHEON
Curried Salmon on Toast
Tea Biscuits Cottage Cheese
Lemon Fanchonettes

DINNER
Bean Puree
Brook Trout Mashed Potatoes
Creamed Spinach
Radishes Olives
Charlotte Russe

SATURDAY

BREAKFAST
Shredded Wheat
Poached Egg Cream Sauce
Stewed Dates Cream Toast
Coffee

LUNCHEON
Lambe and Rice Pilan
Croustade of Fruit
Cocoa

DINNER
Clear Soup
Roast Beef Brown Gravy
Mashed Potatoes
Escalloped Tomatoes Lettuce Salad
Ice Cream in Jelly Cups

Seasonable Recipes

NUTTED APPLES

Pare and core some well shaped apples. Simmer in a syrup until tender, but not broken or too soft; press blanched and split almonds into the apples; sprinkle with powdered sugar. Brown in the oven and serve with whipped cream. The syrup may also be served with these apples, or it may be used in making an apple sauce with some more apples.

CHOCOLATE SOUFFLE

Ingredients—Three ounces of chocolate, three tablespoons of sugar, two tablespoons of flour, two tablespoons of butter (or less), one half cup of milk, three eggs. Method—Melt the butter and add the flour, add milk slowly, remove from the fire, add the beaten yolks, beat, add the melted chocolate, cool, fold in the stiffly beaten whites. This may be steamed in a saucepan for one half hour; do not uncover. Keep at the simmering point.

EGGS A LA CREME.

Put one cup of milk in a saucepan; poach four eggs, or the number desired; blend one tablespoon of flour with two tablespoons of cold water. Stir into the milk after removing the eggs and placing them on a warm platter, add one tablespoon of butter to the milk, bring to the boiling point. Season with salt and pepper, and pour the sauce over the eggs.

BANANA FRITTERS.

Break the bananas into their natural sections, cutting the sections into two inch lengths. Pour lemon juice and sprinkle sugar over the bananas. Make a fritter batter with two eggs, one cup of milk, one and one-half cups of flour, a little salt. Dip the banana sections into the batter and fry in deep fat till a delicate brown. (If the fat is not hot enough the fat will saturate the fritter rendering it indigestible). Drain on brown paper.

PINE APPLE FANCHONETTE.

Beat together three eggs, one-quarter of a teaspoonful of salt, two-thirds of a cup of sugar, one cup of grated pineapple, the juice and grated rind of half a lemon. Turn the mixture into patty-pans lined with plain pastry and baked in a moderate oven. When cold cover with a meringue or whipped cream. This amount is sufficient to fill ten fanchonettes of ordinary size.

ICE CREAM IN JELLY CUPS

Pour the jelly into a mould which has the centre filling, so that the moulded jelly will be cup shaped. Pile ice cream in the cup.

CREAM OF ASPARAGUS SOUP.

Cook the asparagus in water till tender, strain and save the water. To two cups of asparagus water add a white sauce made from four tablespoons of flour, four tablespoons of butter, and two cups of milk; season with salt and pepper. Serve two or three tops in each plate of soup.

CROUSTADE OF FRUIT.

Divide four oranges into sections, remove the connecting skin, mix in some sugar and whipped cream. Cut four bananas into small pieces, sweeten and moisten with lemon juice. Arrange these in alternate sections, making a round mould. Sprinkle over the whole some chopped nuts and serve with whipped cream.

LAMB PILAN.

Arrange a circle or band of plain boiled rice on a warm dish, fill the centre with creamed lamb. Creamed Lamb—Make a white sauce with two cups of milk, four tablespoons each of butter and flour; to the flour add one teaspoon of curry powder, add two cups of chopped and cooked lamb.

APRICOT BAVARIAN CREAM

Soften one-third a package of gelatine in one-third a cup of cold water and dissolve in half a cup of the syrup from a can of apricots, heated to the boiling point. Beat one cup of rich cream, and half a cup of milk from top of the bottle (thin cream) until firm to the bottom of the bowl. Line a bowl, which holds a generous quart, with apricots. Put half an apricot in the bottom of the bowl, cut other halves in strips and use for the lining. Press the remaining apricots through a sieve until you have one cup of pulp. Add this pulp, the juice of three-fourths of a lemon, and three-fourths a cup of sugar to the dissolved gelatine. Stir until the sugar is dissolved, then set the dish into a pan of ice and water, and stir until the mixture begins to thicken. When the mixture is firm enough to hold its shape, put into the bowl. Add about a quarter a cup of sugar and a quarter of the juice of a lemon to the rest of the apricot syrup, boil and skim, and when cold, use as a sauce. Evaporated apricots, cooked, are suitable for this dish.

GRAHAM GEMS

Sift together a pint of graham flour, one tablespoon of sugar, and one half a teaspoon of salt. Beat three eggs until very light, add a pint of milk, and gradually stir into the dry mixture. Bake in well buttered muffin pans about twenty-five minutes.

CORN OYSTERS

Chop fine one can of corn and sift into it one cup of flour, one teaspoon of baking powder, two teaspoons of salt and one-fourth a teaspoon of paprika. Add the yolks of two eggs, beaten until thick, and mix thoroughly, then fold in the whites of the eggs beaten stiff. Half a cup of finely chopped celery may be added. Fry by spoonfuls in fat. Drain on soft paper and serve at once.

PRUNE MERINGUE.

Stew one pound of soaked prunes in one cup of water until tender. Pass them through a colander into a serving dish, and add a teaspoon of butter, beating it in well. Separate whites of two eggs from yolks. Beat the latter until light, add three tablespoons of rich cream and the juice of a lemon, and whip the mixture into the prunes. Beat the whites of the eggs to a stiff froth, add to them two tablespoons of sugar, and spread this meringue over the prune mixture. Sprinkle with finely chopped almonds and lightly brown in the oven. Serve with sweetened cream.

GLAZED CURRANT BUNS.

Soften a cake of compressed yeast in half a cup of scalded-and-cooled milk, and add to a pint of the same. Stir in about three cups of flour, beat until very smooth, then cover and set to rise. When light add half a cup of sugar, half a cup of softened butter, one teaspoon of salt, three eggs, one cup of cleaned currants, and about three cups of flour. Knead until elastic and set to rise. When doubled in bulk, roll out into a sheet and cut into rounds. Set the rounds a little distance apart on a baking sheet, and when doubled in bulk, bake about twenty-five minutes. Brush over with thin starch (a spoonful of cornstarch to a cup of boiling water), sprinkle thickly with granulated sugar and return to the oven to glaze. This recipe makes two pans of buns.

STEWED FIGS OR RAISINS.

Wash whole dried figs very thoroughly; drain, cover with boiling water, and let cook in a covered dish until the skin is tender. Near the end of cooking romove the cover, add a few tablespoons of sugar and let cook until the liquid becomes a syrup. Serve cold with whipped cream. Cook and serve large raisins the same way. The flavor is retained in the fruit if it be set to cook in boiling water.

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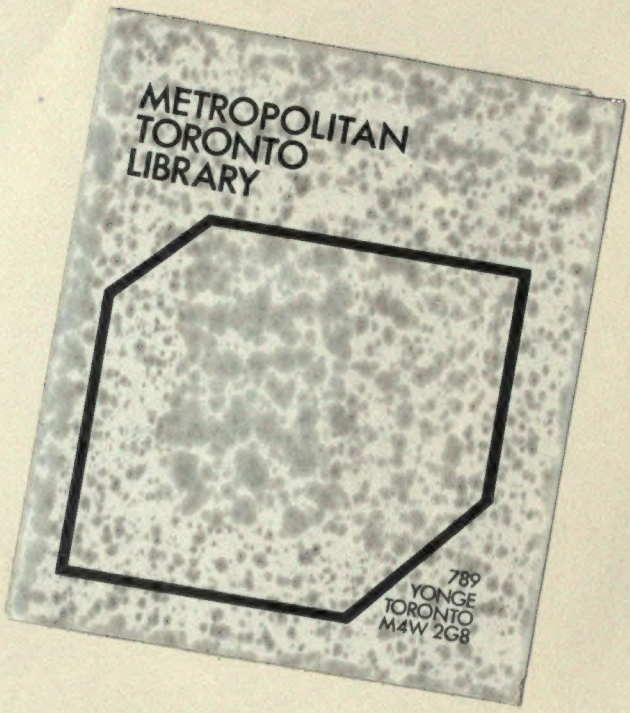

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